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Current Literature

A Magazine of Contemporary Record

VOL. XXVII., No. 1 "I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne. JAN., 1900

An effort will be made after this to render the editorial department of Current Literature more widely interesting and complete, both by its enlargement, and by making it more of a survey of the editorial writing of the day, always excepting political and religious discussions, for which our room is entirely inadequate. There is a great deal of interesting news in the domain of the arts and sciences treated editorially, and if we can help to direct attention to the best work that is being done in this field, we are confident that we shall accomplish more nearly the actual and legitimate purposes of the magazine as originally outlined in the little motto from Montaigne, which has always stood at the head of our text pages.

It appears to be a very delicate and difficult matter to decide whether or not a salutary word should be addressed to the present century now, or at the end of the coming year. Current Literature has, in a spirit of complete dispassionateness, committed itself at different times to both years, and correspondents have not been wanting who have noticed the slip. One of these, writing from Los Angeles, Cal., reasons upon the question thus:

Let me ask a question as to the starting point of the Christian Era. . . . De we count time from the birth of Christ, or from one year after the birth of Christ?

If we count time from the birth of Christ, one full year from the birth of Christ had passed before we were entitled to write one (year from the birth of Christ), and ten years from the birth of Christ had passed before we were entitled to write ten (years from the birth of Christ), and 1900 years from the birth of Christ will have passed before we are entitled to write 1900 (years from the birth of Christ); i. e., January 1, 1900, which day will usher in the Twentieth Century.

On the other hand, there is some authority for the other contention. It is to be found summed up in the following lines from The Scientific American:

The nineteenth century closes with the year 1900. Immediately after midnight, therefore, of December 31, 1900, is when the twentieth century begins. In other words, it begins with the first second of the first hour of the first day of January, 1901.

The question has, it appears, raised an almost endless discussion in the public prints. No one disputes the fact that it takes 100 years to make a century, but the point at issue seems to resolve itself into the question whether the first 365 days of the Christian era were the year one, or whether it was only after the passage of that time that the year one began. Something authoritative on the subject would seem to be called for.

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Admiral Pascual Cervera is the one figure on the Spanish side of the war whose personal bearing un-

der trying circumstances appealed to our admiration. He obtained permission in August last from the Queen Regent to write an account of the operations of his squadron. The New York Evening Post, after examination of the 200 pages of his apologia, says of it that he "lays before his fellow-countrymen and the world the proof that whoever blundered, whoever was the victim of wild illusions, he was not." That part of the volume which will be fresh reading is epitomized in the following quotation from the Evening Post's editorial:

The men in charge of the fleet—Cervera and all his captains—solemnly warned the Government that their campaign must be defensive, or it would necessarily be disastrous. But at the same time Blanco was urgently telegraphing from Cuba, and Macias from Porto Rico, that the squadron must be sent, or all would be lost. Thus pulled about, the Government was at its wits' end, and finally called the famous Council of War of the eighteen or twenty admirals and captains in Madrid, which decided that Cervera must sail from Cape Verde and fling himself on the foe. That was about what his orders amounted to, for he was utterly unable then or later to get intelligible instructions from the Minister of Marine. His orders were simply to sail for the Antilles, calling at some neutral port for information, and then going to Porto Rico or Cuba, as he might think best, and doing there whatever his "skill, discretion, and courage" might suggest. Was ever hapless officer sent more bunglingly to the fate which he knew to be as certain as the sunrise? Yet Cervera set sail with his crippled ships as bravely and cheerfully as if going to assured victory. He said that if the admirals overruled him, one of them really ought to relieve him, but he was not the man to shrink from duty, and with a proud "moriturus saluto" to the Spanish Government and people, he put to sea.

Cervera fully intended to go to Porto Rico after calling at Port de France. His statement to that effect is a tribute to the shrewdness of our own naval strategists, who sent Sampson to that island to meet him. But at Martinique Cervera heard that Sampson was awaiting him; he himself had to go to Curacao for coal; and then, by a good deal of luck ("algo casual") as he himself confesses, got into Santiago unobserved. To Cervera at Martinique the following extraordinary telegram was sent by the Minister of Marine:

"Madrid, May 12, 1898.

"Since your sailing the situation has changed. Your instructions are amplified so that if you judge that the squadron cannot operate to advantage where you are, you may return to Spain, choosing your own route and port of call, though this would preferably be Cadiz. Acknowledge receipt and advise of your decision."

Cervera did not acknowledge receipt, because he never saw the dispatch till he got back to Spain. He sailed before it was delivered. But as an indication of the state of mind of the Spanish Government, and of its fitness to carry on war, it needs no comment. In this respect, however, it was surpassed, if such a thing were possible, by the suggestion made by the Minister of War on June 3, that Cervera should run the blockade at Santiago, and go to

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Manilla to smash Dewey, afterwards returning to finish off Sampson!

Among the very recent contributions to the literature of the present South African war, the excerpts which follow are among the more instructive. The Philadelphia Inquirer in an article, asking "Where Do All the Boers Come From?" presumes that we may be inclined to overestimate their numbers, because, knowing the country, they are able to move rapidly from place to place, and are withdrawn from one undertaking to reinforce some other, and are therefore able to give an appearance of greater numbers than is a fact.

Where are all these Boers coming from? It was estimated at the beginning of the war that the South African Republic and its ally, the Orange Free State, could not possibly put in the field more than 43,000 men, of whom some would be engaged in garrison and police duty at home. But it would hardly be possible to do what the Boers are reported to be doing with a force no larger than that.

Various explanations of the mystery have been suggested. Thus their extreme mobility enables the Boers to get very quickly from one place to another, and occupations which appear to be simultaneous may, as a matter of fact, be consecutive. Then there may have been some exaggeration as to the number of Boers assembled at any one place. Or it may be true, as has been claimed, that their ranks are being constantly reinforced by accessions from the Africander population of Cape Colony. If the latter hypothesis is correct, the outlook for Great Britain is anything but cheerful.

The Tribune, of New York, takes up very much the same question in an article expressing no little surprise at the activity of the Boers, considering that they were supposed to be a race of pastoral and peace-loving people.

Instead of taking the aggressive, the British have been put upon the defensive. Instead of a British "military promenade" through the Boer States to Pretoria, there is pretty free Boer raiding through the British colonies. And the only British soldiers who are likely to eat their Christmas dinners in Pretoria are those—who are by no means few—who are prisoners of war. Doubtless all that may be changed before long. It must be, unless the world is to see the greatest political cataclysm of modern ages. But for the present the contrast stands impressive and menacing. We shall not say it is unique. On the contrary, it is little more than the usual thing. We need not go back as far as the French surprise in 1870 for a precedent. Less than two years will suffice—to the days when Americans were talking of the ease of rushing a few regiments to Havana and driving the Spaniards out of Cuba within a month.

The contrast is not either all on one side. There lies before us at this moment an elaborate document issued authoritatively from Pretoria shortly before the war, as an appeal for American sympathy and aid. It begins with a pathetic picture of "the embattled hosts of England being arrayed to crush our poor little nation of thirty thousand farmers," and teems with references to the weakness of the Boers and their lack of military preparation. It is dated in September last. And it is only one of innumerable other such utterances, all picturing the Boers as a mere handful of peaceful farmers, with no readiness or equipment for war. Yet now the thirty thousand farmers have, according to Boer statements, been expanded into one hundred thousand soldiers, and, according to all estimates, into from sixty thousand to seventy-five thousand, and it is seen that for years they have been preparing for war in a manner not surpassed

in efficacy by any of the military Powers of the European Continent. They have armed themselves with the best modern rifles and cannon, they have laid up vast stores of the most improved ammunition, they have put their troops under the direction of the best French and German drillmasters and strategists the wealth of "Oom Paul," collected from the disfranchised Outlanders, could procure. And instead of being a nation of pastoral and agricultural peace-lovers, the Boers have shown themselves a particularly warlike nation of soldiers. There need be no reproach in saying that. They have acted well within the rights, of course. But the contrast between the theories before the war and the conditions since is instructive.

The mercenary or soldier of fortune appears among the Boer troops in South Africa, and even among the Philippinos. This individual can always be found in European countries, and the London Spectator wonders if such individuals recruited in Europe to officer armies of half-savage people do not become a power which is to be seriously reckoned with:

The success of Lord Kitchener and his colleagues in turning Soudanese and fellahs into soldiers so good that they can face and crush the magnificently brave fanatics of the Desert without the help of white troops is a natural subject of pride with all Englishmen; but there is a meaning in that success which is not altogether so inspiring. It shows, no doubt, that a few white officers of organizing ability can turn brave savages, or even less brave peasants levied at random by conscription, into excellent men-at-arms; but then it also shows that, granted generals, who are procurable for money, and a certain amount of time, almost all races of Asia and Africa can be turned into effective soldiers. The cavalry who on November 24th swept twice through the Khalifa's ranks and completed his defeat were almost all true fellahs, as were also some of Ibrahim's best regiments when he defeated the Turks in Syria; and what fellahs can be taught to do all other races in Asia, except possibly the Bengalees, can also be made to learn. Most of them are brave, and all of them tend to that implicit obedience to orders which is the best foundation for discipline. Suppose the Princes of Asia and North Africa—the Sultan, the Shereef of Morocco, the Negus, the Shah of Persia, the Ameer of Afghanistan, the King of Siam, the Emperor of China, and the more independent of the Chinese Satraps—waking up to a danger which rolls every year nearer to their thrones or chairs of office, should try the experiment so often suggested to them of hiring able soldiers of fortune to organize the raw material at their disposal. They have all in one way or another command of sufficient means to buy munitions of war, and to enrich adventurers; they have all the power of delegating nearly absolute authority; and they have all ways of their own for gathering together great numbers of potential soldiers—ruffians or peasants—who could be taught to face very heavy fire. The only thing wanting to make them formidable is a kind of power of developing perfect obedience, and preventing any corruption which interferes with successful fighting, which it would seem in the present generation appertains only to Europeans. Competent Europeans are, however, readily obtainable. There are hundreds of men drifting about the Continent, and even England, who either from misconduct, or accident, or discontent with their prospects, are out of "rapport" with the regular armies, and would welcome any service which promised good pay, plenty of adventure, and those vague "chances" which are to some natures as attractive as gambling is to others.

The diamond situation at large is so dependent upon the fortunes of the South African war that the

following facts gleaned from the columns of the Boston Journal will be of interest:

In a measure the siege of Kimberley has caused an international crisis. The United States Consul at Amsterdam, for example, reports that the diamond cutting business in Holland and Belgium has been paralyzed by the siege. Some of the manufacturers, it appears, have virtually closed their doors because they cannot buy stones in parcels costing less than \$25,000. However, the Consul, Mr. Hill, further reports that this paralysis is due entirely to alarm concerning not the present, but the immediate future. The situation is brought about in this wise: There are diamonds enough to supply the demand until next spring, but what next spring will bring no one can say. The diamond supply of the world is practically controlled by the De Beers Consolidated Mines, Limited, of Kimberley. This corporation sends forth every spring enough diamonds—and no more—to meet the estimated demand. In this way there is no surplus to speak of, and the prices of the gems are kept at rates that, to all intents and purposes, are invariable. So all the diamonds to meet this year's demand were shipped from Kimberley last March. The question that troubles the manufacturers is: Will enough diamonds be dug at Kimberley now to meet next year's demand? They that have misgivings are holding back their property.

Last June one Captain Blackburn sailed from Gloucester, Mass., to Gloucester, England, alone in a thirty-foot boat. He has come back again, and like the Irishman who bought a ticket to Chicago, and when asked if he wished a return ticket, asked: "Why the divvle should I go if I'm coming back again?" the Philadelphia North American asks, apropos of these heroic voyages and others "Cui bono?"

How is it with our Arctic and Antarctic explorers? The aggregated benefits that have accrued or ever will accrue from all the Polar expeditions—which mean the meteorological, magnetic and other observations of which the "heroes" talk so glibly in advance—can never equal in value the results of a whaling cruise in Baffin's Bay. The Arctic heroes go North, get stuck in ice-floes, and patiently abide their rescue by other Arctic heroes, who, in turn, must get relief. It is much the same story with African exploration, as when Mr. Stanley valiantly forced Emin Pasha to permit himself to be rescued. One is forced to inquire: Why all this wasted energy? "Cui bono?" Why don't these energetic gentlemen, instead of freezing their toes in Greenland or vanishing northward in balloons, take a schooner full of salt to the Yakuts or of iron implements to the pygmies, and so open up a profitable trade? But, no, that would never do; that remains for tradesmen: the hero's self-appointed task in order that he may be adequately talked about must be as aimless and worthless as it is thankless.

We have no desire to belittle the performances of brave men; our inquiry is only as to the possibility of utilizing their superfluous nerve, strength and endurance. Forty years ago Blondin crossed Niagara on a tight-rope; his dare-devil act was as admirable as that of the man who later on went over the falls in a barrel. Such useless daring is ludicrous. The man whom Blondin carried on his back across Niagara was even more courageous than the tight-rope walker himself, but his name is unknown. So, if the world would not glorify the exploits of Arctic explorers and bridge jumpers, but treat them alike as mere interesting private exhibitions of foolhardiness, we should presently come to a saner view of such things.

A book which has lately received very general attention from the press is from the pen of a negro, Booker T. Washington. In the Future of the

American Negro the author looks forward to the industrial education of his race for a solution of the difficulties under which the negro labors. The San Francisco Argonaut says of it:

The volume from the pen of Mr. Washington is interesting, thoughtful and instructive; it may be condensed into the admonition to educate. This is not a general term, implying the necessity for a college finish, a smattering of languages, a few glimpses at the stars, but practical and far-reaching. It includes a specific training for a useful career, the inculcation of self-respect, the betterment of morals, the raising of life's standard.

The volume is in reality a protest from the colored race against the schemes of well-meaning philanthropists to deport the negro to his original African home. The author's view is that the negro should be left where he is, and should be educated in the useful arts. The Florida Times-Union says apropos of this:

Students of existing conditions are now asking whether the money spent upon the negro's books would not give better returns if spent in another direction. Is it certain that some of the millions devoted to public schools in the States or cities where there is an unhealthy congestion of population might not be better spent on land or houses for the people? If this State (Florida) saved half the money spent on bookish education, used it to drain the everglades, and then made the proceeds from the farms thus created a perpetual endowment fund for the schools and a practical school of improved agriculture, would it not be well for all concerned? Now the State cannot build houses for the proper accommodation of its children. Might it not be better to prepare for a wider and more useful future in the cause than to linger halting and lame in the old path? Booker Washington's teaching has a meaning for the governing race as well as for the governed, and our responsibility is the heavier of the two.

Looking forward in the domain of letters, the Washington Post sees some literary giants appearing in the West. It says:

The East must beware of the literary Lochinvars of the West. The West has passed through its transition period. The battle against Nature has been fought and won. The wilderness, the prairie, and the desert have been conquered. The struggle has not been without its effect on the victors, for it has brought forth a race of giants, strong, alert and exultant. The energies thus developed will be directed into the field of literature. The West has been written about in the past, but the writers have come from the East and elsewhere. Hereafter it can take care of itself. We predict that writers from this section will be characterized by a virile power and originality such as has not been seen in American literature for a third of a century.

A writer in the Brooklyn Eagle gives an odd insight into the life of the metropolis in an editorial upon the meaning of "artistic race spirit." The writer calls attention to the vast difference between the artistic notions of the Anglo-Saxon and the Italian, as shown in the popular amusements within a stone's throw of our firesides. There are, it appears, two Italian theatres in Brooklyn.

The price of admission to both theatres is, of course, low, 5 cents securing a seat. One of these is a variety house not very different from our free shows at Coney Island. But that is not the popular or interesting temple of the drama. The favorite of the Italians is the Star, at 101 Union street, an old stable, which turns away many people nightly. The dramatic fare which attracts the

sweating, smoking, shouting, cheering day laborers from sunny Italy is nothing less than Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, one of the world's great epics. The poem is not dramatized or condensed, but given in all its twenty-two lingering cantos as a serial. It began four months ago, has been running seven nights in the week and at the same rate will be finished in about two months more. It is recited by a man and his wife, concealed behind the scenes, and is illustrated by marionettes worked by strings, in the traditional way of the smaller theatres of Italy. The auditors go night after night to listen to this magnificent tale of blood and carnage and the supernatural. The Italian who manages the theatre, those who speak Tasso's mighty lines, those who work the puppets and the \$7 a week pianist are a dirty and ignorant lot, according to our smug and narrow standards, but they have the art spirit deep in their souls. The concealed speakers of the lines act and gesticulate as fiercely as though they were in sight of the audience. The manager is presumably "not in the business for his health," to quote the favorite motto of our American managers, but although he turns many people away, observe that he does not raise the price. When a theatre was recently overcrowded to see Sir Henry Irving it will be recalled that prices ran up to \$6 or \$10 a seat, anything, in fact, which the speculators chose to ask. There was a wicked rumor in print that Sir Henry's manager had bought up the best rows and that his extra profit went to him. The rumor was entirely false, but the fact that it was published without rousing indignation or injuring attendance shows how completely we regard the theatre as a commercial enterprise, and that is the point in question. This Italian theatre is an appeal to the imagination. Our cheapest theatres are places where you pay for your admission by buying drinks and where short-skirted women appeal to the senses. The Italians have that kind, too, further down the street, but they prefer Tasso as a serial to the soubrettes. Imagine trying to get an English-speaking audience for Milton's *Paradise Lost*, read even to the accompaniment of the most beautiful moving pictures, and you will appreciate the difference in the national temper. Our racial point of view has its advantages. They overmatch those of the Latins, because our traits have made the strongest world-conquering nations. If we were content to spend all our evenings listening to poetry probably we should be willing to spend our days lying about in the sun asleep and to eat as much olive oil and macaroni as a kind Providence threw in our way. That is the other side of the Italian peasant before he is submitted to the competition of this land of cold and struggle, where there is no sun worth sleeping in and little oil and macaroni without working. If we could get the art feeling by the surrender of our invention and initiative we would not make the exchange. Doubtless, we can soften the edges of our national character and broaden and sweeten the national mind by cultivating an appreciation of art. That is a fine ideal and the people who are engaged in the work ought to receive every encouragement. But they should not delude themselves with hopes of immediate results nor be discouraged because they fail to transform the sturdy Anglo-Saxon character in a day. The Italian audiences in Union street are the outgrowth of centuries of an art atmosphere. Art came to them without any effort on their part. They breathed it like the sunlight. To make any such impression here the opportunities should be abundant and cheap. It is the opportunity for frequent training which cultivates eye and ear. No national art instinct is developed by fashion at high prices. The roots must reach far down into the common people before art springs spontaneously among us, as invention does. We have developed an immense surface appreciation of the arts in half a century. That is the beginning. The next step is the provision that reaches wider and deeper, to the people

with little money, who yet mold the opinions and tastes of the nation. In time we may get a popular audience for great poetry. Our grandchildren may paint even greater pictures than those of to-day, and they may write American music and carve American statues as well as write as fine American books as their grandfathers now do. But we shall not revert to the conditions under which Signor Pulvidente's audiences are now absorbing *Jerusalem Delivered*. The love of soap and poetry is not incompatible, however much the tragic drama of Union street may seem to enforce that view.

Does the average reader completely realize how much he has missed in the year 1899? Star-gazers were thoroughly disappointed in the much-heralded "stellar bombardment," which was to have taken place in November, but which failed to materialize. A writer in the New Orleans *Picayune* calls attention to the failure also of the predictions of Professor Rudolph Falb, of Vienna, who, in 1894, foretold great storms, earthquakes and a tidal wave which would destroy the eastern coast of America, Florida and California becoming islands from a submarine earthquake. These predictions were ready to come true at about the time of the expected meteoric shower of last year. The writer goes on to say:

When Mr. Falb brought Tempel's comet into such baleful notoriety, the astronomers generally began to study it, and their investigations brought forth a variety of speculations, so that there was no agreement as to its dangerous character, although it was admitted that its orbit crosses the path of the earth, just as one railroad track crosses another; and if two trains, one on each track, should meet under headway at the crossing, there would be a collision, the effects of which would be in proportion to the speed of the trains and the force of the impact. But while there are thousands of such railroad crossings in this country, damaging collisions are most rare, because the trains are so regulated as to prevent a meeting at such points. There is good reason to argue that the heavenly bodies are so regulated as not to destroy any part of the great system of which they form parts; nevertheless the possibility of such a collision between some of the vast moving bodies that stud the sky is a proper subject for discussion, and there can be little doubt that where the path of a comet crosses that of a planet, a tremendous catastrophe would be the result if the two swiftly moving bodies should come in contact. But, however it may all be, our planet has escaped the dreadful fate it was to suffer in 1899, and the announcement has gone out that although the catastrophe is off for this year, it is fixed for next, 1900.

The discovery of a new chemical element at this apparently late day need cause no great surprise, since not less than six additions to the list of chemical elements has been made within the past four years. Radium is the last of these, and while other elements have not shown great value as yet, much is predicted for the new element on account of an invisible radiance which it gives forth, and which it is thought will furnish a more convenient and economical agent for surgical exploration than the Röntgen rays. The *New York Tribune* says, in speaking of it:

The investigations of M. and Mme. Curie, which resulted in the finding of radium, began early in 1898, if not before, and were doubtless stimulated, if not suggested, by the Bavarian professor's brilliant achievement. Röntgen's work naturally called to mind the observations of Becquerel, that uranium and its salts exerted a very

feeble photographic influence. By experimenting with pitchblende, the mineral from which uranium is obtained commercially, M. and Mme. Curie found that the former yielded the same effect much more conspicuously. This led them to suspect that they were on the track of a new element. They even went so far as to name it provisionally, although much difficulty was experienced in separating it from the substances with which it was associated. Just before the close of the year, with the co-operation of M. Bemont, they obtained indications of still another new element. The first they called "polonium" and the second "radium." Polonium is believed to surpass uranium and its salts in emissive power five hundred-fold, but Professor Barker estimates the efficiency of radium at one hundred thousand times that of uranium. For this reason, and because of its comparative cheapness and simplicity, the second of the Curie's discoveries seems destined to replace the costly and complicated X-ray apparatus in the realm of surgery. One important distinction is to be noted between the behavior of the Crookes tube and that trait of radium which is now for the first time being exploited in this country. The practicability of deriving one form of energy—heat, light, electricity or chemical action—from some other has long been recognized, but it is axiomatic that none of them can be produced except by that method. It is believed that the most man can do is to transform. It is thought that he cannot, in any true sense, create. Röntgen obtained his X rays only by a conversion of force previously existing in the form of electricity. But a radiance which will penetrate opaque bodies and act upon the chemicals on a photographic plate is secured from radium without the apparent use of any known species of energy. The phenomenon may yet be explained. But at present it looks very much like what has long been regarded an impossibility, the spontaneous generation of force.

A writer in the London *Speaker* claims that the naturalistic novel, which came into prominence twenty years ago with Zola, has declined so far that naturalism, as a school, has ceased to exist:

Its short career, however strange it may seem, when you remember that at one time it threatened to sweep everything away, can yet be accounted for. We must notice first of all that the novel is not the only field in which it lost its battle. It was in poetry and in painting that the reaction began, and there it went to the extreme, having now found its ultimate expression in a vague and unsubstantial symbolism—the very reverse of reality. Philosophy and criticism have followed; everywhere we find new tendencies at work. Of course it is hardly possible to ascribe to a mere coincidence the unanimity of the desertion which leaves the banner of naturalism helpless and forlorn. Even if many of the new tendencies could (as they doubtless can) be traced back to divers influences at home, or to the imitation of foreign models, the mere fact that these influences and these models were accepted is ample proof of a deep alteration in the public mind. Naturalism in its first stage, with Vigny, Gautier, Flaubert, Courbet, Renan, Taine, had been, whether consciously or not, a form of the general enthusiasm for science which welcomed the great discoveries of our century; the methods of observation so successfully applied to the study of the material world had been eagerly taken up by men of letters and artists alike; poets, historians, novelists, critics, philosophers and painters had become the impersonal and impassive witnesses of things. So long as this enthusiasm did not subside, naturalism flourished. But our admiration is now more discreet; if we still look up to science with reverence, with gratitude and hope too, we no longer expect from it more than it can give. We know that, however far it may extend the area of our vision, we still remain encircled by an impenetrable wall of mysteries, and that all the discoveries which led us to a greater cer-

tainty about the actual and the concrete can but remove farther the fundamental problems of life, but cannot solve them.

Nothing in the history of the publishing business has surprised people more than the failure of the Harper publishing house. On every side there are expressions of sympathy for the downfall, and hope that the future will see the fortunes of the house restored under new management. The causes of the failure are summed up in an article in the *Brooklyn Eagle*, from which it appears that "the fortunes of the house were established by the grandfathers of the present Harpers, and so strong is the tendency against great abilities running along evenly from generation to generation in one family that we have the American proverb, 'Three generations from shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves.' When the elder Harpers established their business the American reading public was small and the people who bought magazines and books were an intellectual aristocracy. The rule of the publishing business, as of most other businesses which purveyed luxuries, was small sales and large profits. Within the last fifteen years that rule has been completely reversed, and the people who make money rely on enormous sales at small profits. The new men who have come into the business have sold books with no more sentiment than they would have expended upon a trade in whisk-brooms or overshoes. They have adopted the principle by which other merchants prospered, while the Harpers have stuck by the traditions of their house of fine goods at high prices, and of the highest honor and generosity in dealing with authors." The history of the Harper publishing house is interesting, and is thus tersely summed up in an editorial in the *Sun*, of New York:

The firm of Harper & Brothers was founded in 1817 by James Harper. With his brother, John Harper, he began the printing and publishing business in that year in Pearl street. Their first book was an edition of Seneca's "Morals," with the imprint "J. and J. Harper," the present style of Harper & Brothers not having been adopted until 1833. The publication of Harper's New Monthly Magazine, so long and so honorably associated with the house, began in June, 1850, or nearly fifty years ago. Harper's Weekly, founded in 1857, has not been less familiar throughout this generation as one of the most extensively circulated of American papers, notable for its steady improvement in pictorial illustration as the art advanced. Then came Harper's Bazar, a paper of fashion, more distinctly, and the Round Table, a paper for young people, which has lately been discontinued.

The catalogue of the books published by Harper & Brothers makes up a great and most valuable library in itself. Their now old-time "Library of Select Novels," for instance, was the largest and most varied then published by a single house in our language. When the fashion in books changed, the "Franklin Square Library," in a new form, maintained the standard of its famous predecessor. Then came the "Half-Hour Series" of tiny books, delightful as artistic specimens of bookmaking, and attractive in their contents. The Students' Series, the Anthon Classics and dictionaries of Latin and Greek ushered the house into a great business of educational publication, so that its imprint became familiar to every schoolboy and college student. The list of its general publications is too long for specific mention, it containing the most notable of current literature and much of the immortal literature of the past.

CHOICE VERSE: FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

The Midnight Minuet *Minna Irving* *Munsey's*

It is dark and dull and gloomy, with its windows facing north,
This the old colonial mansion from its ivy peering forth.
There's a flintlock o'er the mantel, and a flag above the door,
And a harp with strings that dangle in the dust upon the floor.
But when falls the purple twilight, then the silver sconces flare,
Comes a hand upon the knocker, and a step upon the stair,
And she courtesies from the threshold in her sweet, patrician grace,
As he grounds his moldy musket by the fireless chimney place.

Here and there the yellow laces from her sleeves have dropped away,
And her pearls have lost their lustre in the darkness and decay;
Brown and scentless are the roses that are clustered on her breast,
But her gown is gold embroidered, and her hair with powder dressed.
He is clad in tattered garments that were once of buff and blue,
On his temples is a bandage where the blood is oozing through;
Sash and plume are grimed with battle, spur and saber red with rust—
But the harp is faintly sounding from its covering of dust.

It is played by unseen fingers that with touches soft and slow
Gently wake the mournful music of a century ago;
Quaint old tunes that were in fashion in the days of patch and puff;
Periwigs and ostrich feathers, lace cravats and perfumed snuff;
And they walk with prim precision through the stately minuet,
Though her faded satin slippers with the grave dews glisten wet,
And he moves a little stiffly, since beneath the flower and vine
He has slept a hundred summers on the field of Brandywine.

Hark! The ancient clock is striking in the dim deserted hall,
Slowly, as with age grown weary, twelve deliberate strokes in all,
And the tinkling harp is silent, and the lady lifts her train,
And the soldier takes the musket to his shoulder once again;
Dies the candle in the socket, loudly creaks the crumbling stair,
Swings the door on broken hinges with a rush of chilly air.
But the mouse behind the curtain and the spider in her net
Still remain to tell the story of the midnight minuet.

Love, the Absconder *Lloyd Mifflin* *Echoes of Greek Idyls* *

Cupid, the rogue!—my darling runaway—
Oh, who hath seen him where the cross-roads meet?
His skin all blushing, and how honey-sweet
His wily voice, I, Cypris, may not say!
More than a kiss from me shall be thy pay
If thou return him; but, oh, be discreet,
For on that saucy brow is writ deceit,
And both his tongue and tiny hands betray!
If thou shouldst see him, bind, and hither bring
The rosy scamp; but do not his desire—
Let not his lips to thine an instant cling!
And should he tempt with gift of arrow's dire
Or gilded bow, refuse each treacherous thing,
For all his armature is dipped in fire!

Fear and Death *R. R. Bowker* *Century*

The Spirit of the Plague entered the gate.
One, watching, asked, "How many wilt thou slay?"
"A thousand," spake the Spirit, "is my quest."
The Plague made end. The Spirit left the Gate.
The watcher cried, "Ten thousand didst thou slay."
"Nay, one," the Spirit said; "Fear killed the rest."

In Winter *Will T. Hale* *An Autumn Lane* †

I.

As some white captive who is forced to meet
A dusky lover, day moves on to greet
The night reluctantly; above the snow
An owl glides by as heavy as the flow
Of doubt through love dreams; in the cedar glade,
Made garrulous by the crows, a gory blade

*Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25. †Publishing House
M. E. Church South, Nashville, Tenn. \$1.00.

Of sunset stabs the gloom; and faint and far
Comes sound of bells from where the glimmering sheep-
folds are.

II.

An ebon plaque with one blurred crimson rose—
Now from the copse a farmhouse window glows;
The moon, above a bare oak, limns below
A devilfish upon the spreading snow
With open arms; where in the summer wheeled
Shy doves, the corn shocks loom a tented field;
The light fades; silence; and then, faint and far,
The bells again out where the glimmering sheepfolds are.

The Weather-Spirit *George Edward Woodberry* *Wild Eden* *

A voice in the roaring pine-wood,
A voice in the breaking sea,
A voice in the storm-red morning,
That will not let me be.

It is calling me to the forest,
It is calling me to the strand,
The Weather-Spirit is calling me
To fare over sea and land.

Till my cheek with the rain is stinging,
And my hand is wet with the spray,
There is that within my bosom
Which will not let me stay.

Might in the pine-wood tossing,
Might on the racing sea,
The Weather-Spirit, my brother,
Is calling, calling to me.

*The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

The Wind at the Door.....Bliss Carman.....Scribner's Magazine

Often to my open door
Comes a twilight visitor.

When the mountain summer day
From our valley takes his way,
And the journeying shadows stride
Over the green mountain-side,
Down the clove among the trees
Moves the ghostly wandering breeze.

With the first stars on the crest
And the pale light in the west,
He comes up the dark ravine
Where no traveler is seen.

Yet his coming makes a stir
In the house of Ash and Fir:
"Master is't in our abode
You will tarry on the road?"

"Nay, I like your roof-tree well,
But with you I may not dwell."

Birches whisper at their sill,
As he passes up the hill:
"Stranger, underneath our boughs
There is ample room to house."

"Friends, I have another quest
Than your cool abiding rest."

And the fluttering Aspen knows
Whose step by her doorway goes:
"Honor, lord, thy silver tree
And the chamber laid for thee."

"Nay, I must be faring on,
For to-night I seek my own.

"Breath of the red dust is he
And a wayfarer like me;

"Here a moment, and then lost
On a trail confused and crossed.

"And I gently would surprise
Recognition in his eyes;

"Touch his hand and talk with him
When the forest light is dim,
"Taking counsel with the lord
Of the utterable word."

Hark, did you hear someone try
The west window furtively,

And then move among the leaves
In the shadow of the eaves?

The reed curtain at the door
Rustled; there's my visitor

Who comes searching for his kin.
"Enter, brother; I'm within."

Homer.....Walter Malone.....The Bookman

What earthly King who envies not my name?
What century shall behold my honor dim?
As virile and as vigorous is my fame
As when mankind first heard my morning hymn.

Cæsar has come, has conquered, passed away;
Young Alexander's empire is a dream;
Napoleon shared my sceptre for a day,
Then saw the snapping of his cobweb scheme.

But I, who living begged my daily bread,
Found death the gateway to a golden throne;
I rule the living, though they call me dead,
And time to me is but a term unknown.

I see new poets come to take my place;
They cannot lift my lance or bend my bow;
If in their lines be loveliness or grace,
I said the same three thousand years ago.

So Babylon and Nineveh have gone,
While I rejoice in everlasting day;
Paris, Manhattan, London, had their dawn,
And I shall see their splendor fade away.

The dear old Gods I knew in ancient days,
Of Egypt and Assyria, Greece and Rome,
Have lost their crowns, and strange new idols gaze
Across the desert and the ocean foam.

The golden-haired Apollo is no more,
But songs I sang him still have power to thrill;
Though Pallas pass, I keep my strength of yore;
Great Pan is dead, but I am living still.

Lo, by the everlasting throne of God
Sits Gabriel with his trumpet in his hand,
Waiting that far, far day, when sea and sod
Give up their dead, before that Judge to stand.

Not till that trumpet bids the sun grow black,
Shall breath of God blow out my lambent flame;
Not till the earth shall wander from her track,
And there is no more sea, shall die my name.

The Weaver.....Nora Hopper.....North American Review

I weave life upwards through the grass,
I weave death downwards through the mold.
Before the ordered stars I was:
Before my eyes the flowers pass;
The seed, the cup of living gold,
The bulb, the blossom white and cold.
All life within my hands I hold,
All death and change my fingers fold.
My looms are full, my shuttles fly,
The weaver and the weft am I.

I keep all secrets; I disclose
Wonder of sweetness to the rose.
I fill the dandelion's stem
With milk; I give the maidenhair
A gift not sweet, and ill to bear—
The gift of weakness. Here I bid
The lily in the dark be hid
From all her kin; and yonder I
Quicken harsh rue and rosemary.
Blossom and bud and seed are mine,
All bear my sigil and my sign,
They are of me, and I of them.

I weave death downwards through the mold
And weave life upwards through the grass.
And which is best I know not—I—
Which gift were best to sell or buy
If life and death were bought or sold.
Sad hours are lavished, glad hours doled;
Buyers and sellers come and pass;
Some, warm with love; and some acold;
Some, with sealed eyes; and some behold
Through their own tears, as in a glass,
Me and my weaving. Black and gold,
Ash-gray, rose-red—all colors flow
One with another, to and fro,
As endlessly my shuttles go.
I was before the stars began,
Or God had ever thought of man,
And with the stars I grow not old.
I weave life upwards through the grass,
And weave death downwards through the mold.

RANDOM READING: MINIATURE ESSAYS ON LIFE

Laziness and the Will.....*London Speaker*

M. de Fleury, a philosophic medical man, discussed some time ago in the *Figaro* in a very suggestive manner a subject of peculiar interest—noting less than the cure of laziness—not the laziness of the merely idle, but the so-called laziness of those who are not willingly lazy. He writes especially with reference to those persons engaged in the liberal arts and professions who experience their energy in the form of fits and starts. They find themselves able to put on a spurt now and then; they put it on and display for a while tremendous force; then they collapse and fall into a state, their failure to escape from which is a constant source to them of trouble and remorse. The writer is very consoling, at least, to the moral sense of those persons, for he attributes their state not so much to moral as to physical infirmity, to that malady newly named—though not new except in its alleged special prevalence at the present day—neurasthenia; and he thinks such laziness can be cured. (Laziness, it will be seen, is a bad word here, and so is indolence, for it does not imply quite what is meant, but it must be used for want of a better.) Lazy persons are almost always neuropaths, and nervous maladies are simply evil habits of the cerebral activity; to cure, then, the curably (that is, the unwillingly) lazy—for the vast category of the willing, or passive, are hopeless—it becomes simply a question of giving the brain better habits, a process which may be helped, in certain cases, by giving it better nourishment. The writer likens the intellectual workers of intermittent energies—the fitful professors, savants, artists, writers, and so forth—to those cab-touts who hang around railway stations all day, doing nothing, but who, when the trains arrive, put forth tremendous powers of exertion, and follow a cab for miles on the chance of getting a job of carrying enormous trunks upstairs. The spurt proves the existence of latent energy; if this energy could be but employed systematically from day to day, instead of being used up in violent and irregular efforts, there would be more of it available, the cerebral functions would be performed more healthily, and the general system, instead of being dislocated and thrown out of gear, would be strengthened. To put the matter in another way, one of the cardinal symptoms of neurasthenia is incapacity for prolonged labor; and this comes of an exhaustion of the brain cells, resulting in fatigue of the whole organism, "atonny" of the attention, and relaxation of the will. You cure neurasthenia by regularizing and facilitating—by means of a combined course of physical hygiene and moral discipline—"the processes of cellular integration and disintegration"; and what cures the neurasthenia will generally cure the laziness which is so often but one of its symptoms.

This sounds very plausible. But we do not think M. de Fleury attaches sufficient value throughout his theory to the part played by the will in all this question. There is a pathology of the will, distinct from the pathology of the nervous system, which deserves a special study. Without going into either

metaphysics or theology; or without going so far as Taine and certain physiologists on the one hand—according to whom the cerebral cell, including therein the temperament which it incarnates (in other language, the soul), is something immutable and fatal, which no human force can render better or worse—or adopting the Buddhist doctrine of Karma on the other, according to which will-power can be indefinitely accumulated like every other quality, it seems to us that the will-power of each individual is a more or less fixed quantity. As each individual is endowed with a certain store of nervous energy, no more and no less, so each individual is endowed with a certain store of will-power. That will-power can, of course, be utilized, regulated, nourished in some degree; but in quantity it cannot be materially altered. It will only carry its possessor a certain distance in any task, including the task of regulating the functions of the nervous system, which he may set himself to accomplish. Some men are gifted with a very feeble will, and some with a very strong one; some with a very small stock of energy, some with so much energy that, for the purposes of exertion, it almost dispenses with the necessity of will. Some are given both qualities in an enormous degree (Mr. Gladstone and Napoleon are instances of this); some get both in a feeble degree. Some have a feeble stock of energy and a powerful will. It is these latter, we fancy, who will be most susceptible to M. de Fleury's cure for laziness.

Unlucky Men.....*London Spectator*

A man can certainly be unlucky in the proper sense of the word—that is, frequently visited by misfortune for which he is entirely irresponsible. Of course, in the majority of cases the ill luck is only apparent, the true explanation being some deficiency in the man himself of which he is totally unconscious. He knows his powers, and he is aware of his weaknesses, but he is not aware of his causes of failure. He may, for example, be a really able man, with every capacity for success, except a certain inability to understand the character of other men or women. That has been often the deficiency which has ruined kings; it spoiled the career of Louis XIV., whose latest adviser, Madame de Maintenon, was a good woman of the Catholic devotee type, with a decidedly inferior brain; and it was one cause of the fall of Napoleon, whose sub-kings and marshals were, with the possible exception of Eugène Beauharnais, never men of first-rate powers. That is usually attributed to his jealousy of rivals; but he chose inferior men in civil life, and never through his whole career had a private secretary or a controller of his household who was worth his salt; while of his two wives one was a vain and extravagant person without a brain, and the other an archduchess who had not an idea beyond her claim to be considered on account of her birth, and who married her chamberlain. In private life the same defect is probably of all others the commonest cause of ruin, very able men and still oftener, able women, being led away

in pecuniary affairs by persons of imperfect intelligence and positively untrustworthy character. Or the able man has a habit of procrastination of which he is wholly unaware, which leads him always to miss the moment of opportunity, the commonest of defects in able yet unsuccessful generals; or he is liable to what the French call "étrainements," and the English "rushes," which lead him into blunders that all his intimates declare to be "positively inexplicable." The ablest human being we ever knew had a way of dressing himself, always in unconsciousness, which twice cost him a great career; while another singularly competent man spoiled every chance by a temper which was in reality nothing but whimsical, but which caused all employers to pronounce him hopelessly "unreliable." We should say, indeed, that the really able were specially liable to one of the most ruinous of all vices or foibles, incurable indolence, while every one knows a few quite competent men who never succeeded because they lost opportunities through an indifference of which they were totally unaware. Still, though we recognize all these, and many more, causes of failure, we cannot but admit that there are men who are genuinely "unlucky," with whom, that is, the current of events for some inexplicable reason always collides, who are always injured in an accident from which others escape, whose cabs break down when driving to important appointments, whose investments which seem most reasonable are always swept away, whose relatives are blisters, and whose friends causes of expense. The writer had once an intimate friend who firmly believed of himself that the offchance of misfortune always happened to him, and always would happen, and it was exceedingly difficult for any one who knew his history to doubt that he had reason for his superstition. And the writer knew well another man—indeed, he published an account of his adventures—who passed some eight times in life through accidents which would infallibly have killed any one else, without a scratch, and who had, therefore, Clive's belief that he was destined to something—which turned out an illusion. We know that there are laws which regulate chance, and we know that there are long intervals when they seem to be defied, and there is no perceptible reason why a man's life should not be lived within the influence of one of the intervals, favorable or the reverse. If he can throw aces or deuces ten times running, why should he not come to grief in ten consecutive incidents of life? There is no reason perceptible why in the great Providential scheme chance should be allowed to enter, but then there is no reason why insanity should, insanity involving that hardest of all things to conceive, irresponsibility; yet both do enter. We may humbly wait for explanation; but we see no use in denying the common experience of mankind.

A Root of Evil *The Outlook*

The egotist wearis us because he has no sense of proportion, and does not understand the relative values of things. He has so little power of self-measurement that he never clearly sees his own relation to his work or to the people about him. He always exaggerates his own importance; and hence

he is always talking about himself and his own affairs. His feelings are often of no consequence to anybody but himself, but he treats them as if they were a vital element in the general situation. The question with him is never, "What is the best course to take for the general good?" but, "Have I had proper attention in this matter?" If he is a member of an organization—and the organization is fortunate which does not have him to deal with—he is always impeding work and embarrassing people who are trying to do it without reference to their own comfort or interests. The egotist has a genius for getting in the way and delaying or defeating the plans of people the latches of whose shoes he is not worthy to unlace. The history of politics is full of instances of men who have been ready to sacrifice principles and parties rather than to sacrifice their own selfish vanity. The heroism which every war evokes is often dulled by the intrigues or the disloyalty of the men who think they have not received the proper recognition. Egotism finds its expression in all kinds of sin, but it will be found that it has been the root of some of the most conspicuous treasons in the history of the world. It was Arnold's egotism which led to the crime which has blackened his name for all time. He had suffered real injustice, but if he had not loved himself supremely he never would have sold his honor.

The egotist is not only tiresome and difficult to deal with, but he is also dishonest, for the truth is not in him. He never looks himself squarely in the face; he always evades or lies to himself; and his nature is so abnormal that even when he knows that he is lying to himself he believes himself. If he fails in any enterprise or work, he is never, under any circumstances, responsible; there is always some one else who is to be charged with the failure. If things go badly with him, he promptly becomes a cynic and arraigns the order of the world. He is a fervent believer in bad luck when things go against him, and an enthusiastic believer in himself when things go his way. If the enterprise with which he is associated prospers, it is because he has served it; if it fails, it is because his ideas of management were rejected. That he was a mere clerical assistant does not rob him of the consciousness that the credit of success belongs to him; that he shaped the policy which brought disaster does not shake his conviction that if his plans had been adopted all would have been well.

The egotist never faces the truth about himself because he must always be a hero in his own eyes. For this reason he learns nothing from life, and he never grows; he remains essentially undeveloped; for there is no real spiritual growth without downright honesty with ourselves. So long as we deceive ourselves, the truth is not in us; and without the truth, growth is impossible. The first step toward normal, wholesome, expanding life is absolute honesty with ourselves. For this reason also the egotist is the most unsafe and unwise of guides. His judgments are vitiated by his lack of honesty; he cannot see straight, and sound judgment is pre-eminently the faculty of seeing straight. The real egotist never sees the world as it is; he sees it as it is reflected in his own turbid consciousness.

Concerning Taste.....Home Journal

One of the many striking characteristics of the British lower middle class is their fondness for the word taste, and the curious sense in which they use this word. They conceive taste less as an abstract attribute than as a concrete ornament. To them it is something entirely definite; an outward sign inseparable from flashiness and generally synonymous with profusion. It was in this sense that the lady in the well-known story used the word when she observed to the master of Trinity that there was so much taste in the works of Dr. Farrar; we sometimes fancy that King Solomon, the most introspective of men, must have anticipated the master of Trinity's answer, and murmured to himself, amid the splendors of Ophir and Tarsis: "So much taste, and all of it so bad." The quality of taste is evidently exactly the contrary of what it is conceived to be by the British middle class. It is negative rather than positive, needing no showman to call our attention to it when it exists; and only when absent does it become glaringly conspicuous. It is a quality which the French and the Greeks have possessed in the highest degree; the British nation affect it less, and Tacitus would have said, "Praefulbegat apud Germanos eo quo non videtur."

The Romans, too, were singularly deficient in this quality; they were so often, both in their conduct and in their writings, "terribles d'emphase." In Nero's palace of gold, vulgarity probably said its last word; whereas the splendors of Versailles are pervaded by the sense of harmony and instinct of proportion which are the elements of taste—taste which should be the leaven of life and "scarce suspected animate the whole." It is true that a person endowed with a super-refined taste obviously derives more pain than pleasure from the gift. The musician whose ear has been attuned to an intimate communion with the themes of Bach and Beethoven suffers on account of the barrel-organ; and, as those who enjoy a barrel-organ are exceedingly numerous, while the number of persons who appreciate Bach is limited, the wider demand creates the more abundant supply, and the refined musician is the sufferer. Again, the eye which has been trained to delight in the designs of Botticelli and the coloring of Tintoret is pained by an oleograph; and oleographs are not only more numerous than authentic Giorgones, but they travesty and debase the currency of masterpieces. They do for pictures what barrel-organs do for music; but, whereas barrel-organs choose bad music, no picture, however beautiful, is safe from being reproduced in the shape of an oleograph. Perhaps in another fifty years we shall find crude counterfeits of Whistler's green and gray arabesques, and Monet's insipid sunshine in the parlor of every inn. We have heard it suggested as a solution of the question that, if people would only be content to cultivate simple tastes, all would be well. Simplicity is indeed admirable; but it is the most difficult thing in the world to obtain, the most expensive of luxuries.

The Hermes of Praxiteles was a simple statue; Schubert's "Ständchen" and the "Dresden Amen" are simple tunes; the fare at the Café Anglais is simple fare; the supremest lines of poetry are those which are so simple that they have no style at all

—whether this simplicity is the unpremeditated ingenuousness of a volkslied or ancient saga, or the consummate art in the concealment of art of a poet such as Heine. Nature, as Matthew Arnold says, seems to take the pen from the writer and write herself. And yet it is not apparently a matter of the greatest ease to write like Heine, compose like Schubert, or cook as they do at the Café Anglais! To take a humble illustration, people are sometimes heard to say: "I can eat anything, however plain, as long as it is simple and good." Doubtless; but a housekeeper will retort that this principle necessitates ordering a fresh joint every day, and those who are "to middle fortune born" must bear with hashed mutton and twice-cooked veal. And in matters of art and literature how often must we put up with a similar fare, especially when we go to an English theatre! Let it then be fully admitted that a super-refined taste is not only a negative, but a sterile, quality; just as a philosophical politician to whom both sides of a question seem equally right—to whom a principle and the contrary of that principle appear to be equally preferable—is apt to fail when he has to take action on some particular question. So will an artist whose critical faculties are strung above a certain pitch of fastidiousness fall forever into a condition of lethargic unproductiveness.

The Art of Seeing Things.....John Burroughs.....Century

There is nothing in which people differ more than in their powers of observation. Some are only half alive to what is going on without them and beside them. Others, again, are keenly alive; their intelligence, their powers of recognition, are in full force in eye and ear at all times. They see and hear everything, whether it directly concerns them or not. They never pass unseen a familiar face on the street; they are never oblivious of any interesting feature or sound or object in the earth or sky about them. Their power of attention is always on the alert, not by conscious effort, but by natural habit and disposition. Their perceptive faculties may be said to be always on duty. They turn to the outward world a more highly sensitized mind than other people. The things that pass before them are caught and individualized instantly. If they visit new countries they see the characteristic features of the people and scenery at once. The impression is never blurred or confused. Their powers of observation suggest the sight and scent of wild animals; only, whereas it is fear that sharpens the one, it is love and curiosity that sharpen the other. The mother turkey, with her brood, sees the hawk when it is a mere speck against the sky; she is, in her solicitude for her young, thinking of hawks, and is on her guard against them. Fear makes keen her eye. The hunter does not see the hawk till his attention is thus called to it by the turkey, because his interests are not endangered; but he outsees the wild creatures of the plain and mountain—the elk, the antelope and the mountain sheep—he makes it his business to look for them, and his eye carries farther than do theirs.

We may see coarsely and vaguely, as most people do, noting only masses and unusual appear-

ances, or we may see finely and discriminately, taking in the minute and the specific. In a collection of stuffed birds the other day I observed that a wood thrush was mounted as in the act of song, its open beak pointing straight to the zenith. The taxidermist had not seen truly. The thrush sings with its beak but slightly elevated. Who has not seen a red squirrel or a gray squirrel running up and down the trunk of a tree? But probably very few have noticed that the position of the hind feet is the reverse in the one case from what it is in the other. In descending they are extended to the rear, the toenails hooking to the bark, checking and controlling the fall. In most pictures the feet are shown well drawn up under the body in both cases.

People who discourse pleasantly and accurately about the birds and flowers and external nature generally are not therefore good observers. In their walks do they see anything they did not come out to see? Is there any spontaneous or unpremeditated seeing? Do they make discoveries? Any bird or creature may be hunted down, any nest discovered if you lay siege to it; but to find what you are not looking for, to catch the shy winks and gestures on every side, to see all the by-play going on around you, missing no significant note or movement, penetrating every screen with your eye-beams—that is to be an observer; that is to have “an eye practised like a blind man’s touch”—a touch that can distinguish a white horse from a black—a detective eye that reads the faintest signs. When Thoreau was at Cape Cod he noticed that the horses there had a certain muscle in their hips inordinately developed by reason of the insecure footing in the ever-yielding sand. Thoreau’s vision at times fitted things closely. During some great fête in Paris, the Empress Eugénie and Queen Victoria were both present. A reporter noticed that when the royal personages came to sit down Eugénie looked behind her before doing so, to see that the chair was really there, but Victoria seated herself without the backward glance, knowing there must be a seat ready for her; there always had been and there always would be. The correspondent inferred that the incident showed the difference between born royalty and hastily made royalty. I wonder how many persons in that vast assembly made this observation; probably very few. It denoted a gift for seeing things.

If our powers of observation were quick and sure enough, no doubt we should see through most of the tricks of the sleight-of-hand man. He fools us because his hand is more dexterous than our eye. He captures our attention, and then commands us to see only what he wishes us to see.

In the field of natural history things escape us because the actors are small and the stage is very large and more or less veiled and obstructed. The movement is quick across a background that tends to conceal rather than expose it. In the printed page the white paper plays quite as important a part as the type and the ink; but the book of nature is on a different plan; the page rarely presents a contrast of black and white, or even black and brown, but only of similar tints, gray upon gray, green upon green, or drab upon brown.

The modern man looks at nature with an eye of

sympathy and love where the earlier man looked with an eye of fear and superstition. Hence he sees more closely and accurately; science has made his eye steady and clear. To a hasty traveler through the land the farms and country homes all seem much alike, but to the people born and reared there, what a difference! They have read the fine print that escapes the hurried eye and that is so full of meaning. Every horizon line, every curve in hill or valley, every tree and rock and spring run, has its special features and makes its own impression.

Scott wrote in his journal: “Nothing is so tiresome as walking through some beautiful scene with a minute philosopher, a botanist, or pebble-gatherer, who is eternally calling your attention from the grand features of the natural picture to look at grasses and chuckie-stanes.” No doubt Scott’s large, generous way of looking at things kindles the imagination and touches the sentiments more than does this minute way of the specialist. The nature that Scott gives us is like the air and the water that all may absorb, while what the specialist gives us is more like some particular element or substance that only the few can appropriate. But Scott had his specialties, too, the specialties of the sportsman; he was the first to see the hare’s eyes as she sat in her form, and he knew the ways of grouse and pheasants and trout. The ideal observer turns the enthusiasm of the sportsman into the channels of natural history, and brings home a finer game than ever fell to shot or bullet.

The Coming Change in Sex Ideals.....New York Bewanee Review

Of all the passions, love is the one to which woman is most susceptible, and the one about which, at least in modern times, she displays the greatest reticence. This is due in some measure to the modesty of the sex, still more to the restraint of public opinion. It has been the rule from time immemorial that woman should not court, but be courted; that her love should not be uttered, but confessed. Her heart must be a hidden garden into which one alone can gaze. Pale lilies of fancy, passionate blood-red roses of desire, may blossom there, but they must bud and bloom and wither all unseen, or seen by but a single eye. The woman who tears down the barrier that the ages have built around her, and exposes the garden of her soul to the public gaze, is despised of men and execrated by her sex. A few of the Bohemian race, like George Sand, may do so, but the vast majority shrink from the exposure of their hearts as they would from an exposure of their persons. Many of them write, but instead of uttering their own thoughts and sentiments, they write as the world expects they should feel and think. There is no more seething volcano than a woman’s breast, but its fires must smoulder concealed beneath the snow. Consequently female authors are generally tame and insipid to the last degree. Forbidden by public opinion to utter plainly and intensely what they feel, and restrained by innate modesty from revealing the secrets of their hearts, they generally devote their writings to photographic reproductions of the commonplace, to ethical disquisitions that are a weariness to the flesh, to works of sentimental unreality, or something of the kind.

CURRENT LITERARY THOUGHT AND OPINION

The Mature Enchantress.....*London World*

One of the most remarkable social developments of these latter days is the evolution of the mature heroine of romance. Formerly this post was allotted to the young girl or the young married woman. In those times, moreover, the adjective of youth would not have been applied to the maiden who had passed her twenty-fifth year, and only in the spirit of the grossest flattery to the matron who had seen her three decades. It is typical of the age that this explanatory note should be necessary. Now the expression "young" is purely relative. The period of middle age has been entirely abolished. Where almost everybody is younger than somebody else, it is only the few who are proud of their extreme antiquity who can be regarded with any degree of certainty as old. At thirty the girl of to-day no longer retires on the shelf as a failure, to pass the rest of her life in the humiliating position of the maiden aunt who devotes herself to the children or revenges herself on the poor. She is merely preparing to start on a new phase of life with a more definite plan and a clearer vision. Very often she marries and begins afresh at forty. Sometimes she has been known to be so greatly daring as to enter on matrimony for the first time when she has passed her fiftieth year. For the matron the range is even more extended. At thirty she is quite a young thing—gay, frivolous, skittish, to whom society and flirtation are the chief objects in life. Ten years more bring her to her prime. It is the period of fascination, of adventure, of impulse. The woman of forty is capable of anything. She is the object of the wildest plans, the centre of the most daring romance. At fifty she is probably marrying for the second time. Three-score will find her approaching the altar for her third wedding, and if she lives long enough, she may even reappear at a later date to bring her record up to four.

The First Literary Review.....*Fanny E. Barnett*.....*Home Journal*

The first literary review ever published was the *Journal des Scavans*, which appeared in Paris in the latter part of the seventeenth century; the century dominated by Louis XIV. Up to that time the reading public north of Italy had very few ways of finding out about the new books which were being published in cisalpine Europe. The principal source of information was the catalogues published annually at the Frankfort book fairs and the other principal book marts. Beckman states in his *History of Inventions* that "George Willer, whom some improperly call Viller, and others Walter, who kept a large shop and frequented the Frankfort fairs, first fell upon the plan of causing to be printed every fair a catalogue of all new books, in which the sign and printers' names were marked." These catalogues were published in 1554 or 1556, and were simply sale lists of books, giving the title-pages.

Another method of gaining information of current literature was by the correspondence of scholars among themselves during the sixteenth century and their successors in the seventeenth

century. This method is considered by Sainte Beuve, as the true beginning of literary journals. Writing of this period, Disraeli says: "When writers were not numerous, and readers rare, the unsuccessful author fell insensibly into oblivion; he dissolved away in his own weakness; if he committed the private folly of printing what no one would purchase, he was not arraigned at the public tribunal, and the awful terrors of his day of judgment consisted only in the retributions of his publisher's final accounts. At length a taste for literature spread through the body of the people, vanity induced the inexperienced and the ignorant to aspire to literary honors. To oppose these forcible entries into the haunts of the Muses, periodical criticism brandished its formidable weapon; and the fall of many taught some of our greatest geniuses to rise. Multifarious writings produced multifarious strictures, and public criticism reached to such perfection, that taste was generally diffused, enlightening those whose occupations had otherwise never permitted them to judge of literary compositions. The invention of reviews, in the form which they have at length gradually assumed, could not have existed but in the most polished ages of literature; for without a constant supply of authors and a refined spirit of criticism, they could not excite a perpetual interest among the lovers of literature."

But it was more than a hundred years after the first publications of the Frankfort catalogues before the time was ripe for Denis de Sallo to invent the literary review that gave birth, as it were, to a mighty spirit, which has grown in strength and enterprise, till it has become the ruling power of the world.

Denis de Sallo was born in Paris in 1626. His father, Jacques de Sallo, was a counsellor in the grand chambre of the Parliament of Paris, and possessed in an eminent degree the qualifications which make a great magistrate. Sallo belonged to a family originally from Poitou and of an "ancienne noblesse d'épee." Camusat says that he had a very dull mind in his youth, but that later on he made such progress in his studies that he took the prize in his class for prose and verse, and was praised for his theses in Greek and Latin. He studied law after finishing his course in philosophy, and succeeded his father as counsellor in the Parliament of Paris in 1652. In 1655 he married Mlle. Menardeau, whose father was also a counsellor of the grand chambre; a clever man, but unpopular, on account of his Mazarinism. By her he had five children—one son and four daughters—all of whom were very religious. His literary taste impelled him to abandon the study of law and take up literature as a profession. He wrote a few books, which are not much remembered, and then conceived the idea of the review which is his claim for recognition in the literary world.

As is almost always the case in regard to discoveries, there were several claimants for the honor. M. Hatin gives quite a long account of them. Some regarded Père Jacob as entitled to the honor because he published for ten years a *Bibliographie*

Parisienne, a list of books which were printed in Paris. Others went back as far as the ninth century and tried to show that the Bibliotheque of Photius was the model of de Sallo. But as Camusat says, "a simple catalogue cannot give a man the glorious title of inventor of journals."

M. Hatin gives de Sallo's project in full as written by himself, which I translate so that the objects of modern journalism may be compared with those of the first literary journal. In an announcement to the reader he says: "The design of this journal being to make known what is taking place in the republic of letters, it will be composed:

"1. Of an accurate catalogue of the principal books which are printed in Europe; the simple titles alone will not be given as most bibliographies do at present, but the subjects of which they treat and those to whom they will be most useful.

"2. When any one dies who is celebrated for his doctrine and books, a eulogy will be given, and a catalogue of what he has written and the principal circumstances of his life.

"3. Experiments in physics and chemistry which serve to explain nature, will be given; discoveries in art and science, as machines, and useful or curious inventions, which will aid mathematics; observations of the heavens, the meteors and whatever anatomy finds new about animals.

"4. The principal decisions of secular and ecclesiastical tribunals; the censures of the Sorbonne and of other universities of the kingdom and foreign lands.

"5. An effort will be made so that nothing shall happen in Europe worthy of the curiosity of men of letters which cannot be learned from this journal.

"The enumeration alone of the things which will compose it would be sufficient to make known the usefulness of it; but I will add that it will be very advantageous to those undertaking any considerable work, since it will help them to publish their plans and invite all the world to communicate with them about manuscripts and fugitive pieces which will contribute to the perfection of the work they have undertaken. Further, those who do not like the style of certain authors and who, frequently have made observations which ought to be communicated to the public, can do so by sending to me a memorandum so that I shall not forget to insert it in the journal. I believe there are people who will see that this journal will be useful to those who buy books, for they will not buy what they do not know beforehand; and that it will not be useless to those who have not the means to buy them, since without buying they can have a general knowledge of them."

The Pains of Rhyme..... Saturday Review

It is sad to observe how rhymed poetry groans under a disadvantage of long standing, it is true, and long endured, but which every new poem emphasizes and aggravates. Just as Mill foreboded the exhaustion of musical combinations, so in poetry it has really come to pass that self-respecting rhymers can hardly venture to give the emphasis of assonance to the very words which would naturally demand it most. Life, Death and the World, Joy and Sorrow, the Moon and the Stars,

together with many others, fall under this most inconvenient ban. To "bid sorrow borrow from blithe to-morrow" we are nowadays entirely ashamed, and few would now dispute that the terribly flat penultimate line of Blanco White's sonnet—

"Why do we then shun death with anxious strife"— is alone enough to nullify Coleridge's claim for it that it was the finest in the language. As for moon and stars—which, "pace" George Eliot, are intrinsically more beautiful words than "chips" or "sawdust"—the stars immediately suggest to us harbor and other bars, and the moon reminds us of the parodist of the "June" and "River" school of drawing-room balladists:

"When 'loon's' been used, and 'shoon,' and 'spoon,'
And 'stiver' sounded 'stiver,'
Think of a bard reduced to 'coon'
And left alone with 'liver.' "

Mr. Gilbert, it is true, made quite a new man of the loon in this aspect, when—in "Sing me your song, O"—he applied to him the epithet "love-lorn," but these felicities can only be created once. Mr. Kipling, with his "flung festoon" of monkeys "half-way up to the jealous moon," also made a great hit, and this hit also can never be repeated. Fielding's line—

"A cat in boots did dance a rigadoon"— occurs in blank verse, but, if it had been otherwise, he would certainly, and probably justly, have been accused of writing it for the rhyme. Perhaps the oddest thing in this connection was done by Hood when, for the purpose of this same assonance, he called a tree with snaky roots a "Forest Laocoon."

These lunar difficulties have been always and obviously to the fore, but the same objection could as easily be sustained against any of the words given above. It is, for instance, very difficult for a "pius vates et Phœbo digna locuturus" to rhyme death and breath without a sense of guilt; and "my son's wife Elizabeth," even if that happens to be her name, is as impossible a personage to him as Betty Foy or "dear brother Tim." He is, therefore, for practical purposes, "left alone with 'saith'"—for the other verbs in -eth sound somewhat affected except in a neo-medievalist mouth.

That poets would like, if it were possible, to rhyme with the words of which we speak, is shown by the example of such essential artists as Tennyson, who was continually attempting it with varied success. As regards "moon"—

"My breath to heaven like vapor goes,
May my soul follow soon"—

has the true air of neatness and inevitability—but he could not always do as much with "stars" and "world." His "furled battle-flags" are perhaps his best rhyme to the latter; but what poet can now bring himself to furl even his umbrella with this used-up rhyme in view? The result of all this is, not only that the poet is hampered and trammelled but that half the reader's pleasure is spoiled. He becomes a sort of composition master, looking out for an "atque" or an "usque" in a schoolboy exercise. It is easy to say that a reader who, when his eye is caught by the word "stars" at the end of a sonnet, cannot forbear looking at once to see how the author has circumvented the rhyme, is a reader unduly sophisticated. All it really means is that he

has himself gone through the mill of verse-making. If he knew nothing of how poetry is made, he could assuredly be no judge of its beauty or success. It is the same with painting—but with what a difference! The modest dauber may look upon the works of men who repeatedly and triumphantly surmount the difficulties of their art. The man has yet to be born who can make repeated and triumphant rhymes to "moon." In contemplating the miserable paucity and banality of rhymes, we English are condemned to sorrow as they who have no hope. The days of mere alliteration when Piers Plowman "shook him into shrouds as he a shew were" are evidently past recall; and the future of the rhymeless lyric seems dark. It would appear that the rhymers of the future will do well to eschew more and more the tell-tale rhymes of which we have been speaking. They must console themselves with the knowledge that poetry of the most magical charm—such lines as

"And Beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face"—

can be made out of words to which the assonances are fairly plentiful.

Literary Taste.....Andrew Lang.....Longman's Magazine

There has been a cheerful controversy in *The Outlook* (London) about our national taste for literature. One is reminded of what Edgar Poe said of his own nation: "As a literary people we are one vast perambulating humbug." But the mistake is to expect any people to be "literary," or to blame it for not being so. Literature, reading, is entirely alien to the natural man. He lives in what he finds to be an absorbingly interesting world, and that (no wonder) is enough for him. The newspapers give him each day's history (mainly much more true than any history of the past), and that suffices him. It "palpitates with actuality," and it is on the surface. Wars, rumors of wars, gossip about people, news of the markets, records of adventures in the Land of the Possessed—what literature can compete with these contents of the journals?

Take a case. Wordsworth was "literary," but Wordsworth would not have risen early and walked far to get a new poem by Scott or Byron. No; he could wait for these with resignation; he was not in a hurry. But he rose early and walked long miles to get the newspaper during the Peninsular War. The majority of mankind is like Wordsworth in this respect. To study literature demands an effort of self-detachment. We must leave the world, and the hour and the events. We must busk ourselves for a voyage into the past, or into time that never was or will be. We must abandon creatures of flesh and blood for the society of dreams or of the dead. To us, the little bookish minority, the effort is easy. We have not loved the world, nor the world us—the world as it stands. We are more at home under some departed Henry, James or George, than under her present Majesty.

The public, we bookmen cry, does not care for style, for the music of Milton's blank verse, the aerial raptures of Shelley's song, the inimitable, humorous felicities of Mr. Stevenson, and so forth. Why, or how, should the public care? A few are "born to be so," to be enchanted with the airy

tongues that syllable ineffable harmonies; but no man is to be censured because he is born deaf to these, as Dr. Johnson was born deaf to actual music. An ear for music is common; an ear for style is rare. We might as well despise Brown for incapacity to taste style, as Miss Goodrich Freer, say, might despise us for not seeing a nun, who, as far as our eyes inform us, is absolutely invisible. The gillie can see a salmon or pick up a stag where I only behold water or heather. He has no right to blame me, nor have I any right to blame one who gets no pleasure from Keats's *Ode to a Nightingale*. I do not believe in the duty of forcing ourselves to enjoy what nature has not made us to appreciate. For me to try to batter myself into admiring Wagner or Chopin would be insanely absurd. They say nothing to me, while *Bonnie Dundee* or *Will Ye No Come Back Again?* says a world of delightful things. Even musical people do not write articles against the born unmusical, and the literary should leave the unliterary alone, contented with "the literary pabulum of the more popular magazines." The word "pabulum" stamps a man; he is a newspaper devourer. "There let him lay," unvexed by us that have good wits. Probably he does not so much read the magazines as look at the pictures—dead men sprawling on the floor (this is a great favorite), fellows aiming revolvers at ladies out of the fashion plates, and so forth. For me, in a railway carriage I can read any abundance of yarns destitute of style, character and possibility. One of the cultured in *The Outlook* would liefer be seen "carrying a paper bag of sausage rolls and a bottle of gin than an average popular magazine." At the gin I draw the line, as I do not care for the beverage; but I am not ashamed of the *Strand* or the *Windsor Magazine*, though my tastes are not confined to these agreeable miscellanies. I may prefer Professor Maitland on *Domesday Book*, or Mr. Round on *Knights' Fees* at other moments; but in a railway carriage, at least, I am relatively human and at one with my species. I once knew a clever little girl who regarded Sunday as "Trash Day"; then she read books written for little girls. If the fatigued business man reads nothing but trash, in the name of charity let him! He would fall asleep over *Thackeray* or *Miss Austen*.

Mr. Macdonald; who begat this discussion, says that "hosts of comfortable people without intellectual antecedents are being treated, quite unfairly, as if they could and would read nothing but trash." They can't and won't read anything else; how can they if they have no intellectual antecedents? What that phrase means, I do not know. They were educated like the rest of us. They were simply born without taste; it is not their fault. As to heredity, up to 1830 or so our forefathers were much more intellectual than we, bought and read good books. There were bad books to read, such as a work on *Love and Eloquence*, of about 1670. It was trash, yea, dirty trash (naturally congenial to mankind), but people were reading Milton, Bunyan, Dryden and so forth. In most country houses you find that the Library stops about 1830; we then ceased to read; but we had, by heredity, "intellectual antecedents." A friend of mine was once obliged to remonstrate with a witch on his estate. He found her

reading Chesterfield's Letters. She had intellectual antecedents; that is, though a mischievous old lady, she had a taste for literature. She was "born to be so," and Bottles, the prosperous, was born to be something very different. With Mr. Macdonald I must admit and deplore "the loss of intellectual habit," but it is fatal and inevitable. You cannot give yourself "intellectual habit." You cannot read Plato against the grain. How far can we overcome our bent? That is a question for moral philosophers, and most people reserve their moral energy for ethical, not literary, efforts.

The Fundamentals of Fiction.....Richard Burton.....Forum

This fact, that the novelist stands or falls by characterization, has its interesting application when we come to look at later novel-making. It explains the relatively limited appeal of leaders cried up by critics whose admiration for construction, description and style make them forget the pre-eminent thing. Of course, we must grant that the perfect novel—like the perfect man, a purely hypothetical creature—will have all the qualities in due proportion; fresh invention, masterful development, characters that live and move and have their being, description full of picturesqueness and power, all conveyed in a diction that of itself means literature. But, humanly speaking, this is the unattainable ideal or, at least, the unattained. Conceding this much, it may be stated boldly that where the present-day fictionist fails above all else is in character—the sign, par excellence, of the creator. A few years ago it would have been in consonance with the facts to say that he was weak in invention as well. But now, with romances appearing daily, and startling plots in the very air one breathes, this lack is less felt. But character-making, yes. Nor can the blame justly be laid on the public, which is always eager to welcome a piece of veritable character-limning.

As I write, *David Harum* is the best selling story—and therefore book—since fiction still has a corner on literature. Why is this? Because it contains one thoroughly racy and enjoyable character; the rest is naught. The book is not a novel. It has no plot worth mentioning, and but little construction; being a purely conventional treatment of the love-motif. The nominal hero's only mortal use is, that Uncle David may have some one to talk to steadily. But the tale has a bona fide creation in David himself; and this is enough to give it a remarkable and deserved popularity. Yet reflect a moment that there is not even a second-rate novel by Dickens which does not contain, I will not say one, but half a dozen humorous character-types, any one of which might be named as an offset to the shrewd, kindly horse trader and country banker. This is not said in the spirit of detraction, but merely to bring home the thought that we have fallen on a paucity of real character creation, which results in an almost pathetically cordial reception for it when a modicum of it is proffered.

Nor is it Jingoism, by the way, to remark that the introduction of some of the Southern and Western types so saliently depicted by younger American novelists—Page and Harris, Stuart, Thanet, Wister, Garland, Chopin, Fernald, and others—is

as hopeful a sign as current fiction can show, and one hardly to be paralleled in England. In the earlier days Bret Harte took a unique place because of this same power, albeit not always used aright. Who, let us inquire, are the living personages in the stories of Henry James? Verily, since the days of *The American*, the best in this kind are but shadows. Stevenson, admirable in the other cardinal points of invention, construction, and a style that sets him apart from his contemporaries, has also thrown out upon the fictional canvas a few figures which are distinct—Alan Breck, David Balfour, both the Ballantraes, Kirstie the elder, and quite a portrait-gallery of rascals the most firm-bodied and picturesque in the novel-writing of our time.

This clear bodying forth of men and women in the novel sets up so good a claim to attention that it will cover often a multitude of sins. And it really seems as if, with the rapidly increasing skill in the other technical points of novelistic art, this potent, this supreme power of characterization were in danger of its life. Is it that our story-tellers lack gift, genius or simply that, in the care spent upon analysis or construction, description or style, or all of them, they have lost sight of the most vital element in any and all fiction? Or is it again—very plausible this—that problem and principle have led our fictionists somewhat away from the straight-away actions of flesh-and-blood folk? The pessimist will incline toward the easy solution, concluding that it is all a question of ability; that we have fallen on little days, if not evil; that when the gods go, the half-gods arrive. Genius was of yore; now is the time of carefully cultivated talents. But the student of social history, and literature in its relation thereto, will prefer to see in the wonderful development of the art of fiction during the last quarter-century a more essential cause for the temporary abeyance in the power of creating salient, unforgettable characters. I say "temporary," as expressing the belief that, just as we have witnessed a distinct reaction from the plotless tale of psychologic analysis toward stories of incident and action, so we are likely to see a return to the old emphasis on character.

The folk of fiction in the future will not be so much pegs to hang theories upon, as human beings to associate with, to laugh and cry with, and to part from right unwillingly. And they will be more wholesome company withal than they have been, as a rule, of late. Novelists must so realize their characters that the bidding them good-bye means pain and loss to the writers themselves—as Dickens walked the streets of Paris the best part of one night in utter misery because little Paul Dombey had fallen on final sleep; or as Daudet was overcome when he had similar experience with his *Lad of the Imagination*, the *Piteous Jack*. The inexorable corollary to such feeling on the side of the creator is an affectionate faith in those characters on the side of the world of novel-readers. Let this not be forgotten in a day of the deification of technic and of an overweening desire to handicap the personages of fiction by making them more or less colorless exponents of a principle, a class or a theory.

AMERICAN POETS OF TO-DAY: JOHN W. PALMER

Dr. John Williamson Palmer was born in Baltimore, April 4, 1825. He became city physician of San Francisco in 1849, and two years later, being in China, volunteered in the East India Company's service, and served as the surgeon of an active war steamer through the Burmese campaign of 1852-53. He returned to the United States in 1853, and has since been a constant magazine contributor, and has published a number of volumes of travel, fiction and translations. Dr. Palmer is best known by his lyrics and ballads, and it is to be regretted that these have not been collected and published. All of the poems which follow this note are reprinted with the consent of the poet. For Charlie's Sake is one of the most genuine of lyrics, and could have been written only by a true poet. Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard declared that Stonewall Jackson's Way was "one of the most memorable memorials of the lost cause, and in every way superior to Pike's Dixie and Randall's My Maryland, and will be remembered for its poetic merit when those crude effusions of wordy bluster are forgotten." Up with Orange, the war-cry of William the Silent, Dr. Palmer's ballad of Holland, was written at the instance of a prominent member of the Holland Society of New York, and a copy sent through the Governor of Overysel, on the occasion of her birthday and coronation, to Queen Wilhelmina, from whom the author received a most gracious response.

FOR CHARLIE'S SAKE.

The night is late, the house is still;
The angels of the hour fulfill
Their tender ministries, and move
From couch to couch, in cares of love.
They drop into thy dreams, sweet wife,
The happiest smile of Charlie's life,
And lay on Baby's lips a kiss
Fresh from his angel-brother's bliss;
And as they pass, they seem to make
A strange, dim hymn, "For Charlie's sake!"

My listening heart takes up the strain,
And gives it to the night again,
Fitted with words of lowly praise,
And patience learned of mournful days,
And memories of the dead child's ways.

His will be done, His will be done!
Who gave, and took away, my son—
In the far land to shine and sing,
Before the Beautiful, the King,
Who every day doth Christmas make,
All starred and belled for Charlie's sake.

For Charlie's sake I will arise;
I will anoint me where he lies,
And change my raiment, and go in
To the Lord's house, leaving my sin
Without, and seat me at His board,
Eat, and be glad, and praise the Lord.
For wherefore should I fast and weep,
And sullen moods of mourning keep?
I cannot bring him back, nor he,
For any calling, come to me.
The bond the angel Death did sign,
God sealed—for Charlie's sake and mine.

I'm very poor—his slender stone
Marks all the narrow field I own;
Yet, patient husbandman, I till

With faith and prayers that precious hill,
Sow it with penitential pains,
And, hopeful, wait the latter rains:
Content if, after all, the spot
Yield barely one forget-me-not;
Whether or figs or thistles make
My crop—content, for Charlie's sake.

I have no houses, builded well—
Only that little lonesome cell,
Where never romping playmates come,
Nor bashful sweethearts, cunning-dumb:
An April burst of girls and boys,
Their rainbowed cloud of griefs and joys
Born with their songs, gone with their toys;
Nor ever is its stillness stirred
By purr of cat, or chirp of bird,
Or mother's twilight legend, told
Of Horner's pie or Tiddler's gold,
Or Fairy, hobbling to the door,
Red-cloaked and weird, banned and poor,
To bless the good child's gracious eyes,
The good child's wistful charities,
And crippled Changeling's hunch to make
Dance on his crutch, for Good Child's sake.

How it is with the lad?—'Tis well;
Nor would I any miracle
Might stir my sleeper's tranquil trance,
Or plague his painless countenance;
I would not any Seer might place
His staff on my immortal's face,
Or lip to lip, and eye to eye,
Charm back his pale mortality:
No, Shunammite! I would not break
God's quiet. Let them weep who wake.

For Charlie's sake my lot is blest:
No comfort like his mother's breast;
No praise like hers; no charm exprest
In fairest forms hath half her zest.
For Charlie's sake this bird's carest
That Death left lonely in the nest.
For Charlie's sake my heart is drest,
As for its birthday, in its best.
For Charlie's sake we leave the rest
To Him who gave, and who did take,
And saved us twice—for Charlie's sake.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY.

(Written at Oakland, Md., September, 17, 1862, within hearing of the guns of Antietam.)

Come, stack arms, men; pile on the rails;
Stir up the camp-fire bright!
No growling if the canteen fails:
We'll make a roaring night.
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
There burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,
To swell the brigade's rousing song
Of Stonewall Jackson's Way.

We see him now—the queer slouched hat,
Cocked o'er his eye askew;
The shrewd, dry smile; the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The "Blue-light Elder" knows 'em well:
Says he: "That's Banks; he's fond of shell.
Lord save his soul! we'll give him—"; Well,
That's Stonewall Jackson's Way.

Silence! Ground arms! Kneel all! Caps off!
Old Marster's going to pray.
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff:
Attention!—it's his way.

Appealing from his native sod,
In forma pauperis to God,
"Lay bare Thine arm! Stretch forth Thy rod;
Amen!"—That's Stonewall's Way.
He's in the saddle now. Fall in!
Steady! the whole brigade.
Hill's at the ford, cut off; we'll win
His way out, ball and blade.
What matter if our shoes are worn?
What matter if our feet are torn?
Quick step! we're with him before morn.
That's Stonewall Jackson's Way.
The sun's bright lances rout the mists
Of morning; and By George!
Here's Longstreet, struggling in the lists,
Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
Pope and his Dutchmen!—whipped before.
"Bay'nets and grape!" hear Stonewall roar.
Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score,
In Stonewall Jackson's Way.
Ah, Maiden! wait and watch, and yearn,
For news of Stonewall's band.
Ah, Widow! read, with eyes that burn,
That ring upon thy hand.
Ah, Wife! sew on, pray on, hope on!
Thy life shall not be all forlorn,
The foe had better ne'er been born,
That gets in Stonewall's Way.

THE MARYLAND BATTALION.

Spruce Macaronis, and pretty to see,
Tidy and dapper and gallant were we;
Blooded fine gentlemen, proper and tall,
Bold in a fox-hunt and gay at a ball;
Prancing soldados so martial and bluff,
Billets for bullets, in scarlet and buff—
But our cockades were clasped with a mother's low prayer,
And the sweethearts that braided the sword-knots were fair.
There was grummer of drums humming hoarse in the hills,
And the bugles sang fanfarons down by the mills,
By Flatbush the bagpipes were droning amain,
And keen cracked the rifles in Martense's lane;
For the Hessians were flecking the hedges with red,
And the grenadiers' tramp marked the roll of the dead.
Three to one, flank and rear, flashed the files of St. George,
The fierce gleam of their steel as the glow of a forge.
The brutal boom-boom of their swart cannoneers
Was sweet music compared with the taunt of their cheers—
For the brunt of their onset, our crippled array,
And the light of God's leading gone out in the fray!
Oh, the rout on the left and the tug on the right!
The mad plunge of the charge and the wreck of the flight!
When the cohorts of Grant held stout Stirling at strain,
And the mongrels of Hesse went tearing the slain;
When at Freeke's Mill the flumes and the sluices ran red,
And the dead choked the dyke and the marsh choked the dead!

"Oh, Stirling, good Stirling! How long must we wait?
Shall the shout of your trumpet unleash us too late?
Have you never a dash for brave Mordecai Gist,
With his heart in his throat, and his blade in his fist?
Are we good for no more than to prance in a ball,
When the drums beat the charge and the clarions call?"
Tralára! Tralára! Now praise we the Lord,
For the clang of His call and the flash of His sword!
Tralára! Tralára! Now forward to die;
For the banner, hurrah! and for sweethearts, good-by!
"Four hundred wild lads!" Maybe so. I'll be bound
'Twill be easy to count us, face up, on the ground.
If we hold the road open, tho' Death take the toll,
We'll be missed on parade when the States call the roll—
When the flags meet in peace and the guns are at rest,
And fair Freedom is singing Sweet Home in the West.

ORANJE BOVEN.

Said the Sea to the Dutchman, "Ho, make way!
For the march of the Flood is mine.
Shall the bar of thine arm my coursers stay
In the charge of my whelming brine?"
To the Sea said the Dutchman, "Ho, stand back!
I bide for the dole and fee,
To the hands that serve and the loins that lack,
And a hail to the Strong and Free.
In the might of the Lord of the Deep I stand, and I set
His bounds to thee.

"A bound in the Dyke, and a mete in the Dune,
And a stay in the stout Sea-wall!
In the swing of my spade is the eagle's rune,
Tho' the Norland ravens squall.
And the silt shall flow and the clod shall grow,
From Zeeland to Zuyder Zee;
And a man shall a freeman's foothold know,
Where the arm of a man is free;
For the lord of the Dutchman's land, the lord of the
Dutchman's love shall be.

"Flambeau and falchion, shackle and rack,
In the lust of a 'Holy' hate
No glut of carnage, rapine and sack,
Nor a Thousand Fears, can sate.
No tear for ruth, and no shudder for shame,
No Christ for the brand and pike;
Only the rage of the 'Beggar's' claim,
And the roar of the cloven dyke—
Only the arm of the Lord upheaved, and the sword of
the Lord to strike."

Said the Sea, "O Neder Land! Alone,
You battle against the stars.
For Brill's hoarse cry and Alkmaar's groan
I storm at your stubborn bars.
In Heiliger Lee your Rachels weep,
In Leyden your children die;
Death unto Life, Deep unto Deep!
And my tides leap at the cry.
Set wide your gates to my hosts, and sound your pealing trumpets high!"

"Oranje Boven"—Fate is mute,
And the Silent soul is lord.
"Oranje Boven!"—Trump and lute
Wait on the grim, dumb sword.
When the brand is cold, and the blade is rust,
And the gyve and the rack are shows,
When the bones of the Brave enrich the dust—
Where a Leyden garden grows—
Then the organ swell of the Sea shall tell how Nederland
uprose.

On Yssel's flanks, with thrifty sails,
The windmills churn the air,
Where erst a Viking's galley rails
Their bosséd shields laid bare.
I dream that the high-beaked triremes sweep
A path for the hordes of Rome,
As I rock in a fisher's boat, asleep,
In the lee of a hedger's home—
While the bells are chiming a psalm of Rest from storied
tower and dome.

And Thou, O fairest flower of Peace,
Child of a happy star!
Glories, and gerndons of increase,
Wreath thy ancestral Lar.
White Righteousness in thine array,
And on thy shield Renown,
Honor shall celebrate thy day,
And Law salute thy crown,
While grass shall grow and water flow, and the ships
sail up and down.

GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

The Late Grant Allen

The death of Grant Allen closes, as says an article in the London Academy, one of the most interesting careers in modern literature. Continuing, the same article says:

Mr. Grant Allen was not one author but an epitome of authors: his works ranged from *An American Millionaire* to *The Evolution of the Idea of God*; from *The Typewriter Girl* (as we explain elsewhere) to *Physiological Æsthetics*; from *The Woman Who Did* to *The Encyclopædia Britannica*; from *Strange Stories* to *The European Tour*. He was a busy reviewer; he was for four years Professor of Logic at Queen's College, Jamaica; he did more to bring Darwin's discoveries to the popular understanding than any one has done; he wrote charmingly, and always informingly, of the open air; he made the fame of Mr. William Watson; he was an uncompromising critic of social anomalies; he wrote good poetry; he was a tower of strength to the *Strand Magazine*, and he said that if he had his choice he would rather sweep a crossing than earn his living by the pen.

Within the past few days his edition of White's *Selborne*, a work on European travel, and a newly-arranged collection of his best stories have been published. The last-named book, *Twelve Tales*, with a Headpiece, a Tailpiece and an Intermezzo, has an interesting account of Mr. Allen's storytelling career, from which we quote this passage:

I did not regard these my tentative tales in any serious light: and, fearing that they might stand in the way of such little scientific reputation as I possessed, I published them all under the prudent pseudonym of J. Arbuthnot Wilson. I do not know that I should have got much further on the downward path which leads to fiction, had it not been for the intervention of my good friend, the late Mr. James Payn. When he undertook the editorship of the *Cornhill*, he determined at first to turn it into a magazine of stories only, and began to look about him for fresh blood to press into the service. Among the writers he then secured (I seem to recollect) were Dr. Conan Doyle and Mr. Stanley Weyman. Now, under Mr. Leslie Stephen's editorship, I had been accustomed to contribute to the *Cornhill* occasional papers on scientific subjects; and one morning, by an odd coincidence, I received two notes simultaneously from the new editor. The first of them was addressed to me by my real name; in it, Mr. Payn courteously but briefly informed me that he returned one such scientific article which I had sent for his consideration, as he had determined in future to exclude everything but fiction from the magazine—a decision which he afterwards saw reason to rescind. The second letter, forwarded through Messrs. Chatto & Windus, was addressed to me under my assumed name of J. Arbuthnot Wilson, and begged that unknown person to submit to Mr. Payn a few stories "like your admirable Mr. Chung." . . . When a novelist like Mr. James Payn spoke well of my work—nay, more, desired to secure it for his practically new magazine—I began to think there might really be something

in my stories worth following up by a more serious effort.

Charles M. Sheldon, Author of In His Steps

John Pond Fritts, writing in *The Critic* of the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, author of *In His Steps*, says:

The writer had a talk with this new author of the West recently. The man whose published books (which number an even dozen) have had a sale of over three million copies in America, Canada and England shrinks from a newspaper interview as he would from a blow. One book, *In His Steps*, is being translated into German, French, Swedish, Norwegian, Spanish, Italian, Armenian, Russian and some dialects of Central and Western Africa; and yet all this bewildering success is so much of pain to the excessively modest author, because of the publicity it gives him. The other day Mr. Sheldon received a telegram from a man connected with a prominent Eastern publication, which read in substance: "I am coming out to Topeka to stay a week. I am coming prepared to treat fully of your methods and motives in writing and the work of your church in detail. The article will be syndicated, and will be printed in nearly every paper in the country." As quickly as it could be done, Mr. Sheldon telegraphed this blunt reply: "You need not come. I will not talk to you. I have some rights which even you are bound to respect." The man did not come.

"And if I talked of myself and told of the motive which is back of my work, what would be the use of my preaching and writing books?" protested this conscientious minister. "The message is in my books—let the people read it there. If they cannot discover my motive by reading the books I have written, of what use are they, and why waste time in talking about myself? As for our church, why should its accomplishments be exploited? We are not the leaders in this plan of co-operative work, by any means. We are performing our simple duty, nothing more. Then why should our little church be dragged into publicity and its modest capacity for usefulness spoiled by having a desire for fame cultivated?" Then he turned to me with a slight deprecatory gesture. "I appeal to you, sir. Don't you think that is the proper ground to take?" And then he went with painstaking carefulness over his argument, his gray eyes flashing and the slightly stooped shoulders thrown back quite defiantly in his earnestness.

This will serve to give an insight into the character of the man whose earnest and oft-repeated injunction to the members of his congregation is, "Glorify God in secret!" What he has accomplished and is now accomplishing the wonderful reception accorded his books attests in measure. But the loving esteem in which he is held by the members of his congregation; the chance for "heart-to-heart talks" with the poor and needy in his own beloved "Tennesseetown"; the uplifting arm; and the helping of others to help themselves, are to him worth infinitely more than the certainty that his name is enrolled on the scroll of fame. On

the other hand, it must not be thought that he underestimates the value of the public's approval. If he could have his books read and the message engrafted in the hearts of every person, he would be glad. But from public praise and attention as applied to him personally, he shrinks, and those who know him best have the deepest respect for his feelings.

Charles M. Sheldon was born something over forty-one years ago, in Wellsville, N. Y. He was "raised" on a farm in Dakota—a rugged training which has stood him in good stead. His father, the Rev. Stewart Sheldon, gave him the benefits of a good education, providing for courses, respectively, at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.; Brown University and Andover Theological Seminary. In 1886 Mr. Sheldon went to London, and for a season studied the conditions among the poorer classes of that great city. Returning to America, he took charge of a church in Waterbury, Vt., before coming West. In 1888 he came to Topeka, having received a call to the Central Congregational Church. His first services were held in a dingy room over a suburban grocery store in the edge of the district which has since become famous as "Tennestown." This is a territory embracing twenty blocks and inhabited by colored people whose daily lives represent varying stages of wretchedness. This was to be Mr. Sheldon's vineyard, and here he would work out his ideas of co-operation. These ideas have many times brought him under the charge of socialism, with all the mild stigma which a careless use of that term implies. He knew then that he was simply teaching the people to help themselves; now the people themselves know it. Schools were established, plots of ground were laid out for gardening, and prizes were offered for excellence in house and outdoor work. In every undertaking the wonderful spirit and enthusiasm of the man were shown. But he did not stop here. His congregation proper demanded a large share of his attention. Soon, fired with the same spirit of enthusiasm which lives and is growing to-day, a new stone church was built, and from its shining pulpit the pastor began to read his story-sermons. Measured from the standpoint of popularity and good results, his plan has been very successful. The titles of Mr. Sheldon's published books, in the order of their appearance, are as follows: *Richard Bruce*, 1891; *Robert Hardy's Seven Days*, 1892; *The Twentieth Door*, 1893; *The Crucifixion of Philip Strong*, 1893; *John King's Question Class*, 1894; *His Brother's Keeper*, 1895; *In His Steps*, 1896; *Malcolm Kirk*, 1897; *The Redemption of Freetown*, 1898; *One of the Two*, 1898; *The Miracle at Markham*, 1898; *For Christ and the Church*, 1899. Most of these books Mr. Sheldon read from his pulpit, chapter by chapter, in lieu of a regular sermon.

This is but an imperfect sketch of a busy and useful life. It faintly pictures the man, but it cannot even hint at his earnestness of purpose and the depth of his convictions. Those who admire him for his simplicity and purity of character need have no fear that these qualities will ever be affected by the glamor which comes in the wake of fame. They are too firmly grounded for that.

Mr. Sheldon's family consists of a wife and one

child. Their home, which they have built near the church, is a model one, and contentment dwells there. The author-preacher divides his hours between his home and his church study, and in this latter place I saw him. The walls were adorned, as one would naturally suppose, with religious pictures, in harmony with the character of the man. Directly over his desk was a beautiful picture of the Madonna and Christ-child. As I turned to leave, I asked this question of him: "Which of your books do you like best?" After a moment he said: "My wife likes *His Brother's Keeper* best."

Madame Adam Of that brilliant French woman, Madame Adam, Literature speaks as follows:

Madame Juliette Adam, who has just officially severed her connection with the "Nouvelle Revue," the bi-monthly review which she founded, and, till comparatively lately, edited, is one of the most remarkable of living French women. For many years past she has wielded a singular influence, both in the literary and in the political world. When very young she made an unfortunate marriage, and fled, with her only child, a girl, who is now the wife of a well-known surgeon, Dr. Segond, to Paris. Resolved to embark on a literary career, Madame La Messine, as she then was, had the good fortune to attract the sympathy and even the affection of George Sand, who was then at the zenith of her fame. Probably her most successful work was "Le Mandarin," published in 1860, an amusing study of contemporary manners. After the death of M. La Messine she married M. Edmond Adam, a Republican of the old school and a man of real distinction, who took an active part in forming the Provisional Government after Sedan. Indeed, it is always said that the Republic was born in Madame Adam's salon. After the war M. and Madame Adam held aloft the flag of the old-fashioned theoretical Republicanism, and it is now curious to remember that Paul Déroulède's wonderful "Chants du Soldat" were first introduced to literary Paris in Madame Adam's drawing-room. M. Adam died in 1877, and two years later his widow founded the "Nouvelle Revue." This enterprise enabled her to render what, in spite of her numerous published works, must be called her real service to literature—namely, in introducing to the world of letters such writers as Loti, Bourget, and the brothers Marguerite. Madame Adam had an extraordinary "flair" for what was good in fiction. Lieutenant Viaud's MS. of the book which was to become famous as "Le Mariage de Loti" went the round of the Paris publishers before Madame Adam saw it. In the pages of the "Nouvelle Revue" it became an instant success, and Madame Adam constituted herself the literary godmother of the shy young genius. He on his part has always been full of gratitude to her, and her house is practically the only one where he allows himself to be made into a lion. Madame Adam has also introduced to the French public many distinguished foreign writers, notably Russians. Her friends, indeed, claim for her the largest share of any one in France in bringing about the Russian alliance, for which she worked for years with apparently little or no result. In view of the

yeoman service rendered to the cause both by herself and by her review, the pointed official neglect with which she was treated when the Czar and Czarina visited Paris was hardly creditable to the French Government. She behaved with great dignity in the matter, and without a word of complaint allowed others to reap where she had sown. There can be no doubt that her principal motive in working for the alliance was her desire for "la revanche." Of late years, however, she has been more anti-English than anti-German, and it is to be feared that this note in the "Nouvelle Revue" was emphasized in order to please her Russian friends.

*Brig.-Gen. Charles King, the
Soldier-Novelist* Writing in Ainslee's Magazine
Forest Crissey gives this interesting account of General Charles King the soldier novelist:

The records have it that General King was born fifty-five years ago, but there is not a line in his countenance or his figure which would appear remotely to confirm this statement. He is erect, active and alert, and is more frequently thought to be under forty-five years of age than over fifty. No observant stranger who chanced to pass him upon the street would fail to recognize him as a military man. He is to-day as fond of athletic sports as when he was a leader of his associates in the stirring pastimes into which he entered with all the dash, energy and devotion of a potential soldier when in training at West Point. Although he still maintains an unfaltering loyalty to the horse, and is never so happy as when in the saddle, he is an enthusiastic wheelman, and is able to do a century run with the best riders in Milwaukee, the city which has long been his home.

The old saying that blood is thicker than water is strikingly exemplified in the character of General King. And it is scarcely possible to understand his individuality or to account for the remarkable versatility of his gifts without a glance at the sturdy American stock from which he is descended. His great-grandfather was Hon. Rufus King, one of the first of the distinguished line of statesmen which New York has sent to the United States Senate. The name of this ancestor of the soldier-author is signed to the Constitution, and his services in assisting to frame that historic document, and in shaping the destinies of New York State from the foundation of that commonwealth, were recognized by the highest gifts which the Empire State could bestow. He was twice selected as Minister of the United States to England. Charles King, grandfather of the subject of this sketch, was one of the earliest presidents of Columbia College, and recognized as a bright scholar of rare intellectual gifts and attainments.

In the father of General King were found the military and the scholarly traits which obtain in his son, for Rufus King, the second, was both a military and an intellectual leader. His rare qualifications in the latter field were recognized by his appointment as Minister to the Pontifical States at Rome, a position demanding peculiar endowments of personal tact, poise and grace, together with ripe culture and a broad knowledge of affairs. On the occasion of his departure for this important post the

Civil War broke out. Mr. King immediately resigned his appointment and retraced his steps to Wisconsin, where he assisted in the organization of Wisconsin's Brigade.

He was among the first of President Lincoln's appointments as Brigadier-General. He was also proprietor and editor of the Milwaukee Sentinel, and wielded a strong influence in the politics of Wisconsin. The great Indian apostle, John Eliot, was the head, in America, of the distinguished family of which General Charles King's mother was a member.

With so remarkable an ancestry, it does not appear strange that General King has reached a high place as soldier, author and scholar.

His first plunge into soldier life was made when a lad of sixteen years. He had been in New York City in attendance at the preparatory or grammar school connected with Columbia College, and had just passed his examination admitting him to the latter institution, when the whole country was thrilled by the echo of the guns at Fort Sumter. Instantly his dreams of college days were forgotten, and before another day had passed, after the Union troops had begun to assemble in Washington, his soldier blood was bounding in his veins and he was on his way to the Capitol city. There his father's old friends from the Badger State were surprised to greet the face of the boy in the camp of the Wisconsin volunteers.

It was plain to these veterans that the lad had not come from idle curiosity, for his drumsticks were in his hands and his fingers itching to play the reveille. This accomplishment immediately gave him place and standing in the regiment, and he was kept busy for some time instructing others in the use of the drumstick.

He speedily became a favorite at headquarters and was promoted, in spite of his extreme youth, to the position of mounted orderly, and began his active career as a soldier under General Winfield Scott Hancock in Virginia. In the course of this service the lad's abilities were brought to the personal attention of President Lincoln, who gave his promise that the boy should be given a cadetship at West Point. In pursuance of this pledge he was sent to the United States Military Academy at West Point in June, 1862, was made first sergeant of Company B two years later and adjutant of the Corps of Cadets in 1865.

Until 1866 he remained at West Point in the capacity of instructor in artillery. He left this position to become attached to Battery K of the light artillery stationed at New Orleans. . . . In 1871 he was appointed aide-de-camp to General Emory. How great a part his stay in New Orleans on staff duty was to play in his life he little knew, when he accepted the transfer as an incident in the uncertainties of military life. . . . The daughter of a Southern gentleman, Captain Yorke, of Carroll Parish, La., became his wife before the succeeding winter—a season which brought turbulent scenes to the quaint old Southern city which was rent with riots that gave the young officer severe and difficult training.

His next move was an important one, and afforded him his introduction to the perils and hard-

ships of frontier Indian warfare. He was assigned to the Fifth Cavalry in command of Troop K, which did heroic service against the Apaches, a tribe which sustained its reputation for cruelty, cunning and courage. In these desperate encounters he displayed the coolness and indifference to danger which have uniformly characterized his entire military career.

In the fight at Diamond Butte, May 25, 1874, his bravery was so conspicuous that his recommendation for promotion to the rank of captain was made by the commanding general. . . . In the celebrated Big Horn and Yellowstone expedition he added materially to his laurels, and was rewarded by General Wesley Merritt by appointment as adjutant of the regiment. A year later, in the spring of 1877, he was again in the thick of the Big Horn campaign, and was later called to the scene of the railroad riots in Council Bluffs and Chicago. His next experiences were in connection with the Nez Perces uprising. This was followed by more severe mountain scouting in 1878; by this time he had attained the rank of captain, and was in command of A Troop. An old wound received at Sunset Pass had given him constant and increasing trouble, and at length became so serious that in June, 1879, it compelled him to appear before the retiring board for permission to relinquish his active military career. This petition was regretfully complied with, and he retired from the service and returned to his home in Wisconsin.

His knowledge of military affairs brought him an appointment as instructor in the University of Wisconsin at Madison. He was also selected by Governor Jeremiah Rusk to act as Colonel and aide-de-camp in the State military organization.

In 1895 he was appointed Adjutant-General of Wisconsin, and in that capacity did much to raise the militia of that State to its present high standard. The outbreak of the war with Spain in 1898 found him in better health than he had enjoyed for many years, and stirred his soldier blood as deeply as did the first call for volunteers in '61. May 28 of last year brought him his appointment as Brigadier-General of Volunteers. He was ordered June 2 to report to General Merritt, in San Francisco, and left for that city two days later, taking immediate departure for the Philippines, where he commanded the men of the First Washington, First California and First Idaho regiments.

General King confesses that he was never so happy in his life as when leading these men against the Filipinos. His only regret is that the return of ill-health compelled his voluntary retirement June 1 of this year. When chatting with callers, in his dingy room on the third story of one of the oldest office buildings in Milwaukee, General King resolutely refuses to be entrapped into a literary conversation. He invariably returns with soldierly enthusiasm to the topic of the war in the Philippines, and grows eloquent in praise of the conduct of his "boys" from the Northwest. . . .

On a shelf in General King's workroom is the worn and battered field-desk which he has carried through his campaigns. In its pigeon-holes is to be found the secret of his marvelous accuracy in writing. A half-dozen small blank books of the

ordinary commercial kind are filled with entries, written in a minute but legible hand. These record the occurrences of each day of his active, honest service, and present concisely but vividly the impressions made upon his mind at the moment by the stirring scenes through which he has passed. His first work when beginning a new novel is to consult these priceless records. It is doubtful if there is another author who composes more rapidly than General King when once he is inspired by a sympathetic theme.

While he emphatically disavows all literary traditions, and declares that his labors in this field are inspired solely by the motive of "making one woman happy" and giving his son and daughters an education which would be impossible by any other means within his command, the strong human interests, the swift movement and the delicate sympathy and tender pathos of his stories are sufficient proof of the fact that his work is done with a genuine heart interest, and not as a perfunctory task.

His methods of work are undoubtedly different from those of all other authors. After a perusal of his notebooks he writes his pages in a shorthand of his own, and reads his stories into a phonograph which is passed to an operator of the typewriter, who transcribes the record of the cylinder. The sheets are then returned to General King for revision, but the dictated manuscript is seldom changed to any great extent.

Between The Lines and The General's Double are General King's favorites of the scores of stories which he has given to the public. His first story was *Kittie's Conquest*, and was written in the '70s. Its production was then regarded by its author as a passing whim, a pastime to relieve the monotony of an officer's life on a frontier post. This was published in the United Service Magazine of Philadelphia, and immediately attracted favorable attention. The manuscript was carried in the officer's luggage through the Nez Perces and the Sioux campaigns, and shared the fate of many another first literary effort in being respectfully declined by one or two editors.

This initial story was followed in 1881 by the stirring romance first called *Winning His Spurs*, but later issued in book form as *The Colonel's Daughter*. Then Mr. Alden, editor of Harper's Magazine, reached out for the work of the young military novelist and secured the charming stories, *A War-Time Wooing* and *Between The Lines*. The most recent novel from the pen of General King is in process of building out of the materials which the author secured during his campaign in the Philippines.

When called to the war in the Philippines, General King was about to join his wife, son and daughters in Europe. The son Rufus is now fourteen years of age, a bright, manly lad, and the centre of his father's ambitions. The daughter Elinor is the third of his children, and a girl of rare beauty and attractiveness.

Henry James at Home

Kenneth Herford writes as follows to the Detroit Free Press of a visit to Henry James at his home in the English village of Rye:

Surrounded by its tiny burial yard, the Rye church lies in the very centre of the city, though hidden from profane eyes by the ivy-covered brick wall that surrounds it. Directly behind the church, with only its front visible from the street, as a wall encloses it also, stands a three-storied house of brick, with white stone trimmings and green window frames, from which swing outward, disclosing the leaded panes, old-fashioned blinds of the same color. To the left of the house as you face it, in the angle made by the street end and the church, you may catch a glimpse of a single story addition, dating back maybe 100 years, but with very modern windows, that look out upon a lovely garden behind the wall.

"This is Lamb House," said my friend, "and for many, many years it was the official home of the Mayor of Rye. The last Mayor, however, had a new modern little place of his own, so this lovely spot fell upon the market. Henry James discovered it one day during a roam through the town, and immediately leased it. He has been living here for two or three years now, alone, save for his butler and his housekeeper."

We ascended the four stone steps at the massive black oak door and sounded the lizard knocker. Instantly the door was swung open by a man whose every feature spoke the butler.

Yes, Mr. James was in.

We were ushered into a dainty little drawing-room, on the left of the door, carpeted with rugs of deep red, where we sat upon Louis Quinze chairs until, from some inner recess, emerged a man. He was dressed comfortably in striped trousers that touched the floor at his heels and a loose negligee shirt. Of a height a shade below medium, he looked a most ordinary person. His hair was streaked with gray, but not so thickly as his ragged, square-cut beard. Seeing us, his eyes assumed a light that spoke of gladness, and at once he took us by the arms and led us out of the neat, exact little drawing-room into the one-storied addition to the house that we had seen from the street as we mounted the steps to the doorway.

Henry James' brown eyes glanced with pride about the room, then turning to us he said, "Isn't this grand?" and stooping he flipped back a corner of the rug that my heel had scuffed up. "Now make yourselves comfortable, light a cigarette and let's talk. I have worked all day, and was about to go out for a little wheel ride when my man announced you. I am so glad you came; I was beginning to bore myself."

The cigarettes were offered. I noticed that Mr. James, when the ash had collected at the end of his would walk the length of the study and snip it out the open window. That act struck me as one cue to Henry James' manner, both as a man and as a literary artist.

There is no writer of the English language today who takes such infinite pains as Henry James. His sentences may be two pages long, but you will notice, despite this confusing fact, that his verbs are always of the same number as his nouns. His study looked as though he must have spent at least three hours, standing the books up vertically on the shelves and arranging his letters in little

piles of the same size upon the three desks that stand before the windows. Each bit of rug fringe upon the floor of Henry James' study is in place. If you were to change the position of one book, the author would, while continuing to talk to you, nonchalantly step over to the case and put the book back where, to his mind, it belonged.

No, it isn't old-maidishness, it is simply an abnormally developed neatness, a neatness that appalled me, and struck me dumb. When I got to know James better, I told him so. He only laughed and said, "Well, a man gets into ways, you know; a man gets into ways."

The window at which Henry James does the greater part of his literary labor looks out upon the garden hidden from the street by the high brick wall of which I have spoken. There is a long expanse of turf as green as emerald, and in the centre a bed of brilliant scarlet flowers. Just outside the window an apple tree of years that go beyond three score and ten spreads forth its branches. Upon the writing desk, the day I called, there lay some fifteen sheets of manuscript written in the sprawling, scrawling hand that is the vexation of printers when any of Henry James' copy comes to them. That is the one incongruous characteristic of Henry James. With all his other neatesses, he writes a hand that nigh appalls the reader. I have a letter from him before me now. The signature I know to be "Henry James." You might take it for Henrik Sienkiewicz.

There has been out, in England, not many weeks, a book by Mr. James entitled *The Two Magics*, and he is at work now upon a volume of short stories in the tenor of the two that comprise the former book.

"And when will it be ready?" I asked him.

"Oh, I never know," he said. "I work by easy stages."

Which is true. Now and again a book that bears his name appears. Once off the press, the author of it rushes for Italy to spend a month with Frank Marion Crawford, where he forgets that he writes for a living. Alone as he is, loving only his work and the people who take off their hats to him in the streets of Rye, Henry James is one of the gentlest spirits in the literary world to-day. You will be astonished possibly to know that his income from his writing is a scant three hundred pounds a year, though in spite of this, there has never come a man in need to Henry James to whom he has not offered a part of what he calls his own. Not so long ago a novelist in England died. He left two little children, absolutely alone in the world. One of that man's friends put by a little sum for them, and out of the kindness of his heart wrote to other literary men soliciting their help. He sought a maker of books, whom he knew to have an income of over twenty thousand pounds from his literary work. "Won't you aid these little folk?" he asked. Not one cent was forthcoming. Henry James was written in the matter. By return mail came a check for fifty pounds, one-tenth of his whole year's income.

His wonderful neatness is one, the above recorded incident offers another, cue to the character of the man.

SCIENTIFIC PROBLEMS, PROGRESS AND PROPHECY

The Fate of the Great Salt Lake *Irrigation Age*

It is prophesied that before the end of another century the Great Salt Lake will be entirely dried up. The cause for this is said to be the excessive drain made upon it by the irrigation enterprises of the Mormons. Contrary to the theory which was accepted for a time, this great lake is not fed by underground springs, but by the Jordan, Weber, Ogden and Bear rivers, and when the water of these streams is intercepted for irrigation purposes, it necessarily decreases the water supply of Salt Lake, leaving it more to the mercy of the sun and the attendant evaporation which is constantly going on, and which is slowly but surely drawing the water away until in time only a bed of dry salt will remain. The cause of the saltiness of the water of this mysterious body of water has been a matter of conjecture to scientists for years. The most plausible theory is that the saltiness is due to high altitude, which causes excessive evaporation, while there is practically no outlet to the lake. A scientist, after a number of experiments, has expressed the conviction that if all the salt supply in the entire world were cut off except that found in the bed of the Great Salt Lake, there would still be enough to last the world for ages, so deep is this deposit. Regarding the decadence of the lake, a writer recently said: When the Great Salt Lake is gone it will be missed as a wonder and as a salt factory, for little else. Its waters destroy vegetation instead of nourishing it. Should the fresh waters of Utah Lake, however, be evaporated or disappear into the earth thousands of square miles would cease to be habitable. Some years ago the Utah Lake region was made a Government reservation, an act which has kept irrigation companies from drawing water either directly from it or from its feeders.

Photography of Speech..... *Washington Post*

Science stands on the threshold of important discoveries in the realm of sound. That the atmospheric vibrations that convey sounds to our ears can be frozen has been proved by arctic explorers, among the vagaries of sound in cold weather being the phenomenon of the noise of a gun fired in the frozen north being heard at a distance some time before the command to "fire," which had preceded the report, was heard. We have volumes of theoretical explanations of the mystery of sound, but the very nature of the subject has baffled investigators who tried to step from the platform of theory to that of tangible knowledge. Science has taken heart, however, for it is now being demonstrated that sounds can be photographed. The idea of turning a camera on the transparent atmosphere seems absurd, but science has obtained photographs that are the exact reproductions of the vibrations that certain sounds make on the air. Furthermore, it has been shown that so exactly similar are photographs of the sounds of the same word repeated that it would be possible to make up a complete sentence from these sound photographs, which could be readily read by any one having a key to the appearance of the vibrations. To

explain the means used for taking these remarkable photographs it is well to consider the construction of a telephone. As most people know, the voice that speaks into a telephone is directed against a thin, flexible metal plate. The vibrations of the voice are transmitted through the intervening air to the membrane. The movements are then, in their turn, conveyed by electrical means to a similar membrane at the other end of the wire. But it has been discovered that other arrangements as well as sheets of metal will take up the atmospheric vibrations which cause sound, and among these are vibratory flames. At first the plan was tried of employing a flame which was made to flicker by the vibrations of air particles, the movement of which was caused by the sound under examination, and by means of a rapidly rotating mirror was drawn out so that it could be examined and recorded. Professors E. L. Nichols and E. Merritt, who have been studying sound phenomena together, substituted for the mirror a long photographic film arranged on a cylinder which was made to rotate at a high velocity. With the film and a specially constructed lamp, which gave an intensely bright light, it was found possible to take photographs of the vibrations made by various sounds. It was clearly and unmistakably demonstrated that the sounds of such words as "die" and "sigh" made vibrations that were very little dissimilar, while words that bore no similarity of sound produced entirely different vibrations. The experiments were carried to the extent of connecting a series of photographs and testing the possibility of reading it as a line of ordinary writing is read. When one of the experimenters had become familiar with the various forms of the records, a series of these was taken on one plate while the man who was to make the test was absent from the room. The photographic plate was then taken to him, with the very interesting and highly satisfactory result that the sounds were read off like print.

Next Total Eclipse of the Sun..... *G. E. Lumsden, F.R.A.S., Scientific American*

On the 28th of May next, sometime after local sunrise, the round black shadow of the moon, like a great arm, will sweep in out of space, coming into contact with the earth near the Revilla Gigedo Islands in the Pacific Ocean, about 500 miles south and west of California. With the tremendous initial velocity of about 100 miles a minute, the shadow cone will rush toward the mainland and enter Mexico near Cape Corrientes. In eight minutes it will have crossed the Rocky Mountains, where, flying from peak to peak and from valley to valley, the spectacle will be sublime, though lasting but thirty seconds. By 7:30 central standard time (or 8:30 Eastern standard time) it will have crossed the Gulf near the mouth of the Rio Grande and plunged New Orleans into sepulchral gloom.

For the purposes of anticipation and study, let us imagine ourselves to be members of a group of enthusiastic men, women and youths, not necessarily scientific or practiced observers, only anxious to see everything possible. We should be posted upon

the highest possible eminence, so as not to miss the tremendous impressions due to the sudden rushing upon us of the stupendous shadow. We ought to be in the centre of the ground over which the shadow will pass. If this position be near New Orleans, we shall have totality for seventy-seven seconds. If we are at Union Point, Green County, Georgia, the centre of the path in the United States, we shall have darkness for ninety-two seconds. If we are near the Atlantic coast, not far south of the city of Norfolk, we shall have one hundred and five seconds for observation. Let us assume that we have brought with us opera and field glasses, telescopes, spectrosopes, barometers, thermometers and well-regulated timepieces set to Washington, Greenwich and local times. Of course, we have notebooks, pads of drawing paper, cardboard, white and blackened, upon which have been laid down black disks, around which our artistic members, by rapid sketching with colored chalks, may draw the phenomena we shall see. We have candles and lanterns, the latter for use if wind arise. Of course, we have cameras and plates of various speeds and densities of coating. We have seen the beautiful photographs taken on the 22d of January, 1898, in India, by Mrs. E. W. Maunder, with a small camera having a one and a half inch lens, nine inches in focus, photographs due entirely to her own conception of what might be accomplished with such a camera, and which have proved to be of scientific value. The images were small, but from them excellent drawings have been made. We have everything in readiness. Instruments are mounted or suspended. Cameras have been focused, the most distant objects being used for the purpose. Thermometers have been placed so that we shall be able to take the temperature of the air and soil; we have been told off by our director, who has given each of us some special duty to perform, and who ought to have knowledge sufficient to tell us what to look for and to explain the various phenomena as they come under our notice. Timepieces and thermometers must be read; information as to exposing plates must be given; the moments of contact announced, and the seconds during totality called off in a loud voice. And though we are all assisting, we shall be able to see everything. Professional astronomers will not be so fortunate. They must be in constant attendance upon their instruments, and will probably work behind screens shutting them off from the world, so that their attention shall not be distracted.

From our calculations, we know when the various contacts will occur. The sun is about three hours high, and the sky clear. We are told that the edge of the lunar disk is all but touching the edge of the sun, but we cannot detect the presence of our satellite. It has been explained to us that the moon is really moving toward the east and at the rate of about half a mile per second, that the surface of the earth is carrying us toward the east at the speed of about twelve miles a minute, and that the shadow is approaching us from the west at the velocity of nearly one mile a second. During the hour and twelve minutes which must elapse between the first detected cutting by the moon into the sun's limb and totality, we shall have ample op-

portunity to observe and draw sun-spots and faculae, if any, to note down our impressions, to estimate the effect the gradual extinction of the direct solar rays is having upon objects around us, and the falling of the mercury in the thermometers. As totality approaches, we should be on the alert for the shadow bands which are usually present in bewildering variety a few moments before the face of the sun is hidden, pulsating, it is said, in a manner to suggest the throes of nature in dissolution, and as if conscious of impending disaster. Nor should we forget to notice the effects of increasing twilight upon animals, birds, insects and flowers. On such occasions, domestic fowls go to roost, birds return to their nests, butterflies act "as if drunk," deer run about in alarm, and flowers, such as crocus, tulips, anemones, gentians, hepatica, pimpernels, wood sorrel and wild geranium close, and a peculiar hush falls upon everything. At this moment attention must be given to the sun, or what is left of it, for we must see the splendid phenomena known as Baily's Beads, visible for an instant or two as the moon's advancing edge closes in upon the eastern edge of the sun, but visible again when the western edge of the moon moves forward just enough to allow the solar rays to glint round at us through the valleys among the lunar mountains.

But when warned by our director, every eye must be turned to the west, for whatever else we succeed in doing, we must not fail to see the lunar shadow as it approaches. We may not live long enough to witness another eclipse under such auspices. Let us make the most of this. Forbes, who observed at Turin the total eclipse of 1842, said that he was so confounded by the awful velocity of the shadow, which swept toward him from the Alps, that he felt as if the great building on which he was standing swayed beneath him and began to fall over in the direction of the coming gloom. The rapidity of its motion and its black intensity produced the sensation that something material was flying over the earth at a speed "perfectly frightful," and he involuntarily listened for the rushing noise of a mighty wind. Airy describes as "very awful" a shadow retreating away among the hills of Northern Spain. Other writers are no less dramatic in their accounts of these phenomena, and the tremendous impression they create. But when the shadow has come, and after we have recovered to some degree from the effects of shock, and of the sudden darkness into which we have been plunged, we must rivet our attention upon the sun, or rather upon the moon, around whose black disk by this time will have appeared the splendid phenomena associated with a total solar eclipse, seen in all its majesty. Striking indeed is the almost instantaneous substitution, as in a dissolving lantern, of one picture for another, the one showing the sky with the blackened sun like a blot upon it, the other showing the sky suddenly draped in the mantle of night, upon whose sable bosom glow planet, star and coronal halo, and also roseate jets of incandescent gaseous matter leaping upward from and falling back upon the sun.

Now we photograph, sketch and color most assiduously, not losing a single second. We lay down the positions of planets, comets, if any, and

of bright stars. The eclipse is taking place in the constellation of Taurus, between the fine red star Aldebaran and the Pleiades. We look to see whether Aldebaran is able to make its presence known by shining through the gauzy structure of the corona, and how many of the bright stars in Orion and other constellations can be detected. We glance about the horizon and note the rich color-tones, ranging from black, in the zenith, through browns, purples, crimsons and reds, to yellow lying along the rough sky-line thirty miles away, where the sun is still shining, though with a partially hidden disk. We notice the ashy tints around us, reflected in our own faces. But a sudden glow along the western edge of the moon warns us that totality* has gone like a flash, and that we have time only for a quickly exposed photographic plate or two, and for watching another lovely dissolving view, the fading out of night before the returning glow of all-conquering day. Almost instantly the landscape brightens and becomes familiar. Not until now, as we feel the warmth of the solar rays, did we suspect a passing chill. New life throbs everywhere. The black lunar shadow has swept majestically by us and is already out on the Atlantic, rushing toward Europe. Its vast track behind us is sprinkled with thousands of people, spell-bound by the wondrous vision vouchsafed them by Nature, who, for a moment, as it were, has lifted but a corner of her robe and allowed them to gaze upon glories, the impressions of which will never fade from memory.

The Moon and the Weather.....Prof. H. A. Hazen.....Popular Science

A belief that the moon has a potent influence on weather changes is well nigh universal. The moon's appearance goes through such marked changes each month that it would be very natural to attribute weather changes to these. In this way undoubtedly such sayings as these have arisen: "The weather won't change till the moon changes." "If the moon lies so that water cannot run out, we shall have a drought," "A wet moon is one upon which a huntsman can hang his horn," etc. Diligent inquiry, at one time, as to the popular belief regarding this question, brought out the view more persistent than any other that more rain will occur at the new than at the full moon. Singularly enough, in Connecticut on Long Island Sound, there does seem to be such a law, but it does not hold in the interior of the country, and a test on the Pacific Coast showed, if anything, exactly the opposite. At London, where observations have been made for more than a century, a careful computation for the whole period has shown no effect.

If we reflect that the moon is dead and does not have any air, even, upon it, that it always shows the same face to the earth, that its changes are simply due to changes in its position as respects the earth and sun, and that its varying appearances are all borrowed, we see how absurd the notion is that the moon does influence our weather. There is, however, another argument that appears quite valid at first sight. If the moon can raise a tide of 60 feet in the ocean, why may it not raise a tremendous tide in the extremely tenuous air, 800 times lighter than water; or a tide of about 48,000 feet, and if so,

it seems easy to see that such a commotion would affect our weather enormously. The tide of 60 feet (the highest in the world) is experienced only in the Bay of Fundy and is due to the configuration of the Atlantic coast. In the open Pacific the tide is only a little over one foot. Most careful observations of a lunar atmospheric tide have been made at St. Helena in mid-ocean and have shown a tide a little more than .001 inch. Since ordinary weather changes affect the pressure a thousand times as much, we see how extremely insignificant the moon's total effect must be.

There is a common saying, "The full moon has power to drive away clouds," and some computations seem to bear out this idea. If any one will look to the east as the rising full moon shines through the clouds, he will often see the clouds disappear. There is a natural explanation for this, however, and in no wise dependent upon the moon. A long series of observations have shown a diurnal range in cloudiness with a minimum point, or time of least clouds, from 6 to 9 p. m., hence we see that, as the full moon rises and advances in the sky during this period, there will often appear a diminution of clouds. Lord Rosse turned his big reflecting telescope (so big that a tall man walking erect in it could carry a spread umbrella) toward the moon and found that, if anything, the earth received just a little chilling from the full moon. More recently the bolometer, an instrument which can measure less than one millionth of a degree of temperature change, has shown that the earth receives a tiny bit of heat from the full moon. The evidence is cumulative and overwhelming that no weather changes can be ascribed to the moon.

Hypnotism in Practice.....New York Evening Post

Dr. John D. Quackenbos, of Columbia University, has long been engaged in researches and experiments in using hypnotic suggestion for the correction of moral infirmities and defects. Dr. Quackenbos is a pioneer in this kind of work, for while hypnotism has been much used in the treatment of physical diseases, its value as a means of strengthening a weak will and reinforcing the moral sense has been little considered. Dr. Quackenbos gives the following interesting account of his methods and some of the results he has obtained:

"My instruments for inducing the hypnotic state," said Dr. Quackenbos, "are very simple—as simple as this," and with a smile he drew from his pocket a heavy old-fashioned pencil-holder of pale gold, bearing at one end a seal of red carnelian. "I place my patient on a couch, and have him look steadily at this red carnelian, which is placed two or three inches in front of his eyes, and enough above so that he has to strain his eyes upward to see it. Now these are the results: The eyes have to be 'crossed,' as the saying is, because the carnelian is so near; this crossing, and the effort of keeping the eyes turned upward, brings a severe strain on the adjusting muscles. The red color of the carnelian is also irritating to the retina, and these two sources of fatigue, muscular and nervous, finally overcome the patient; his eyelids gradually close, and he drops into a lethargic state, like a heavy sleep. Along with this strain upon the eyes I use

a gentle stroking of the patient's limbs, which is an almost indispensable aid to the other influence. The stroking leads to the unconscious state by a soothing of the peripheral nerves—just the opposite effect from that used on the eyes, where extreme irritation leads to overpowering fatigue. Lately I have partly discarded my carnelian for a diamond." Here the Doctor produced from his pocket a diamond ring, the band wound with black silk. "I hang this before the patient's eyes," he continued, "so that it moves slightly by the twist of the thread. It is very brilliant, besides having in its flashes a more vivid red than the carnelian, and it is much the harder thing to look at. The time required to hypnotize a patient varies from three or four minutes in children to over an hour with some adults. Of course all my work is with patients who wish to enter the hypnotic state, but some temperaments are very resistant. One of my patients, a man, looked at that diamond for an hour and a quarter before he gave out. When the patient is hypnotized the conditions are somewhat like this. He has no memory, in the first place. In fact, when a patient awakes, he usually thinks he has just failed of falling asleep. This was amusingly shown by the newsboys with whom I experimented last spring. When each one of them, after a sleep of fifteen or twenty minutes, was waked, and went out to his companions, he always said, 'Aw! he didn't do nothin' to me. I wuz just fallin' asleep when he waked me up.'

"The important part of the condition is that we have in this state cleared away the patient's objective mind, and by that I mean that we have got rid of the influence for the time being of his conscious mind—the ideas which he has of his own character, his sense of his own likes and dislikes, purposes and appetites. In other words, we have taken away from his mind all the traits which he and others see in him ordinarily, and have left his fundamental mind—you may almost say his character, or innate disposition—stripped of the modifications of the conscious mind. When he is in this state, the 'subliminal' mind, as it is called, can be affected by suggestion; that is, when the operator says to a patient in the hypnotic state, 'To-morrow you will smoke two pipes of tobacco, at noon and night, and if you try a third it will make you sick,' the subliminal mind receives the statement unconsciously, and acquires a strong tendency to do just as the operator directs. It is like getting at the native impulses of a man's disposition, and adding a new impulse which his conscious mind after he awakes cannot recognize as artificial, but accepts as one accepts his liking for a particular kind of food. As to this particular suggestion about tobacco, I know it to be effective. One of my patients whom I had limited to two cigarettes a day was made sick on trying a third. Suggestion is always in the form of a positive assertion by the operator, for the subliminal mind is incapable of reasoning: logic, you know, is conscious. But while suggestion employs no argument, its statements have in one way the quality of argument; and to explain that I must describe my method with patients who are to be treated for moral defects like kleptomania, the drink habit, and in children habits of lying and petty thieving.

"Before treating a patient, I find out all I can about the exact extent of his weakness; especially in the drink habit the exact amount of liquor he uses. I find out his habits of life, his ambitions, all I can about his disposition. Then, when I come to suggestion, say in a case of the drink habit, I say to him: 'To-morrow you will drink two cocktails, at morning and noon. You know that if you get unsteady you can't do your engraving decently. You will lose your position and bring disgrace on your wife and family.' A little girl whom I treated for a habit of petty lying told lies in order to attract attention, so that in her the desire for attention and approval was the trait to which I had to appeal. So, in my suggestion, I told her that her lies caused people to avoid and dislike her; that she must be absolutely truthful, and that then people would like her. In this case the treatment was a complete success. The suggestion, of course, repeated, gave an impulse to truth-telling which the conscious child obeyed, under the force of the same desire for notice which had induced her lying. In the case of the drinking man I mentioned, the appeal was made to the man's desire for respectability and his affection for his family. In every case the suggestion depends for its moral success upon attaching itself to the highest native impulses of which the waking man is conscious. If a young athlete smokes incessantly, he is told that he will fail if he does not stop smoking. A little girl thief, who was extremely fond of her Sunday-school, was successfully influenced by telling her that her thieving disgraced her and offended God. For each patient I have to find some ambition, some strong conscious tendency to appeal to, and then my suggestion, as an unconscious impulse, controls the moral weakness by inducing the patient to further his desires by honest means and the cutting off of immoral habits, which tend to defeat his ambitions.

"Of course, if a man has, like one of my patients, no ambition in the world save to be a good billiard-player, he can't be cured of the liquor habit, because his highest ambition takes him straight into danger.

"It is a curious fact that it is far easier to make a thief into an honest man than to make an honest man steal. That illustrates finely the dependence of the whole treatment on the existence in the subliminal mind of moral impulses. Suggestion depends for success on rousing the moral impulses to greater strength, and so when suggestion opposes the moral impulse, it is nearly sure to fail. My own experience has given me full proof of this, and the fact is important as a safeguard against the criminal use of suggestion. My investigations are far from complete, for I am learning new things every day. But I have gone far enough, and have had enough success with my own patients to demonstrate that hypnotic suggestion has a very wide field of usefulness. While there are many successes to be obtained with adults, the best are to be found with children, who are more impressionable, and whose moral obliquities are less firmly fixed by the indulgence of years. With them the power of suggestion amounts almost to a regeneration. The subject, too, has extremely interesting connections with the religious sense."

CHINESE SOCIETIES FOR GUARDING THE CROPS*

In a country where the poor are in such a majority as in China, and where the fields are altogether open, it is desirable, if not necessary, to have some plan by which property so unprotected can be effectively watched. In every orchard, as soon as the fruit begins to show the smallest sign of ripeness, the owner keeps some of his family on guard day and night, until the last apricot, plum or pear is removed from the trees. The darker and the more rainy the night, the more is vigilance required, so that a family with a bearing orchard is under the most absolute bondage to this property for a part of every year. During the months of July and August the fields are dotted with little booths, some of them overrun with climbing vines, and each of these frail tenements is never for a moment deserted until the crops have all been removed. In some regions the traveler will observe these huts built upon a lofty staging so as to command a wide view, and they are often put up even in fields of sorghum, which would not seem likely to be stolen. But the lofty growth of this stalwart plant is itself a perfect protection to a thief, so that it is much more difficult to watch than crops far less elevated from the ground. Growing to an altitude of from ten to fifteen feet, it completely obscures the horizon, and practically obliterates all landmarks. So far as knowing where one goes, a traveler might as well be plunged into an African jungle. Even the natives of a region sometimes get lost within a few "li" of their own village on a cloudy day. The autumn crops of Shan-tung consist of the innumerable kinds of millet, sorghum (which, though called "tall millet," has no affinity with real millet), beans, Indian corn or maize, peanuts, melons and squashes, sweet potatoes and other vegetables (the others mostly in small patches), hemp, sesame and especially cotton. There are many other items, but these are the chief.

Of all these diverse sorts of produce, there are hardly more than two which do not cause the owners anxiety, lest they be stolen from the field. The heads of sorghum and of millet are easily clipped off. Nothing is easier than rapidly to despoil a field of corn, or to dig sweet-potatoes. The latter, indeed, are not safe from the village dogs, which have learned by ages of experience that raw vegetable food is much better than no food at all. What requires the most unceasing vigilance, however, are the melon patches and the orchards. Of watermelons, especially, the Chinese are inordinately fond. Every field is fitted with a "lodge in a garden of cucumbers," and there is some one watching day and night. The same is true of the "fruit rows," familiarly called "hangtzu." Birds, insects and man are the immitigable foes of him who has apples, pears, peaches, plums, cherries, apricots and grapes. If the orchard is of any size, there may be collusion between the thieves, who appear at both ends at once. Both sets cannot be pursued. The crows and the blue-jays are the worst bird robbers, but they can be scared off, especially with a

gun. The human pilferers are not to be so easily dealt with. The farmer's hope is that seeing that some one is on guard they will go elsewhere and steal from those not on guard. Hence everybody is obliged to stand guard over everything.

When the population is densest, the extent to which this must be carried passes belief. In such regions about dusk an exodus sets forth from a village like that in the early morning to go to the fields to work. By every path the men, women and even children stream forth. Light wooden beds, covered with a layer of the stiff sorghum stalk, are kept out in the fields for constant use. A few sorghum stalks are twisted together at the top, and a piece of old matting tacked on the sunny side, and under such a wretched shelter sits a toothless old woman all day and all night with alternations.

Very few farmers have their land all in one plot. A farm of not more than eighty Chinese acres may consist of from five to fifteen pieces lying on different sides of the village. And how do you contrive to "watch all these all night?" you inquire. "Oh, we have to go from one to the other," you are told. In the case of cotton, the temptation to pick that of others is absolutely irresistible. The watchman sees some one at the end of the field meandering slowly along with a basket on his arm, picking cotton as he goes. The watchman yells, "Who are you?" and the figure moves along a little faster, but does not stop picking. If he disappears into the patch of some one else, that is success. But should the watchman become angry, as he certainly will, and should he pursue, as he is likely to do, and should he overtake, as is possible, then the trouble begins. Should the thief not get away in the scuffle, he ought to be taken before the village headmen and dealt with. If from another village, he probably will be tied up in the village temple, possibly beaten, and subsequently released upon payment of a fine. But the real difficulty is that many of the thieves are from the same village as the owners of the land the products of which they are appropriating. Not improbably they are "cousins" of the farmer himself. Perhaps they are his "uncles" or even his "grandfathers." If so, that complicates matters very much. Chinese ideas of "meum" and "teum" are to our thought laxity itself under the most favorable conditions. But these conditions are the most unfavorable. The unity of the family is as that of a compound individual.

It is to afford some relief from these almost insupportable evils that societies for watching the crops have originated. They are by no means of universal occurrence, but like most other Chinese institutions, are to be met with in some districts, while others immediately adjoining may be wholly unacquainted with their working. We have known a District Magistrate in trying a case in which one of the defendants was a professional watcher of the crops, to be completely mystified by the term "crop-watcher," which had to be explained to him, as if to a foreigner, although he was himself a native of an adjacent province.

The villages which have entered into some one of

*From *Village Life in China*. Arthur M. Smith, D. D. Fleming H. Revell & Co. \$2.00

the associations for the protection of their crops, generally proclaim this fact by painting or white-washing upon the side of some conspicuous temple four characters (Kung k'an i p'o), signifying that the fields are looked after in common. This proposition embodies a meaning which varies in different places. Sometimes it denotes that a certain number of persons are on guard each night, in which case the number (or some number which purports to be the real one) will perhaps be found posted on a temple wall with a view to striking awe into intending deprecators (in case they should be persons of education), by showing how numerous are the chances of detection.

When a fixed number of persons is employed, the expense is shared by the village, being in fact a tax upon the land, paid in the direct ratio of the amount of land which each one owns. In other cases the arrangement for guarding standing crops is entered into by a single village, or more probably by a considerable number of contiguous villages. The details are agreed upon at a meeting called for the purpose in some temple convenient to all the villages, and the meeting is attended by representatives of each village interested. At this meeting are settled the steps to be taken in case of the arrest of offenders. This is a matter of supreme importance, being in fact the pivot upon which the whole machinery turns. If there is weakness here, the whole machinery will be a failure.

It must be borne in mind that the reason for the organization of such a society as this is the fact that so many poor people everywhere exist, whose only resource is to steal. In the consultations preliminary to the organization of a crop-protecting league, the poor people of the various villages concerned have no voice, but they must be considered, for they will contrive to make themselves felt in many disagreeable ways. It will be agreed that any person owning land in any village belonging to the league is bound to seize and report any person whatever whom he may find stealing the crops of any person in any of these villages. But as this is the weakest point of all such agreements among the Chinese, it is further provided that if any person finds some one stealing and fails to seize and report the offender, and if the fact of this omission is ascertained, the person guilty of such omission shall be held to be himself guilty of the theft, and shall be fined as if he were the thief.

To provide an adequate tribunal to take cognizance of cases of this sort, the representatives of the several villages concerned, in public assembly, nominate certain headmen from each village, who constitute a court before which offenders are to be brought, and by which fines are to be fixed. When a thief is captured he is brought to the village, and the men appointed for the purpose are summoned, who hear the report of the captors, and decide upon the fine. In cases of special importance the village gong may be beaten, so as to collect the headmen with the greater celerity. Much will depend upon what kind of a man the culprit is, and upon the status of the family to which the culprit belongs may be. There are some well-to-do people who are not above stealing the crops of others, and such persons are certain to be subjected to a heavy fine

by way of "exemplary damages." The select-men who manage these cases have no regular way of punishing offenders but by the infliction of a fine, though culprits are undoubtedly sometimes tied up and beaten by exasperated neighbors, as the writer at one time happened to see for himself. But such cases must be relatively rare. The fines imposed must be paid immediately, and should this be refused or delayed, the penalty would be an accusation at the yamen of the District Magistrate, which being backed by all the principal men of the village, or of a group of villages, would be certain to issue in the punishment of the prisoner, as the Magistrate would be sure to assume that a prosecution of this nature was well grounded. The poorest man would have reason to dread being locked up in a cangue for a month or two at harvest time.

The colored resident of Georgia who complained that a black man had no chance in that State, being obliged "to work hard all day and steal all night in order to make an honest living," represented a class to be found in all parts of China, and a class which must be taken into account. Wherever arrangements are made for the protection of the crops from thieves, it is a necessary adjunct of the rules that the owners of the fields must follow the judicious plan of Boaz of ancient Bethlehem, who ordered his reapers not to be too careful to gather closely, that the gleaners might not glean in vain. Matters of this sort, even to the length of the stubble which shall be left in the fields, are not infrequently the subject of agreement and of regulation, for they are matters of large importance to many poor people.

In districts where the "kao-liang" (or sorghum) plant is cultivated it is common to strip off some of the lower leaves with a view, as one is told, to allowing the stalks "to breathe" more freely that the grain may ripen better. Where this practice prevails, the day on which the stripping of the leaves shall begin is sometimes strictly regulated by agreement, and no person, rich or poor, is allowed to anticipate the day. But on that day any one is at liberty to strip leaves from the fields of any one else, provided he does not go above the stipulated height on each plant. These leaves are much prized as food for animals. The day before the stripping of "kao-liang" leaves is to begin, warning is sounded on the village gong, and the next day all the people make this their main business.

Far more important than leaf-stripping is the regulation of the gleaning of cotton. In many parts of China, the cotton crop is the most valuable product of the soil, and it enjoys the distinction of being perhaps the only article raised in the empire which is to every man, woman and child an absolute necessity. As soon as the cotton-picking season sets in, women and children in the regions where this is the staple crop are absorbed in this fatiguing labor to the exclusion of almost everything else. It is considered to be the prerogative of the poor people to pick cotton wherever they can find it after a certain date, and the determination of this date is settled in some districts by proclamation of the Magistrate, in others by local agreement. The day upon which it becomes lawful for the poor to pick indiscriminately is called "relaxation of punishment," because the fines are not to be enforced.

THE WORLD OVER: PEN PICTURES OF TRAVEL

Marriages Ceremonial of a South Indian Sect.,B. B.Pioneer Mail

The Cochikars (literally, Cochin people) are a South Indian Romish Christian sect. They belong almost exclusively to Cochin, Travancore and Malabar, and like most Indian communities are home staying. They are the descendants of Malayali Hindus who were converted to Romanism in the fourteenth century. Conversions from among the low castes of Hindus still continue to bring recruits to the fold. Most of these Cochikars are artisans by profession, carpentry being most popular, and St. Joseph is the patron saint of the class. The men are slightly built, and, as a rule, well featured. The women are comely, like all the higher native races of the Malabar littoral, with soft, round faces, dark, dreamy eyes, and the most luxuriant raven tresses, that almost hang down to the ground. A white jacket, very slightly "décolleté," and a white or red cloth wrapped round several times, and picturesquely tucked away at the waist behind, go to make up the usual attire of the women.

The Cochikars marry their girls at a very early age, often before the years of puberty. Their conjugal customs are picturesque if singular, and are of much interest to the foreigner, inasmuch as they present a quaint blending of Hindu, European and Biblical observances, the Hindu tint predominating for obvious reasons. A good deal has to be gone through before a Cochikara youth and maid can be wedded. The parents of the former having first privately hit upon a desirable girl, and ascertained the success of their object, visit the latter's parents, in company with two mutual friends and elders; betel is partaken of and the mission revealed. The day of the nuptials having been fixed, the two fathers shake hands over the compact, and certain conditions of the marriage are settled. If either party thereafter fail in their promise, they are amerced in a fine, which goes to the church. The nature of the "streemanom," or dowry, is also arranged.

In due course the wedding comes off, a Monday or Wednesday being chosen as auspicious. A week previous friends are visited and cordially invited to attend the ceremony and partake of "a chew of betel." On the Saturday preceding the wedding the bride-elect is bathed at a well by her elders, while his elders perform on the groom the important ceremony of "channen chertal." He is gravely deposited in a chair and wrapped up in a new cloth. In front of him a lighted brass lamp is suspended. An old barber comes and shaves the youth, and receives for the work the cloth worn by the bride-groom, and, in addition, a measure of rice, some green plantains, a cocoanut, some curry stuff, and a little coin ("panom," equal to 5d.). Having done with the barber, the groom, with beat of tom-tom and cymbals, is conducted to the well-side, where his father and the elders of the community anoint him with oil and give him a copious bath. A gold chain is then thrown round his neck, and he is brought home, where a grand dinner is served. The next day—Sunday—the plighted lovers perform their religious duties in church.

On the wedding day the groom and his friends start first for church, with tom-toms playing, canopied under a large silk processional umbrella, and accompanied by bearers of large fans. The bride and her party follow a while later. The ceremonial in church is really peculiar. The priest, having asked the contracting parties if they consent to wed one another, and having been affirmatively answered, turns to the witnesses and bids them bear in mind what they have heard. The groom next ties a "tali" (a little gold pendant) round his bride's neck, and thus the twain are made one. The string whereby the "tali" is suspended is made out of seven filaments taken from the veil worn by the bride. The "tali" can only be removed after the death of husband or wife. Should a husband break his wife's "tali" string during her lifetime it is tantamount to a charge of infidelity.

The return home of the bridal procession is grand, noisy and slow. Large peacock-feather fans and horsehair dusters are borne before the couple, who walk under the large processional umbrella. Every little while the cortège halts on the road. The drums, cymbals and shrill pipes create a veritable pandemonium of sounds; the fans wave vigorously; the dusters bob up and down; the vocalists shriek more than their wage's worth and everyone is delighted. Crowds of nude, black urchins and airily clad Moplas keep up with the cortège, the lean, brown pariah dogs come out of the wayside compounds and howl dismally at the spectacle, the tropic sun beats down fiercely and lights up the gorgeous pageant; here and there on the road drunken budmashes try to play practical jokes on the procession; and altogether such a scene is displayed as is truly and intensely Asiatic in its incongruous coloring.

Congo Cannibalism.....Herbert Ward.....Cassell's Magazine

A large majority of the inhabitants of the Upper Congo region are cannibals, and they eat human flesh for the simple reason that they prefer it to any other kind of meat. It is in vain to reason with the natives against indulging in this abominable practice. Their reply is at once prompt and unanswerable: "We do as our people have always done." They plead with honest conviction that in eating human flesh they are doing nothing beyond fulfilling an ancient and, to them, a perfectly natural rite.

Once, while traveling in the great forest region, some fifteen hundred miles from the sea coast, I entered a native village, composed of a collection of forlorn, conical-shaped grass huts, the inhabitants of which were previously in utter ignorance of the existence of foreigners. In strolling about the place, eager to observe and note any odd circumstance, my attention was attracted to quantities of meat, spitted upon long skewers, being smoke-dried over numerous smouldering fires. The meat was unmistakable from the human body.

"Do you people eat this dreadful food?" said I, speaking through the medium of a native interpreter.

"Io; yo te?" (Yes; don't you?) was the instant reply.

In view of the enormous population of the Congo, savagery becomes an element to be estimated according to comparative gradations. For example, the practice of cannibalism in certain parts of the country is confined to the eating of prisoners of war; in other places, the bodies of the dead are consumed, exception, however, being always taken to the consumption of the bodies of those who die from any malignant form of skin disease. Proceeding further into the interior, there is found to be an organized system of trade, for the barter of human beings destined to be sacrificed as food. In some districts, where the land has been afflicted by famine, a condition of things generally attributable to extensive floods, it is no uncommon thing for starving natives to be captured wholesale. Of the numerous instances that might be recorded in illustration of the organized traffic in human beings which exists in that unhappy country, reference may be made to the conditions which hold in the district through which the Lulungu River passes. This river, which constitutes a considerable affluent of the Congo, empties into the latter river, on the south bank, at a point some 800 miles from the Atlantic coast. Within a short distance of the confluence are to be found a series of strongly fortified villages, representing the headquarters of the Ngombi, wherein numbers of slaves are imprisoned pending the periodical visits of traders from the Ubangi country, which is situated on the opposite side of the Congo.

A visit to one of these slave depots at the mouth of the Lulungu River reveals a condition of savagery and suffering beyond all ordinary powers of description. At the period to which these remarks bear reference, it was no uncommon experience to witness at one time upward of a hundred captives, of both sexes and of all ages, including infants in their wretched mothers' arms, lying in groups; masses of utterly forlorn humanity, with eyes downcast in a stony stare, with bodies attenuated by starvation, and with skin of that dull gray hue which among colored races is always indicative of physical distress. In cases when a suspicion existed of an individual captive's intention or ability to escape, such unfortunate creature was doomed to lie hobbled with one foot forced through a hole cut in the section of a log, while a spear-head was driven into the wood close beside the limb, rendering it impossible to move except at the expense of laceration. Other means to ensure the prisoner's safe custody consisted in binding both hands above the head to the king-post of a hut, or in binding the arms and plaiting the hair into a braid, which was made fast to a branch overhead. At intervals these villages were visited by the Ubangi, who came in large dug-out war canoes, and the process of barter commenced, elephant tusks being the medium of currency used in the purchase of the slaves. Upon the conclusion of this unnatural transaction the visitors retired, taking with them as many of the individuals as had been transferred to their possession in the tedious process of bargaining. Upon reaching their destination the captives were, in most cases, subjected to many further ordeals, being exchanged

into other hands, until eventually, after having been deliberately fattened, they met their tragic fate, and their bodies were consumed.

There is a prevalent belief among many of the riverine tribes of the Upper Congo that the flavor of human flesh is improved by submerging the prospective victim up to the neck in the water for two or three days previous to sacrifice. Indeed, upon two separate occasions it was my privilege to release several poor creatures who were bound hand and foot to stakes in the river.

In certain native market-places, notably in the vicinity of the Ubangi, it is an ordinary occurrence for captives to be exposed for sale, in most cases with the sinister fate in view of being killed and eaten. Proportionately, a greater number of men than women fall victims to cannibalism, the reason being that women who are still young are esteemed as being of greater value, by reason of their utility in growing and cooking food. This rule does not, however, hold good throughout, for in the vicinity of the Aruimi River our observations revealed a contrary order of custom.

Probably the most inhuman practice of all is to be met with among the tribes who deliberately hawk the victim piecemeal, while still alive. Incredible as it may appear, the fact remains justified by an only too abundant proof; captives are led from place to place in order that individuals may have the opportunity of indicating, by external marks upon the body, the portion they desire to acquire. The distinguishing marks are generally made by means of colored clay, or strips of grass tied in a particular fashion. The astounding stoicism of the victim, who thus witnesses the bargaining for his limbs, is only equaled by the callousness with which he walks forward to meet his fate. In explanation of the extraordinary indifference thus displayed, it can only be assumed that death is robbed of all terror, life under conditions of slavery offering so little attraction.

Living as we do in the midst of so much that is artificial, it is difficult to view life from the standpoint of a savage. A bountiful nature waits hand and foot upon the Congo native, relieving him of all cares for the morrow, or for the coming winter, for night is his only winter; a genial sun, copious rainfall and prolific soil combine together to enable him to live without exertion. But there is, after all, no poetry in his life, all is material and gross. For in spite of the apparent careless existence led by the Congo people, wherein they are not visited by any of the worries and anxieties that are incidental and familiar in our lives, their whole existence is perpetually darkened by grim tragedy.

Life of the Georgia Cracker.....New York Sun

Few persons know the real meaning of the term "Georgia Cracker," and they need not hope to become thoroughly familiar with it unless they go into the "wire-grass region" of the State and spend some time among the poorly fed inhabitants of that dreary land. Georgia is rich in minerals and coal, and there are thousands of acres that would yield abundant profits to the thrifty farmer, but thrifty farmers are few. Indeed thrift would be of no avail in the wire-grass region, for it has been said that

the land there is so poor that one could not raise a row between the whites and the blacks. But the Cracker of the wire grass region is too lazy to dispute about anything, and he wouldn't have a row with a black man if the occasion presented itself unless some of his friends were about. His fences, if he has any, are always down, the barn door is always open, and the ploughs are never taken in out of the rain. He gets up with the chickens, and could do a good day's work, but it takes him so long to get his scanty breakfast that the sun is high in the heavens before he rides his scrawny mules out to the field. If it is the time of year to plow he puts it off until after a hard rain, because, as he will tell you, "thar ain't no use in tryin' to break up groun' what ain't had no rain on it—it's too hard to plow, and the durn seed won't grow nohow 'less there's rain." He is a firm believer in the principle that "it ain't no use in fixin' a leak in the roof when the sun is shinin', and you can't do it at all when it's rainin'." He had rather do without home-raised meat than to take the trouble to feed the hogs, and he prefers eating bread made of inferior cornmeal from the cross-roads store to carrying his good corn to the mill. The corn goes to the one little mule, and the health of the family goes from bad to worse. If the hens on the place have laid a few dozen eggs there is an excuse for a trip to town on Saturday. "Niggers won't work Sad-days noway," he explains, "so what's the use of stayin' about the place doin' nothin'?"

A Cracker mule never gets out of a walk, and by the time that the twenty miles of red clay road have been traveled it is noon. The eggs are sold for a pittance, a few yards of cheap calico paid for, because the wife must have a new dress, and the remainder of the day's proceeds are invested in a gallon jug of corn whisky. Then he starts back home. He brought with him two bundles of fodder for the mule's midday meal, but he forgot to feed the poor old animal, and now the fodder serves as a pillow. With his feet on the dashboard and his body in the wagon the Cracker calmly sleeps, while the mule finds his own way home, seeming to know that he will get no fodder until he gets back to the narrow stall in the rickety stable, and that the sooner he gets there the better for all concerned. It is after nine o'clock when the wagon stops and the effect of the whisky wears off. This new calico dress will prevent a domestic clash, he is sure, and the Cracker goes to bed in the room where his wife and a half dozen-children are asleep. It is the same room in which he will eat his breakfast, the room in which his breakfast will be cooked; in fact, the only room in the small log cabin that he calls home. In one corner of it there is a table, on which there stands a water bucket, with a gourd for a dipper. Underneath the table there is a box in which the bacon and meal, or "hog and hominy" are kept, and by the side of the box a jug of molasses. If he be prosperous there will be a few pounds of coffee on a shelf by the sack of coarse salt, but he does not know the taste of sugar, because he uses molasses, which he calls "long sweetnin'," in its stead. The bacon and cornbread with a "sop" of the molasses will constitute his breakfast, and for dinner he will have but little

more unless it happens to be the time of the year of collard greens. He would have more, but he can't find time to work a garden and the farm at the same time, and as it costs forty cents a day to hire a helper he has to do without a hired man. As there are blackberries and huckleberries in the summer, and watermelons will grow with but little encouragement, there is luxury for a time, but if it were not for the children "hog and hominy" would constitute the entire meal.

How does this Cracker manage to live at all? It is not so hard to understand after you know the Cracker. His farm consists of about twenty acres of cleared ground, and on these he plants cotton—nothing else but cotton. He plants it because his "daddy" planted cotton before him, and because the little tow-headed boy who now brings the water from the spring will plant cotton when he is a man. Cotton is the only "crap" on which he can "borry" money before the seed is in the ground. The Cracker knows that it costs more to live while the cotton is growing than he will get for it when he carries it to market, but as he must live in some way he goes blindly on. In the spring he goes to the city and has a talk with a cotton factor. He tells the merchant that he will plant fifteen acres in cotton, and figures that his fifteen acres will bring him ten bales, which, with cotton at five cents a pound, should net \$250 in the fall, as the result of his year's work. The merchant advances him \$150, and takes a lien on the crop. The Cracker goes to a grocer and buys a supply of meat, meal and molasses sufficient to last six months and goes home. In the fall he finds that he will only make seven bales, and that he has been compelled to run up a small bill at the cross-roads store. He is honest to a degree, and takes four bales of his cotton to the merchant of whom he borrowed money in the spring. The four bales will bring \$100, and leave the Cracker in debt, but he will pay the \$50 when the season is good. The other three bales are sold to some buyer traveling about the country, and the \$75 goes to help pay the living expenses during the winter.

In the spring following the Cracker finds another trusting cotton merchant, and gets another loan. He is never out of debt, and he never expects to be. He is in the world because he could not prevent it, and he must live until the end. For him there is no such thing as suicide. His troubles trouble other people more than they trouble him, and he has too much respect for the teachings of his father to permit of his tempting Providence by ending his own life. The hills are green in summer, and in winter it is not cold. The skies are blue and the birds sing always; the brooks chatter as they ripple over their pebbly bottoms, and all the earth to him is one sweet song. He cannot read; he knows not that there is a greater world beyond the little town which is twenty miles from the home of his youth. The narrow-gauge railroad he sees occasionally, but as he looks at the rusty rails that connect the wilds of wire-grass country with civilization he does not realize what it all means. He has heard that the war which raged some thirty years ago had come to a close, but when or how he does not know, nor does he care.

IN A MINOR KEY: SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

Icebergs.....John James Meehan.....Criterion

No port lamps gleam along our sides,
No banners float on high;
No human lookout raises glass
To scan our sea or sky.

No admirals above our decks
'Mid guns and gunners stand;
In hidden sheath to send the sound
Of warlike, stern command.

Yet all the navies of the world
Our bows in vain assail;
We fear no smoking battle-tower
That thunders through the gale.

By captains gray our path is marked,
By sailors white and old;
For us the phantom rockets glare
And phantom bells are tolled.

In misty, unremembered ports
Our beacon lights were set,
By hands long gone from mortal view,
By forms that men forgot.

And we may wander on our course
'Till time at end shall be,
For in our breasts are locked the hulls
Of ships once lost at sea.

Weeds.....Mary Louise Wilder.....New England Magazine

Poor little vagabond waifs that cling
To the pavement's narrow hem,—
In all the breadth of this sunny land
There is no room for them.

Ragged, unwelcome, their stinted lives
Are pleading to us for alms;
Yet ever our careless feet pass by
In our search for beauty's charms.

We cannot see with our worldly eyes
How fair is each weed and clod,
Nor know in these outcasts we deny
Beats the infinite heart of God.

Desolation.....Sam Wood.....Chambers's Journal

Night, like a pall, with stealthy speed,
Throws o'er the land its sombre frown;
Each darkening glen grows dark indeed,
And wind-blown rain comes beating down.

Gray mists, like shadowy phantoms, trail
Through ev'ry lone and eerie spot;
While ghostly voices moan and wail
Around the shepherd's lonely cot.

Along the wild and wasted shore
A howling gale sweeps fiercely by;
The waves leap in with deafening roar,
And looming storm-clouds fill the sky.

'Mid grim, dark woods, grown desolate,
The last leaves fly before the blast;
Decay and ruin reign elate,
And winter claims the land at last.

Fatherhood.....H. C. Beeching.....London Spectator

A kiss, a word of thanks, away
They're gone, and you, forsaken, learn
The blessedness of giving; they
(So Nature bids) forget, nor turn
To where you sit and watch and yearn.

And you (so Nature bids) would go
Thro' fire and water for their sake;
Rise early, late take rest, to sow
Their wealth, and lie all night awake
If but their little finger ache.

That storied prince, with wondrous hair,
Which stole men's hearts, and wrought his bale
Rebelling,—since he had no heir,
Built him a pillar in the dale,
"Absalom's," lest his name should fail.

It fails not, tho' the pillar lies
In dust; because the outraged one,
His father, with strong agonies,
Cried it until his life was done,
"O Absalom, my son, my son!"

So Nature bade; or might it be
God? Who in Jewry once, they say,
Cried with a great cry, "Come to Me,
Children"; who still held on their way,
Tho' He spread out His hands all day.

To a Dear Inconstant.....I. Zangwill.....Collier's Weekly

As still amid the flux of things
And purposeless gray happenings,
Some force subsists that makes for Beauty,
And something through the chaos sings,
So 'mid your fevered flutterings,
Or airy flights on proud-poised wings,
Some wistful instinct gropes for Duty,
And still o'er all your vagrant moods,
Love, like a clouded heaven, broods.

Dear, trust the still, small voice, distrust
The fawning court of lesser selves,
The tricksy swarm of sprites and elves,
Informed with sly usurping lust
To drag the central "you" to dust,
And render mute the sovereign "must"
That sends them scurrying to their delves.
Let their gay friskings serve to grace thy reign,
But be thou Queen by work and love and pain.

Trinity Churchyard.....Joseph Dana Miller.....Frank Leslie's

Where the pulse of Wall street beats,
Where the money changers go;
Where along the noisy streets
Runs the life tide, to and fro—
Busy life of old Broadway,
With its restless human sea—
Here I stop and muse to-day,
By the graves of Trinity.

Those beneath these quite stones
One unending Sabbath keep,
And the great wheels jar their bones,
But they may not mar their sleep.
And they murmur not at all,
Morning, noon and night-time pass,
Rain and sun, and snow-flake fall,
Careless footsteps tread the grass.

Childish fingers press the graves,
But these peaceful sleepers lie
(What a worry dying saves!)
Quiet under every sky.
Twittering bird and whispering elm!
Bird and dead man, each care free—
Here's long peace to both of them,
Citizens of Trinity!

Before Battle S. R. Elliott *New England Magazine*

In the prayers of a million of women
A merciful God is besought
That He spare the life of the smiter,—
Though the smiter himself spare not.

Desolation Frank Putnam *National Magazine*

A rude log hut on a lonely hill,
Snow on the north wind flying;
Darkness within where a man lies still,
And a woman sighing.
Night, but no stars. On the blizzard's blast
Ride souls that have felt God's spurning,
Hideous wraiths from the world's dead past
For an hour returning.

They grapple the cabin on either side,
Laughing and shrieking and twisting;
The roof beams sullenly grumble, tired
By the toil of resisting.

The watch dog starts from the floor to growl,
The terrors of night defying.
Away in the valley a lone wolf's howl
And a nameless crying.

* * * * *
A rude log hut on a lonely hill,
Deep sunk in the land-sea's foam;
But Death steals in where the man lies still,
And he gathers him home.

At the End of a Book Bliss Carman *Montreal Life*

When that old Vendor, to whose hand
The loveliest volumes come at last,
Shall thumb you for a trace of good
Enduring, though your day be past,
Be not abashed at your small worth;
His sense is keen; and there may cling
About your yellowing pages still
Some freshness of the Northern spring;
Some echo of the whitethroat's song
From lonely valleys blue with rain,
Ringing across the April dusk
Joy and unfathomable pain;
Some glamor of the darling land
Of purple hill and scarlet tree,
Of tidal rivers and tall ships,
And green diked orchards by the sea;
A sweep of elm-tree'd interval,
And gravelly floors where herons wade;
A sigh of wind through old gray barns
With eeriest music ever made.

And will no hint of this outweigh
The faulty aim, the faultier skill,
To save our credit when we come
To the Green Dwelling in the' Hill?

Ah, trust the Vendor, wise and kind!
He knows the outside and the in,
And loves the very least of those
He tosses in the dusty bin.

Priscilla Will T. Hale *An Autumn Lane**

The untrod walks are still and dim,
And faint with hints of mignonette;
Upon the worn sundial's rim
Gray letters tell the motto yet:
I marke the time—butt Love doth notte,
Nor hathe since whenne the first morn beamed;
And pathos hovers round the spot
Where fair Priscilla sat and dreamed.

* Publishing House M. E. Church South, Nashville,
Tenn. \$1.

I see her in quaint costume dight—
White-bosomed and with eyes of gray,
She looking down from girlhood's height
Far on the future's untried way.
What love songs here her days beguiled,
What poet was the most esteemed,
When her colonial lover smiled
Here where Priscilla sat and dreamed?

Perhaps the bosom now in dust
Arched as she toyed some heliotrope,
And tears fell down as teardrops must
When there is dearth of trust and hope.
But, coffined in the long ago,
The breast that ached and eyes that beamed!
And Love once marked the time, I know,
Here where Priscilla sat and dreamed.

The Voices James Whitcomb Riley *Buffalo News*

Down in the night I hear them,
The voices—unknown—unguessed,
That whisper and lisp and murmur,
And will not let me rest.

Voices that seem to question
In unknown words of me,
Of fabulous ventures, and hopes and dreams
Of this and the world to be.

Voices of mirth and music,
As in sumptuous homes, and sounds
Of mourning, as of gathering friends
In country burial grounds.

Cadence of maiden voices—
Their lovers' blent with these;
And of little children singing,
As under orchard trees.

And often, up from the chaos
Of my deepest dreams, I hear
Sounds of phantom laughter
Filling the atmosphere.

But ever and ever the meaning
Falters and fails and dies,
And only the silence quivers
With the sorrow of my sighs.

And I answer: "Oh, voices ye may not
Make me understand
Till my own voice, mingled with you,
Laughs in Shadowland."

'Tis Well Annie Robertson-Noxon *Home Journal*

Happy beyond we cannot see;
Better by far that we should smile at first;
Happy we do not know or fear the worst;
A little while from apprehension free,
We dream of cooling waters as we thirst;
'Tis well we cannot see!

Father, 'tis well we cannot see
That all our human artifice is vain;
All things must vanish that we seek to gain;
Our substances are shadows and they flee;
The paths of pleasure, leading on to pain,
Meet at Gethsemane!

I thank Thee, Lord, I did not see
Far down my life's cold, rocky road;
I could not know the grievous, heavy load
Was love that turns to sorrow, and must be
At once a beckoning phantom and a goad
Towards Gethsemane!

CONTEMPORARY CELEBRITIES

Lady Salisbury.

The London Outlook says of the wife of the British Premier:

"Mentem mortalia tangunt"—there is that in the story of Lady Salisbury's life, in her character, which touches English people very nearly. On all sides we see modern women, other "great ladies," all vigorous warriors in the mighty business of self-advertisement. They are all writing books, or addressing meetings, or badgering the poor, or skirt-dancing in the name of charity, or describing their own dresses in the "society" columns of daily papers. We grow as tired of the modern duchess, with her score of noisy activities, her soup kitchens, her novels, her charitable fairs, as of the red—or more commonly the white—concoction upon her cheeks. She may be at heart as virtuous as we please, but we can see small difference between her and the bustling stockbroker's lady whom her friends contemn; both are vulgar. Herein Lady Salisbury, the first lady of the great party now in power, was some one very different—infinitely cleverer than those others, a brilliant talker when she chose, but, with all her incisive sense and insight, no grappler with man for his place in the scheme of things; a hater of show and fuss, and chiefly great in her own home. For these things honor belonged of right to Lady Salisbury, and also for the romance of her early married life. We all like to remember how Lord Robert Cecil married to please himself and not his father, and how, when thrown upon his own resources, he was a leader writer on the Standard, and wrote his first article for Mr. Douglas Cook on the old Saturday Review, and walked home o' nights from Fleet street to a little modest house just off the Strand. In those days of little doings, down to these last days, when her husband is for the third time Prime Minister, controlling the destinies of a wider Empire than the world ever saw before, Lady Salisbury has been the very type of all that is most admirable in a wife—the comrade, the mother, "a guide, a goddess and a sovereign." She cared very little for society, and Lord Salisbury cared no more. "I'm so glad," he is reported to have said to a new secretary, "that you belong to such-and-such a club, because you will be in touch with so many men upon our side whom I really don't know." The great Conservative families were on terms of far greater intimacy with Mr. Gladstone than with their own leader. To such a man his home must have been a hit or a miss, a heaven or a hell, "with no middle point in it," and Lady Salisbury's purest love made their home to husband and family the happiest in England.

In the Washington Post we find this mention of Lady Salisbury:

Lady Salisbury literally idolized her husband, and if she sometimes occupied less high a place in the affections of the sovereign than some other great ladies of the aristocracy, it was merely because she could not help making both Her Majesty and the people at the court feel what a very great and gifted person was her husband, and how deeply crown and people were in his debt. She had, however, a very warm and dear friend within the royal

circle in Empress Frederick, a lady who shared most of her tastes, resembles her in her character, and above all, enthusiastically admires the scientific attainments, the literary gifts and the artistic knowledge of the Marquis.

A beautiful woman in her younger days, of that blonde, stately type of comeliness so frequently to be met with in England, she retained even to the last traces of her former good looks. She never, however, gave much attention to either dress or to consideration of feminine elegance. Indeed, she was, perhaps, in her attire one of the most dowdy women in London, and when Lord and Lady Salisbury were contemptuously turned away from the doors of the Casino at Monte Carlo by the gate-keepers, who took exception to the more than shabby attire of the party, it was not alone in consequence of the shocking hat of the British Premier, but also by reason of the old coat and color of the dress of the Marchioness, and the dinginess of her bonnet and extraordinary blue veil. Lady Salisbury's gowns during the last twenty years of her life were always of a sort of dark blue cloth, which were neither a credit to her dressmaker nor to her maid, and which conveyed to the public the impression that she had but one dress.

Lady Salisbury was at her best at Hatfield, her Elizabethan country seat, which, built by her husband's ancestors away back in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, is so magnificently constructed that scarcely any repairs have ever had to be made, ceilings, panelings, parqueted floors being all the same as those put there more than 300 years ago. In town she was wont to be bored by the obligations of society. At any rate, she conveyed this impression by her peculiar mannerisms in turning away her head as she extended her hand in greeting, just as if the person whom she was welcoming were not worthy of a look. I used to know an irreverent young attaché of one of the foreign embassies accredited to the court of St. James, who had trained his poodle to sit upon his hind legs, and on the mention of Lady Salisbury's name to turn its head over its shoulder to the side, while it extended a paw. The patient way in which the dog used to repeat this performance again and again, with the most resigned look of utter boredom on its expressive features, was most comically suggestive of that excellent and estimable lady, who has played in the life of Lord Salisbury a still greater rôle than either Princess Bismarck or Mrs. Gladstone can be said to have done in connection with the careers of their respective husbands. She was a woman whose friendship was prized as an inestimable treasure by those to whom it was accorded, and who, by her character and intellect, must be said to have left her mark upon British society at the end of the nineteenth century.

The Czarina According to the London World the unpopularity of the Empress of Russia is constantly increasing:

The czarina has never been popular in Russia. From the very day of her arrival there, indeed, she has been looked on askance as an intruder—

one who has neither part nor lot in the land. And of late the feeling against her has become much more intense. Whereas a few months ago she was merely disliked she is now hated. She is spoken of constantly as "the foreigner," as "the English-woman" by one party and "the German" by another; and it is always taken for granted that she is more in sympathy with Russia's enemies than she is with Russia's friends. The Panslavists accuse her openly of hating Russia and all things Russian, even the Orthodox church; had she her way, they declare, the whole empire would speedily lose its distinctive character—be westernized, in fact. She has no feeling at all for Russia's "mission," they say; and that, of course, is in their eyes the unpardonable sin. Nor is it only the Panslavists who attack her. The whole military party to a man are against her, with the Grand Duke Vladimir at their head; and so are the clericals, with the all-powerful Pobedonostzew. Even at court she stands alone, for her own ladies-in-waiting join in the intrigues against her, and are never weary of extolling at her expense the czarina dowager. What is perhaps still more serious, the middle classes, who regarded her at first with a certain amount of favor, are gradually deserting her; while the great mass of the people, even the poor "dumb dogs," the peasants, cherish against her a feeling of sullen resentment.

Much of the Czarina's unpopularity among the uneducated classes is owing to an odd feeling they have that she is under an unlucky spell—that the Ikons do not smile on her. When she crossed the Russian frontier she was received with lamentations; for the Czar Alexander lay dying, and the whole nation was in sore distress. It was by his deathbed that she was betrothed, and the baked meats of his funeral might well have furnished forth her marriage tables. As a bride she had to listen to *De Profundis* instead of to wedding hymns, and to go about in mourning garments. The Russians are a superstitious race, and they shook their heads even then. Evidently this western bride found no favor in the eyes of the fates. What good could come of a marriage celebrated in such circumstances? The birth of three daughters in succession, while the empire is left without an heir, is proof, they now say, that their former forebodings were but too well founded.

Another reason for the ill-will with which the Czarina is popularly regarded lies undoubtedly in the rumors current among all classes in Russia that the Czar married her unwillingly. Who it was who first invented these lying tales and still persists in spreading them abroad—more determinedly than ever just now—has never been clearly proved; but suspicion points to a member of the imperial family. Whoever it may be, however, and whatever may be his object, he—or is it a she?—has certainly done his work with quite diabolical cleverness. Even the peasants, who as a rule know no more than their cattle of what is going on in the world, have all had it whispered to them that their Czar is unhappy because he has a wife whom he does not love, and who married him only for the crown jewels. They have had it whispered to them, too, that the Czarina is a proud, wicked

woman; that she does not even bow to the Ikons, and that that is why they are angry with her, and will never give her a son. This sounds absurdly childish, of course; but it must not be forgotten that only a small percentage of the Czar's subjects can even read or write. But it is not among the ignorant alone that some at least of these rumors obtain credence; even the middle classes, who once hoped for great things in the way of reforms from the Czarina, have come to look on her as a failure. They scoff at the Panslavists' idea that she has any influence over the Czar. If she had, they say, affairs would be managed very differently in Russia.

The Kaiser

In Black and White we find this notice of the divine William II.:

The German in himself is, as a rule, somewhat insignificant. It is only when he becomes part of a machine that he deserves serious consideration and respect. In the universities, in the army, in the Government service and in the great world of industry we have thousands of contemptible little creatures who together make several splendid organizations. But a great individual is either a freak or sent from God. Now William II., King of Prussia and Kaiser of Germany, is sent from God.

Some one may say: "Show us some of the divine qualities of the Kaiser, who you say is sent by God." The request is very proper, and we grant it readily. If ever Kaiser William showed his high origin, it was in his divine contempt for the Reichstag. The members of this rag-tag assembly suffer for the most part from over-education; knock-kneed and spectacled professors, with nothing strong about them but their voice, endeavor to abuse the constitution that they garbled and imported from England. In India we have the same type of windbag orator, full of Macaulay and his own conceit; but unfortunately in India we have earth-born Viceroys who are polite to the men who try to talk away the Empire. Kaiser William, however, knows better. When these demagogues refuse to vote the money to build the fleets and fill the battalions that are to keep France and Russia out of Berlin, he packs them home again, and in a voice of thunder orders an obedient Empire to give him a Parliament more practical and patriotic. And he gets it.

The worst of being Heaven-sent is, however, that he sometimes misunderstands purely earthly parties, such as the Ultramontanes. He rather wishes now that he had let these alone, for the Black has given him more sleepless nights than his doctors quite like. How many a nightmare has crowded the Imperial head with dreadful visions of the great Black Church and the great Red Flag of Socialism! For this modern Saviour of Society has found society a little less willing than Barkis. The priest and the green-eyed workman wish to be independent, and to give, not take, favors. The Socialists, moreover, have a particular grudge against his Imperial Majesty. It is part of their faith that half of the evils of competition are due to over-population, and it makes them wild to have a King and a Kaiser with such a big family. He is father of six

sons and one daughter, and as such has won the admiration of Zola, the greatest of French patriots. At the same time it would do the Socialists good if they worked half as hard as their Imperial bugbear. From morning to night he is heart and soul with the Empire and devising and working for new schemes that shall bring it glory and security. No eight hours' day for him. For over ten years now five hours has been his longest sleep.

The Kaiser is said to write bad poems and to paint bad pictures. To that we answer, "Better write a bad poem than no poem at all." We all believe in the proverb that it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all, but we do not properly realize that painting and writing poetry are quite as necessary to existence as love. The true object of life is to see beauty, and any man that tries to see beauty without first trying to paint it, draw it, or put it into rhymes, is trying to climb a mountain, beginning from the top. Besides, a good deal of the actual painting in the Kaiser's picture is done by Professor Knackfuss, an art-critic.

If you want to understand the Kaiser, you must remember that he was born with a physical imperfection. Now such imperfections have two ways of influencing men. Some characters are depressed and deprived of all energy. Others are excited to an energy so extraordinary that they are looked on with amazement. They try to obliterate the effect of their physical weakness, and to show that after all they are strong. If their weakness is really constitutional, their energy wastes itself out in death; if, however, it is merely accidental to the system, as in the case of the Kaiser, good arises out of evil, and the energy realizes itself in boundless activity and success.

The Brooklyn Eagle gives the Indian genealogy of Charles Curtis:

Mr. Curtis is not a full-blooded Indian. His grandparents on his paternal side came from Puritanical New England stock, but his grandmother on his mother's side was of pure Indian blood. His maternal grandfather was a French Canadian; he is therefore of New England French-Indian extraction. Soon after his birth his mother died, and while he was still a baby his father enlisted in the Civil War, in which he distinguished himself and was made captain of Company F, Fifteenth Kansas. He returned from the war with broken health and fortune to a family of motherless children, and for the next ten years he fought hand to hand with grinding poverty.

Young Charles was not in his teens then, but he began bravely to share in the struggle to keep the wolf from the door. He sold papers and blackened boots, and when the trains came in, which occurred twice each day, he was on hand with apples and sandwiches to sell to the travelers. This went on for years, but through it all there was a dormant determination in his heart that some day he would have an education, and he often carried a book in his pocket from which he would snatch an occasional word as the opportunity offered. One day his Indian grandmother came upon him when he was thus engaged. "Charlie," said she rather

harshly, "do you want an education bad enough to work for it?"

"Well, yes, grandmother, I think I do," he replied.

"If that is the case, I'll help you get it," said the old lady. "I have a little money coming to me from the Government now and I will use part of it in helping you;" and making her promise good, she placed him in school, and by her assistance to the family, kept him there during the winter term. But out of school hours he continued his work and during the summer months he rode race horses at the county fairs. . . .

In 1881 he was admitted to the bar, and began practising in his native town, North Topeka, where he rapidly won reputation for himself by the skilful pleading and power of argument. He was sent to Congress by the Republicans in 1892. Though not a floor orator, he has been exceedingly successful as a worker. His mail last year was the largest of any of the members of the House, and his interest for the old soldiers and the people of his state is proverbial. He has been honored by being placed on responsible committees and as the only Congressman of Indian descent he was appointed chairman of the committee on expenditures of the Interior Department, which deals largely with Indian questions. He, as a member of the committee on Indian affairs, framed his famous act "For the protection of the people of the Indian Territory," which has now become a law and which is considered by Western men as more far-reaching in its beneficial results for the Indians themselves and the white people of the territory than any enactment of Congress in the past thirty years. The bill permits the Indians to incorporate their towns and elect mayors and other officers. There are many towns in the territory with from 3,000 to 5,000 inhabitants, and until the passage of this bill they had no government of their own.

Every September it is a custom of Congressman Curtis to visit the remnant of his tribe at its reservation in the territory. These visits are made occasions for great rejoicing by the tribe. Curtis is always admitted to the council chamber, and his voice is listened to with great respect by the older members of the tribe, who are very proud of him.

Liebknecht A writer in the Chicago Tribune tells of a call on a German Socialist:

When I went up to the office of the *Vorwaerts*, the leading Socialist paper in Germany, I expected to see an antagonistic individual with penetrating eyes and a careless necktie, for I knew that Liebknecht always had stood at the head of his party, and the popular American idea of a German Socialistic party is expressed by a red flag, scraggly whiskers, and the words, "Down with law and order!"

But the old man, with a conventionally cut gray beard, had most benevolent eyes and a most courteous manner, as he left his editorial work to meet an unknown visitor. A determined mouth was nearly hidden, but the broad high forehead, surmounted by rather unruly gray hair, and the large Roman nose made the face a strong one. He passed through an outer office, where a long line of men and women awaited their turn to see the *Vorwaerts*

attorney—his counsel is free to those who seek it—and it was as if some saint of the Catholic church had appeared among his devotees. They bowed instinctively, and watched him go the length of the room with looks of real regard—and yet he knew none of them personally. He is 73 years old, and rather bent with his years of writing and study, but he is sturdy and well, and one of the most reposeful persons. Every morning, unless it rains, he and his wife, not much his junior, go to Grunewald, a great pine forest just outside of Berlin, and spend three or four hours walking. Then it is that it seems impossible to believe that the Kaiser is more afraid of him than of the whole British government. He seems like a man grown old in communion with nature, for he notices each flower and bird song, is full of wood lore, and gives himself unreservedly to the spirit of forest life until he reaches a garden at the end of his walk, where he orders milk or buttermilk, and draws out a huge bundle of newspapers in German, English, French and Italian. He reads these more or less carefully, and the next morning there is a leading article, serious and learned, or scintillating with sarcastic comments on home or foreign policies.

In 1867 he was first sent as one of three Socialist deputies to the Reichstag. A charge of treason was brought within a few years, and though Liebknecht pleaded most eloquently, he was incarcerated for two years. His constituents re-elected him while he was yet a prisoner.

The trial was a most remarkable one, showing the fearlessness of the man, who said: "I deny nothing. I conceal nothing. And to show that I am an opponent of monarchy and the present society, and, if duty demands it, do not stand in fear before the struggle—I say it here freely and openly. Since I have been capable of thinking I have been a Republican and I shall die a Republican." Since that time he has been in the struggle for civil and political rights and he has been imprisoned and threatened time and again. Last year he spent four months in a prison in the outskirts of Berlin for "forgetting to conceal the truth," as he expressed it, and as he is often of a forgetful turn of mind he may spend more months in the same cheerless place. He says that England in 1648 had rights which are still denied to the German people, and he will use his pen and his power to reiterate demands for them. He is surprised that America does not understand better the political strife of Germany. He says: "Your newspaper correspondents do not get hold of the question. They are always most courteously met and attended by so-called German newspaper men, who are in reality German officials in disguise. Your correspondent thinks he has his finger on the pulse of the German people; he has it only on the handcuff."

A Philippine Potentate The correspondent of the Chicago Record recently paid a visit to the Sultan of Sulu, sometimes called the "Keeper of the Key to Heaven":

The centre of the room to which we were led was occupied almost entirely by a separate enclosure, which left only a narrow aisle extending around it. In this aisle, sitting by the window, was

the sultan. Before him lay a mat, and on the window sill beside him were a silver bowl or cuspidor and his silver betelnut box. Behind him crouched two or three native boys, and at his other side was a door, slightly ajar, which led into the mysterious enclosure occupying the central part of the room. An occasional rustle emanated from this door, and I shall always be convinced that the famous sultana sat just within to hear what the Americans might have to say.

The Sultan is not an imposing person. His face is pure Malay in type, and the thin, drooping mustache and spare growth of beard on the top of his chin gave a little character to a countenance which otherwise would be utterly characterless. His face is pitted with smallpox scars, his eyes looked wan and tired and his mind seemed to be wandering. A turban of cashmere cloth was wound about his head, with one end falling below his left shoulder. A white garment, very like an ordinary nightgown, a white sarong and slippers and stockings completed his costume.

He arose and we advanced and shook hands. Then we sat down and the Sultan said a few words to Hadji Butu, who repeated them to the Nubian, who then translated them to us. We inquired after his health and expressed the hope that he would soon be well enough to visit Jolo. The general, we said, would be very glad to see him. He replied that he might not be able to go himself on account of his health, but that he would send a communication the next day to the general.

I then asked the Sultan to make some statement which we could send to the Americans as coming from him. It took him several minutes to understand this, but finally Hadju Butu comprehended. The latter, after a few words with the Sultan, wrote in Arabic the following note: "This is to certify that His Highness, Hadji Mohammed Jamalol Kiram, Sultan of Sulu, is like a brother to the Americans, and wants to know if they will greet him the same." Then the Sultan with great care signed the statement which Hadju Butu had written, we all shook hands again, and our party bowed its way out.

Long after darkness had settled down over the jungles and tall grass our party reached the gate of Jolo, tired but pleased. We had gone through one of the wildest sections in the world, peopled by the most warlike men, without meeting a single ugly look from the natives. White people in traveling through the island have always gone with strong escorts, and the Spaniards never dared venture beyond the walls of Jolo town unless they went in a military expedition.

Two days after our visit to the Sultan a communication was sent by him to General Bates. One clause of it read as follows:

"If any American goes about the country he must notify the Sultan, so that the Sultan may give him an escort. If he goes without notifying the Sultan, and anything happens to him, the Sultan will not take the responsibility. It is the same with any soldier living in any place, if he goes about without consultation and agreement, and if anything happens to him the Sultan will not be responsible for it."

OLD-TIME CHILD LIFE

[The following extracts are from Alice Morse Earle's delightful book, *Child Life in Colonial Days*. The Macmillan Co., \$2.50.]

The Good Old Nostrums.—We cannot wonder that children died when we know the nostrums with which they were dosed. There were quack medicines which held sway for a century, among them a valuable property, Daffy's Elixir. These patented—or, rather, secret—medicines had a formidable rival in snail-water, which was used as a tonic and also a lotion. Many of the ingredients and extracts used in domestic medicines were incredibly revolting. Venice treacle was a nasty and popular compound, traditionally invented by Nero's physician. It was made of vipers, white wine, opium, "spices from both the Indies," licorice, red roses, tops of greymander and St. John's wort, and some twenty other herbs, juice of rough sloes, mixed with honey "triple the weight of all the dry spices." The recipe is published in dispensaries till within this century. The vipers had to be put, "twelve of 'em," into white wine alone. Mithridate, the ancient cure-all of King Mithridates, was another dose for children. There were forty-five ingredients in this, each prepared and introduced with care. Rubila, made chiefly of antimony and nitre, was beloved of the Winthrops, and frequently dispensed by them—and with benefit.

Children's Dress.—In the sprightly descriptions given by Anna Green Winslow of her own dress we see with much distinctness the little girl of twelve of the year 1771: "I was dress'd in my yellow coat, my black bib & apron, my pompedore shoes, the cap my aunt Storer sometime since presented me with blue ribbons on it, a very handsome locket in the shape of a hart, the paste pin my Hon'd Papa presented me with in my cap, my new cloak & bonnet on, my pompedore gloves, and I would tell you they all lik'd my dress very much. . . . I was dress'd in my yellow coat, black bib and apron, black feathers on my head, my paste comb, all my paste, garnet, marquassett, and jet pins, together with my silver plume,—my locket rings, black collar round my neck, black mitts, 2 or 3 yards of blue ribbon, striped tucker & ruffels & my silk shoes compleated my dress." It would seem somewhat puzzling to fancy how, with a little girl's soft hair, the astonishing and varied headgear named above could be attached. Little Anna gives a full description of the way her hair was dressed over a high roll, so heavy and hot that it made her head "itch & ach & burn like anything." She tells of the height of her headgear: "When it first came home, Aunt put it on & my new cap on it; she then took up her apron & measur'd me, & from the roots of my hair on my forehead to the top of my notions, I measur'd above an inch longer than I did downwards from the roots of my hair to the end of my chin."

Old-Time Discipline.—Birch trees were plentiful in America—and whippings too. Scholars in New England were not permitted to forget the methods

of discipline of "the good old days." Massachusetts schools resounded with strokes of the rod. Varied instruments of chastisement were known, from

"A besomme of byrche for babies very fit
To a long lasting lybett for lubbers as meet."

A lybbet was a billet of wood, and the heavy walnut stick of one Boston master well deserved the name. A cruel inquisitor invented an instrument of torture which he termed a flapper. It was a heavy piece of leather six inches in diameter, with a hole in the middle. This was fastened by an edge to a pliable handle. Every stroke on the bare flesh raised a blister the size of the hole in the leather. Equally brutal was the tattling stick, a cat-o'-nine-tails, with heavy leather straps. The whipping with this tattling stick was ordered to be done upon "a peaked block"—whatever that may be. That fierce Boston disciplinarian and patriot, Master Lovell, whipped with strong birch rods, and made one culprit mount the back of another scholar to receive his lashing. He called these whippings trouncings, the good old English word of the Elizabethan dramatists. Another brutal Boston master struck his scholars on the head with a ferule, until this was forbidden by the school directors. He then whipped the soles of the scholars' feet, and roared out in ecstasy of cruelty, "Oh, the Caitiffs! it is good for them!" There was sometimes an aftermath of sorrow, when our stern old grandfathers whipped their children at home for being whipped at school, so told Rev. Eliphalet Nott.

Many ingenious punishments were invented. A specially insulting one was to send the pupil out to cut a small branch of a tree. A split was made by the teacher at the severed end of the branch, and the culprit's nose was placed in the cleft end. Then he was forced to stand, painfully pinched, an object of ridicule. A familiar punishment of the dame school, which lingered till our own day, was the smart tapping of the child's head with a heavy thimble. This was known as "thimell-pie." Another was to yoke two delinquents together in a yoke made with two bows like an ox yoke. Sometimes a boy and girl were yoked together—a terrible disgrace. One of Miss Hetty Higginson's punishments in her Salem school at the beginning of this century was to make a child hold a heavy book, such as a dictionary, by a single leaf. Of course, any restless motion would tear the leaf. Her rewards of merit should be also told. She would divide a single strawberry in minute portions among six or more scholars. And she had a "bussee," or good child, who was to be kissed.

Manners and Courtesy.—It certainly conveys an idea of the demeanor of children of colonial days to read what was enjoined upon them in a little book of etiquette, which was apparently widely circulated, and doubtless carefully read. Instructions as to behavior at the table run thus:

"Never sit down at the table till asked, and after the blessing. Ask for nothing; tarry till it be offered thee. Speak not. Bite not thy bread, but

break it. Take salt only with a clean knife. Dip not the meat in the same. Hold not thy knife upright, but sloping, and lay it down at right hand of plate, with blade on plate. Look not earnestly at any other that is eating. When moderately satisfied, leave the table. Sing not, hum not, wriggle not. Spit no where in room, but in the corner, and—” But I will pursue the quotation no further, nor discover other eighteenth century proneness painfully revealed in lurid light in other detailed “Don’ts.” It is evident that the ancient child was prone to eat as did Dr. Samuel Johnson, hotly, avidly, with strange loud eager clappings; he was enjoined to more moderation: “Eat not too fast nor with Greedy Behavior. Eat not vastly, but moderately. Make not a noise with thy Tongue, Mouth, Lips, or Breath in Thy Eating and Drinking. Smell not of thy Meat; nor put it to Thy Nose; turn it not the other side upward on Thy Plate.”

In many households in the New World children could not be seated at the table, even after the blessing had been asked. They stood through the entire meal. Sometimes they had a standing place and plate or trencher. At other boards they stood behind the grown folks and took whatever food was handed to them. This must have been in families of low social station and meagre house furnishings. In many homes they sat or stood at a side table, and, trencher in hand, ran over to the great table for their supplies.

A certain formality existed at the table of more fashionable folk. Children were given a few drops of wine in which to drink the health of their elders. In one family the formula was, “Health to papa and mamma, health to brothers and sisters, health to all my friends.” In another, the father’s health only was named. Sometimes the presence of grandparents at the table was the only occasion when children joined in health-drinking.

The little book teaches good listening: “When any speak to thee, stand up. Say not I have heard it before. Never endeavour to help him out if he tell it not right. Snigger not; never question the Truth of it.” The child is enjoined minutely as to his behavior at school; to take off his hat at entering, and bow to the teacher; to rise up and bow at the entrance of any stranger; to “bawl not in speaking”; to “walk not cheek by jole,” but fall respectfully behind and always “give the Wall to Superiors.” The young student’s passage from his home to his school should be as decorous as his demeanor at either terminus: “Run not Hastily in the Street, nor go too Slowly. Wag not to and fro, nor use any Antick Postures either of thy Head, Hands, Feet or Body. Throw not aught on the Street, as Dirt or Stones. If thou meetest the scholars of any other School jeer not nor affront them, but show them love and respect and quietly let them pass along.”

Religious Instruction.—The pages of Judge Sewall’s diary sadly prove his performance of what he believed to be his duty to his children, just as the entries show the bewilderment and terror of his children under his teachings. Elizabeth Sewall was the most timid and fearful of them all. A frightened

child, a retiring girl, a vacillating sweetheart, an unwilling bride, she became the mother of eight children; but always suffered from morbid introspection, and overwhelming fear of death and the future life, until at the age of thirty-five her father sadly wrote, “God has delivered her now from all her fears.”

The process which developed this unhappy nature is plainly shown by many entries in the diary. This was when she was about five years old:

“It falls to my daughter Elizabeth’s Share to read the 24 of Isaiah, which she doth with many Tears not being very well and the Contents of the Chapter and Sympathy with her draw Tears from me also.”

The terrible verses telling of God’s judgment on the land, of fear, of the pit, of the snare, of emptiness and waste, of destruction and desolation, must have sunk deep into the heart of the sick child, and produced the condition shown by this entry when she was a few years older: “When I came in, past 7 at night, my wife met me in the Entry and told me Betty had surprised them. I was surprised with the Abruptness of the Relation. It seems Betty Sewall had given some signs of dejection and sorrow; but a little while after dinner she burst into an amazing cry which caus’d all the family to cry too. Her Mother ask’d the Reason, she gave none; at last she said she was afraid she should go to Hell, her Sins were not pardon’d. She was first wounded by my reading a sermon of Mr. Norton’s; Text, Ye shall seek me and shall not find me. And these words in the Sermon, Ye shall seek me and die in your Sins, ran in her Mind and terrified her greatly. And staying at home, she read out of Mr. Cotton Mather—Why hath Satan filled thy Heart? which increas’d her Fear. Her Mother asked her whether she pray’d. • She answered Yes, but fear’d her prayers were not heard, because her sins were not pardoned.” Poor little wounded Betty! her fear that she should go to hell because she, like Spira, was not elected, was answered by her father who, having led her into this sad state, was but ill-fitted to comfort her. Both prayed with bitter tears, and he says mournfully, “I hope God heard us.” Hell, Satan, eternal damnation, everlasting torments, were ever held up before these Puritan children. We could truthfully paraphrase Wordsworth’s beautiful line, “Heaven lies about us in our infancy,” and say of these Boston children, “Hell lay about them in their infancy.”

Tale from Goody Two Shoes.—“Who does not know Lady Ducklington, or who does not know that she was buried at this parish church? Well, I never saw so grand a funeral in all my life; but the money they squandered away would have been better laid out in little books for children, or in meat, drink and clothes for the poor. This is a fine hearse indeed, and the nodding plumes on the horses look very grand; but what end does that answer, otherwise than to display the pride of the living, or the vanity of the dead. Fie upon such folly, say I, and heaven grant that those who want more sense may have it. But all the country round came to see the burying, and it was late before the corpse was interred. After which, in the night, or

rather about four o'clock in the morning, the bells were heard to jingle in the steeple, which frightened the people prodigiously, who all thought it was Lady Ducklington's ghost dancing among the bell ropes. The people flocked to Will Dobbins, the Clerk, and wanted him to go and see what it was; but William said he was sure it was a ghost, and that he would not offer to open the door. At length Mr. Long, the rector, hearing such an uproar in the village, went to the clerk to know why he did not go into the church and see who was there. I go, says, William; why the ghost would frighten me out of my wits. Mrs. Dobbins, too, cried, and laying hold on her husband said he should not be eat up by the ghost. A ghost, you blockheads, says Mr. Long in a pet, did either of you ever see a ghost, or know anybody that did? Yes, says the clerk, my father did once in the shape of a windmill, and it walked all around the church in a white sheet, with jack boots on, and had a gun by its side instead of a sword. A fine picture of a ghost truly, says Mr. Long; give me the key of the church, you monkey; for I tell you there is no such thing now, whatever may have been formerly. Then taking the key he went to the church, all the people following him. As soon as he opened the door what sort of a ghost do you think appeared? Why little Twoshoes, who being weary, had fallen asleep in one of the pews during the funeral service and was shut in all night. She immediately asked Mr. Long's pardon for the trouble she had given him, told him she had been locked into the church, and said she should not have rung the bells, but that she was very cold, and hearing Farmer Bouli's man go whistling by with his horses, she was in hopes he would have went to the Clerk for the key to let her out."

Sport.—At the end of the seventeenth century a French traveler, named Misson, wrote a very vivacious account of his travels in England. He sagely noted English customs, fashions, attributes and manners; and airily discoursed on the English game of football:

"In winter football is a useful and charming exercise. It is a leather ball about as big as one's head, fill'd with wind. This is kicked about from one to tother in the streets, by him that can get it, and that is all the art of it."

That is all the art of it! I can imagine the sentiments of the general reader of that day (if any general reader existed in England at that time), when he read and noted the debonair simplicity of this brief account of what was even then a game of so much importance in England. The proof that Misson was truly ignorant of this subject is shown in the fact that he could by any stretch of an author's privileged imagination, call the English game of football of that day "a useful and charming exercise." Nothing could be further from the Englishman's intent than to make it either profitable or pleasing.

In the year 1583 a Puritan, named Philip Stubbes, horror-stricken and sore afraid at the many crying evils and wickednesses which were rife in England, published a book which he called the *Anatomie of Abuses*. It was "made dialogue-

wise," and is one of the most distinct contributions to our knowledge of Shakespeare's England. Written in racy, spirited English, it is unsparing in denunciations of the public and private evils of the day. His characterization of the game of football is one of the strongest of his accusations:

"Now who is so grosly blinde that seeth not that these aforesaid exercises not only withdraw us from godliness and virtue, but also haile and allure us to wickednesse and sin? For as concerning football playing I protest unto you that it may rather be called a friendlie kinde of fyghte than a play or recreation—a bloody and murthering practice than a felowly sport or pastime. For dooth not every one lye in waight for his adversarie, seeking to overthrowe him and picke him on his nose, though it be uppon hard stones, in ditch or dale, in valley or hill, or whatever place soever it be hee careth not, so hee have him downe; and he that can serve the most of this fashion he is counted the only fellow, and who but he? . . . So that by this means sometimes their necks are broken, sometimes their backs, sometimes their legs, sometimes their armes, sometimes their noses gush out with blood, sometimes their eyes start out, and sometimes hurte in one place, sometimes in another. But whosoever scapeth away the best goeth not scot free, but is either forewounded, craised, or bruised, so as he dyeth of it or else scapeth very hardlie; and no mervaille, for they have the sleights to meet one betwixt two, to dash him against the hart with their elbowes, to hit him under the short ribs with their griped fists and with their knees to catch him on the hip and pick him on his neck, with a hundred such murthering devices."

Stubbes may be set down by many as a sour-visaged, sour-voiced Puritan; but a very gracious courtier of his day, an intelligent and thoughtful man, Sir Thomas Elyot, was equally severe on the game. He wrote, in 1537, *The Boke named the Gouvernour*, full of sensible advice and instruction. In it he says: "Football wherein is nothyng but beastlye furie and exstreme violence, whereof proceedeth hurte; and consequently malice and rancour do remayne with them that be wounded; whereof it is to be putt in perpetuall silence." The "perpetuall silence" which he put on the game has not fallen even by the end of three centuries and a half. Some indiscreet testimony as to the character of the English game comes from travelers in the American colonies, where the American Indians were found playing a game of football like that of their white brothers. John Dunton, traveling in New England when Boston was half a century old, tells of the Indians' game: "There was that day a great game of Foot-ball to be played. There was another Town played against 'em as is sometimes common in England; but they played with their bare feet, which I thought very odd; but it was upon a broad sandy Shoar free from Stones which made it the more easie. Neither were they so apt to trip up one another's heels and quarrel as I have seen 'em in England." At the same time English boys were kicking the foot-ball around Boston streets, and were getting themselves complained of by game-hating Puritan neighbors, and enjoined by pragmatical magistrates.

STATISTIC, HISTORIC, LEGENDARY AND GENERAL

Life in the Year 6000 B. C......*New York Sun*

How long has man been on earth? The answer to this question is being modified by every turn of the explorer's spade. The expedition sent out by the University of Pennsylvania, which has been at work at Nuffer, has, through Professor Hilprecht, its Assyriologist, set the date of 6,000 or 7,000 B. C. on some of the monuments discovered. Now comes M. E. Amelineau to re-enforce these dates by discoveries in prehistoric Egypt. The full report of his discoveries has not yet been published, but this investigator has prepared the way to it by issuing the first volume of his account of the excavations at Abydos, the sacred residence of Osiris. Here he has found prehistoric tombs, some 150 in number, the contents of which go back at least 8,000 years. Fortunately for us who feel curiosity as to the doings of those distant ages and the men who lived then, the Egyptians had the notion that death was but the bridge from this life to the next, which would resemble this one so closely that the very food and furniture used here would be useful there. On this account they furnished the tombs as they would furnish homes. Therefore in them have been found the very food and the utensils which the men and women of that time used while alive. It is to this fortunate accident that is due the exactness with which a nineteenth century excavator can say precisely how those who died 6,000 years B. C. lived, what they ate, how they dressed and what was the range of mind and civilization in that ancient time.

In the jars and vases of these old tombs Amelineau has found various cereals, like wheat and rye, proving the agricultural tastes of those people. Date stones are excellent evidence that the date palm was even then appreciated for its food products. Nor were these prehistoric people vegetarians, for if they were why should there be the bones of oxen and the horns of the gazelle in their tombs? Amelineau has actually taken us back to the stone age and the beginning of the use of metals in Egypt, for he has found innumerable arrow heads cunningly chipped out of flint, and knives, scrapers and saws made of the same hard material. The decorative instinct was already alive, or why should these old workmen have spent days on polishing and chipping stone bracelets?

It is almost possible to trace the development of civilization step by step through these remains, for here are earthen plates so rudely shaped as to prove that the potter's wheel, one of the first inventions of primitive man the world over, was not yet known. Then come other plates and pots and jugs just as surely turned on that very useful machine, showing the next step upward. The following evolution of inventive genius shows itself in the more elaborate pottery, and the use of metals for making rude tools. Hard stone was now cut and shaped, diorite, onyx and rock crystal jars and vases were made with so much art that their highly polished surfaces astonish the modern discoverer. It seems as if the use of the diamond or some other hard substance must have been known by the people who

hollowed out some of these vases, on the inside of which are still to be seen the marks of the cutting implements. It was found that some of the tombs were paved with a kind of rose-colored marble, not native to Egypt, and therefore this must have been imported from some distant country, showing that the men of that time traveled and believed in imported goods much as we do.

From stage to stage the perfection of the workmanship and the care displayed in ornamentation increase constantly. The primitive geometrical designs on the earliest pottery give way to drawings from life, and there are representations of ostriches so lifelike as to be easily recognized; a carving of a duck's head in hard schist in which the shading of the plumage is brought out, and a carving of a human hand in the same hard material, where the lines of the finger-nails are well defined. As to wood carving these old artists were experts. They took the ebony which they had to import and carved perfect statuettes of lions, or of Nubian women, which can be identified as such by the low forehead, angular face, small eyes, prominent cheek bones, large mouth, thick lips and hair parted into a number of tresses. Here is a frog carved out of diorite, as unmistakable as if it had been done by a modern artist.

The men and women were alike fond of personal adornment, for beads of clay covered with blue enamel, of cornelian, amethyst, emerald and rock crystal, all pierced for stringing, the strings having long since rotted away, were found in large numbers. Here, too, were ivory and wooden instruments with which the eyelids and brows were colored red or black to make the eyes appear larger. Vanity is, then, at least 8,000 years old.

The furniture was only found in bits, for the woodwork had generally rotted away and all that remained was the ivory legs of sofas—the most remarkable finds made. These were so large that it is certain they must have been made of the tusks of the hippopotamus. That this animal was hunted by the early Egyptians is well established by wall paintings, but the proof furnished by the finding of their tusks is far more conclusive, carrying the custom back several centuries. The manner in which these legs are carved to represent the legs of oxen is one of the marvels of all who have had the good fortune to see them.

The work of the jewelers of this early age is by no means primitive, for there are bronze bracelets, cunningly turned into serpents, alloys of silver and gold, copper and brass, and other tools of the earlier stage when pure copper was used. To illustrate how near akin mankind has been through these myriads of years it is only necessary to mention the discovery in one of the tombs of what must have served as a baby's nursing bottle in the long ago. It was an earthen vase, with a hole in the side into which a bit of cloth might be inserted that the baby might draw his milk from the vase. Is there anything new under the sun?

Besides the common pots for kitchen use, and the fine vases for the parlor, there were discovered

pieces of wood wonderfully inlaid with pieces of colored glass, showing that the secret of manufacturing glass was known even then. This seems to indicate a long period of preparation or development, for men did not invent glass when they were crude and uncivilized; in fact, the discoveries at Abydos open so wide a vista of possibilities that we are scarcely surprised to hear that the tombs of the gods of Egypt have been actually found. But before this startling discovery was made, M. Amelineau stirred up the world's Egyptologists by the announcement that he had found the names of sixteen royal personages hitherto unknown. He knew that they were royal, for their names were written in a peculiar device, and it was just as if the sculptor had engraved King So-and-So. It is from this design that the word Pharaoh is derived, or rather the device signifies Pharaoh, from the Egyptian Per-aa, "Great House"—that is, the palace or the court.

When M. Amelineau opened some of these graves he found them to be the tombs of these great unknown kings, already acknowledged as kings of Upper and Lower Egypt, but not yet known as Sons of the Sun, the title of later Egyptian monarchs. Among these was one whose name he reads Den, another called Qa, and fourteen besides, some of whose titles could not be read, as they were entirely new. For instance, one was indicated by the sculpture of a serpent, but how this is to be pronounced or what it means no Egyptologist has yet found out. On comparing the names just found with all the long list of Egyptian Pharaohs, not one like any of them could be found, and it was very logically concluded that these antedate Menes, and that only now are we reaching the earliest history of Egypt.

The tombs are primitively constructed, some of the walls being so irregular that it is to be doubted whether the plumb line was then known. But, nevertheless, the interiors of the tombs were most interesting. Some of them were so short that it was evident that no human body could have been laid here at full length, and the explanation was forthcoming when at last in a tomb which no vandal Arab had reached, a body was found all curled up and surrounded with earthenware pots containing food, ointments, etc. Of course, there was no thought then of embalming, and it was entirely due to the dryness of the soil that the body had been preserved at all. In the tomb of the Pharaoh whose name was indicated by a serpent it was found that there were a number of adjoining chambers, probably intended for the bodies of his wives or of his prominent court officials. The tomb of one of these, by name Nebnofer, "good master," a royal scribe, was among those found. The floor of this tomb was made of heavy sycamore planks, which may well stand as the oldest planks in the world, being some 8,000 and odd years old, as well as can be estimated. Instead of having been nailed down to cross pieces they were simply tied together by bands of brass, which were still found in place. The mortar, too, was found to have been mixed with fibres of palm leaves, much as hair is now used to mix with plaster, proving that this secret was known a few thousand years ago.

Wealth and Power of the Great London Guilds.....New York Tribune

Among the many extraordinary honors which have been conferred upon Lord Kitchener, in recognition of his victory over the Dervishes at Omdurman a year ago, there is none that to American ears sounds more peculiar than his appointment as a fishmonger, a draper, a grocer, a mercer and a goldsmith. Moreover, he is about to become an apothecary, a butcher and a merchant tailor.

In order to explain this transformation of England's foremost general into a master of so many trades and callings it is necessary to state that he owes it to his election to membership of the various great companies or guilds of the ancient City of London. It is no mere empty honor that is thus conferred upon him. For these companies, or "liveries," as they are called, are colossally rich, and each member has a considerable financial interest in the estate of the guild to which he belongs. Roughly speaking, the guilds of the City of London own about \$100,000,000 worth of property, the income of which is at the lowest estimate \$5,000,000 a year. Of this amount not more than \$1,000,000 is spent in charity, while the remainder is devoted to banqueting, to the payment of big fees for attendance of the so-called "courts" that usually precede the banquet, and to dividends to the members of the company. That, at least, is the understanding. For while it is possible to trace the sums disposed of in charity and in banqueting, it is impossible to obtain any definite information with regard to the disposal of the balance of the yearly income of the various guilds. Time and again have efforts been made in Parliament and through the press to obtain some definite account of the expenditure of the city companies. It has been argued that they were public trusts and charities, and should as such be subject to the laws providing for the State supervision of such organizations. But the influence, legislative and otherwise, that the liveries have been able to bring to bear has been so strong that they remain to this day absolutely free to manage their own affairs and to dispose of the property of the company in the way that they see fit.

Much of this influence which the guilds are able to command is attributable to their cleverness in electing to membership the leading statesmen of the day. There is not any politician of importance or weight on either side of the House of Commons or of the House of Lords who does not belong to one or more of these city companies, in which he therefore possesses a financial—perhaps it would sound better to say a vested—interest. Thus, Lord Salisbury is a fishmonger, while Lord Rosebery is a draper and Mr. Chamberlain a grocer, Mr. Goschen, the First Lord of the Admiralty, being a goldsmith. Sir William Harcourt is a butcher. The Duke of Devonshire is a barber and the Duke of Portland is a needle maker. The companies are constantly on the lookout for men likely to exercise influence in one form or another, and hasten to convert them into champions of their interests by admitting them to membership. In this manner every effort to start reforms in connection with the City of London companies has been frustrated, Conservatives and Liberals alike agreeing to leave the guilds to manage their own affairs without leg-

islative or State control, as some of them have done for the last thousand years.

Yet if the liveries did not require Government supervision as charitable organizations or as trade associations they assuredly need it in view of the numerous and responsible functions with which they are intrusted, and which practically have the effect of converting some of them into State departments. Thus the Goldsmiths' Company, by virtue of a charter granted by King James I., enjoys not only the right of marking all gold and silver ware placed upon the market with the mark of its hall, but likewise of searching for and seizing all gold and silver goods that have been fraudulently marked. In fact, the Goldsmiths' Company is virtually intrusted by the Government with the duty of protecting the public from fraud by bringing to book all those dealers in gold and silver ware who either make use of forged hallmarks or else dispense with the hallmark altogether.

From this it will be seen that one of the principal objects of the City guilds in olden times was not only to protect and foster their respective trades, but likewise to shield the public from fraud. These aims, however, could only be accomplished so long as the management of the guild remained vested in the hands of the actual members of the trade which it professed to represent. Nowadays this has ceased to be the case. Even in the Goldsmiths' Company there are hardly any members who are engaged in the manufacture or commerce of precious metals, while, for instance, in the case of the Needlemakers' Company there is not a single manufacturer or vender of needles who belongs to the guild. In fact, the liveries exist to-day mainly for the purpose of enabling those who have either inherited their membership or acquired it by gift or by purchase to enjoy the use of the large revenues that were originally granted for the purposes of promoting the trade concerned and for the maintenance of charities connected therewith. In fact, the entire origin of the wealth of the liveries was philanthropic, and if property was given or bequeathed to the guild it was for the purpose of alleviating the wants of the poorer members.

It is the liveries of the guilds, which, in spite of their being constituted of individuals who are in no sense of the word representative merchants of the City of London, that practically govern and control the latter. For it is the liverymen who enjoy the prerogative of nominating the Lord Mayor and of electing the Sheriffs, the Treasurer, or Chamberlain, as he is styled, the Bridge Masters, the City Auditors and other municipal officials of equal light and leading. They meet for the purpose on Midsummer's Day, the assembly being described as the Court of Common Halls, which has taken the place of the former name of "folk mote" (or meeting of the folks). The liverymen nominate two Aldermen, each of whom must previously have served as Sheriff, to the office of Lord Mayor for the coming year. On the following Michaelmas the Court of Aldermen elects one of the two Aldermen thus nominated, and he assumes office on November 9. No more striking indication of the power of these City companies can be given than the very circumstance that they should have been left in undisturbed con-

trol of their riches, constituting indeed the only public bodies that have escaped untouched by the wave of reform that has swept over the length and breadth of Great Britain during the Victorian reign, extending the sphere of its operations from the pettiest administrative or political abuse to the very Crown itself.

The Science of Handwriting.....D. T. Ames.....Ainslee's Magazine

Although a good many forgeries are committed by tracing genuine signatures, the more common practice is to imitate a man's style of signing his name by writing it down hundreds and hundreds of times, until a close approximation to his natural signature is reached. These forgeries are always more difficult to detect than those made by tracing. Sometimes they are clever enough to deceive the victim himself. But there is always some internal evidence to prove that the imitation, however careful, is not the work of the person to whom it is attributed, and to reveal the identity of the one who actually wrote it, if specimens of his natural writing are to be had for comparison. It is impossible for a man to carry in his mind and to reproduce on paper all the peculiar characteristics of another's writing, and at the same time to conceal all his own. At some point there is certain to come a slip, where the habit of years asserts itself and gives the testimony which may fix its identity beyond a doubt.

It is no paradox to say that successful forgery is impossible. It may be successful enough to serve the forger's purpose of obtaining money or whatever he seeks by his forgery, but it cannot be successful enough to escape detection. To any one who has made a lifelong study of the characteristics of handwriting, the fine points of difference between the genuine and the forged, which are certain to be present in the most clever imitations, are easily noticeable. The forger is certain to leave characteristic little marks along every line, and this trail the expert in handwriting follows as easily as the experienced hunter traces an obscure but continuous track of an animal through the forest. In the same way a forgery may be brought home to its author if sufficient specimens of his natural hand can be obtained for the purpose of making a thorough comparison.

When a piece of disputed or suspected handwriting is submitted to an expert, his first care is to note its general appearance. He observes what seem to be the characteristic habits of hand in the writer.

The next step is to disintegrate the writing so that letters repeated in both specimens may be compared in detail when placed side by side. In this way divergences or resemblances, which might not appeal to the eye in the body of a paper, are made perfectly clear. If any of the letters show signs of hesitation or retouching, as frequently happens in forgeries, they are photographed through the microscope. By this enlargement retouches or tracings are brought out so that they can be seen plainly by the untrained eye.

There can be no better indication of the unconquerable force of habit in handwriting than is afforded by these cases of attempted disguise. To

change the general pictorial effect of one's writing is easy, and that is what is usually done by those who try to conceal the identity of their writing. They resort to pen printing, change the slant of the letters, invent new and unusual forms, and employ all manner of devices calculated to deceive the eye and avert suspicion from themselves. But the habits unconsciously acquired during years of practice are not to be avoided by these means. The fact that they are unconscious makes it impossible to prevent repetition. One cannot walk around a hole one does not see; one cannot omit from one's writing that of which one is unaware.

"Horizon-Buster" Edward W. Townsend New York World

Horizon-buster—Noun, masculine or feminine, usually masculine. Origin, Apia (Samoan Islands), American sponsor, Isobel Strong, stepdaughter of Robert Louis Stevenson, and a nine years' resident of Samoa. Definition: A foreigner who enters a circle, community, locality uninvited, and attempts to set up, assert and establish a sphere of influence, not because any one therein native wishes him so to do, but because he has received a "mandate"; an unwelcome outlander; an interloper from beyond the horizon. "I can explain," says Mrs. Strong, "as the dictionaries do, by a quotation which will also bring out the interesting fact that Samoans consider themselves superior to white foreigners. Unlike the Hawaiians and some other South Sea Islanders, Samoans consider a strain of white blood a taint, not a tinge to be boasted of. Once I saw a native 'girl,' an ox-eyed Juno, swinging along a path with a stride and bearing that is all their own, and really nothing less than grand, turn to a half-white 'girl' who had overtaken her and was attempting to walk by her side, and say: 'Walk behind me! My fathers have been Samoan warriors since forever! Who was your father? A horizon-buster!'" Peaceful whites who go to Samoa for health, pleasure or rest are welcomed by the Samoans, and, so long as they refrain from trying to burst through the horizon, are treated with great kindness. But the natives do not approve of their girls marrying whites. Even a low-caste woman who wants to accept the marriage proposal of a humble beach-comber must first have the permission of her family and chief. A high-caste girl has more trouble before she can marry a "horizon-buster." She must secure the consent of her family, her village, her chief, her tribe and, last and most difficult, of the King. In the surprisingly few instances where this has come about, the results, especially in the case of a high-caste woman, have not been happy. The woman who could not be content with a native warrior husband is naturally an object of contempt where the belief is carefully taught that Samoans are superior to "horizon-busters," and the children of such marriages are therefore looked down upon.

Coin Sweating London Globe

The process of robbing a coin of a part of its metal is simple. The gold piece is merely immersed or suspended in aqua regis, a mixture of nitric and hydrochloric acids, which attacks the metal at once. The manipulator keeps the piece in his bottle only

a short time, for a few minutes suffice for the mixture to absorb and hold in solution as much as six to eight shillings' worth of the gold from a twenty-dollar piece. The coin is then washed in water and polished with whiting, as otherwise its surface would betray the ordeal through which it had been passed, showing "pockmarks" in great variety. The process is continued with other coins until the acid is "saturated," when it will absorb no more of the metal. The coins are exchanged for silver or other currency, as only an expert could detect the small subtraction in weight, and the silver is then re-exchanged for more gold, upon which the operator performs his little game in due course. It is only necessary for the villain to boil down his acid to complete evaporation, when the residue in the kettle will be found in the shape of a gleaming button of pure gold, varying in size according to the amount of acid and the charge it carries in solution.

One of the California kings of this nefarious business occupied an ordinary dwelling and conducted his operations on the roof. After many long weeks of vigil on the part of Government detectives he was taken into custody, not red handed, but at least black-fingered by the acid. His apparatus was found, most cleverly concealed behind movable bricks in the chimney, on top of his house. A bottle of greenish fluid was found, which, being reduced to fumes, yielded up a button worth two guineas.

Insidious as this acid thieving may appear, it might be regarded as crude by those who are acquainted with the "tricks that are vain" exercised by the "heathen Chinee." John Chinaman is numerous in California. He gets his long hands on many a golden disk, and with great reluctance does he ever relinquish his grip. He has never learned the "art" of sweating the coins with acid, but he accomplishes his purpose in his characteristically patient manner. He simply places many coins together in a buckskin bag and then proceeds to shake and toss and otherwise agitate that receptacle by the hour, or by the week, until he has worn off by abrasion ten or twenty dollars' worth of fine dust of gold. The coins wear one another. They present the appearance, when at length they emerge from the sack, of having been regularly abraded by pocket-to-pocket circulation, and therefore to all intents and purposes nothing illegal has been done. As a matter of fact, no Chinese has ever been apprehended or put on trial for this work. It is doubtful if the authorities have ever taken cognizance of the practice. Only a few people ever realized what the sly Celestials were at when witnessing the hourly agitation of the coins. It is, of course, unlawful to bore a hole through a gold coin in America, or to perform any other mutilation, but Mr. Chinaman cannot be said to mutilate the money he wears out so artfully, and therefore he pursues his course serene and unmolested.

There have been clever rogues from time to time who employ a slender tool with which to "gut" a coin. Their method is to make a small incision in the edge of a coin and then patiently dig out the inside, after which they refill the hollow space with baser metal. "High art" like this has become almost obsolete, for the acid business has frequently proved safer and less difficult of performance.

MODERN MEDICINE, SURGERY AND SANITATION

Dangers of High Altitudes.... Findlater Zanger, M. D....London Lancet

The public, and sometimes the inexperienced physician—inexperienced not in general therapeutics, but in the physiological effects of altitude on a weak heart—make light of a danger they cannot understand. But if an altitude of from four thousand to five thousand feet above the sea level puts a certain amount of strain on a normal heart, and by a rise of the blood-pressure indirectly also on the small peripheral arteries, must not this action be multiplied in the case of a heart suffering from even an early stage of myocarditis, or in the case of arteries with thickened or even calcified walls? It is especially the rapidity of the change from one altitude to another, with differences of from three thousand to four thousand feet, which must be considered. There is a call made on the contractility of the small arteries on the one hand, and on the amount of muscular force of the heart on the other hand, and if the structures in question cannot respond to this call, rupture of an artery or dilatation of the heart may ensue. In the case of a normal condition of the circulatory organs little harm is done beyond some transient discomfort, such as dizziness, buzzing in the ears, palpitation, general "malaise," and this often only in the case of people totally unaccustomed to high altitudes. For such it is desirable to take the high altitude by degrees in two or three stages, say first stage 1,500 feet, second stage from 2,500 to 3,000 feet, and third stage from 4,000 to 6,000 feet, with a stay of one or two days at the intermediate places. The stay at the health resort will be shortened, it is true, but the patient will derive more benefit. On the return journey one short stay at one intermediate place will suffice. Even a fairly strong heart will not stand an overstrain in the first days spent at a high altitude. A Dutch lady, about forty years of age, who had spent a lifetime in the lowlands, came directly up to Adelboden (altitude, 4,600 feet). After two days she went on an excursion with a party up to an Alp 7,000 feet high, making the ascent quite slowly in four hours. Sudden heart syncope ensued, which lasted the best part of an hour, though I chanced to be near and could give assistance, which was urgently needed. The patient recovered, but derived no benefit from a fortnight's stay, and had to return to the low ground the worse for her trip and her inconsiderate enterprise. Rapid ascents to a high altitude are very injurious to patients with arterio-sclerosis, and the mountain railways up to 7,000 and 10,000 feet are positively dangerous to an unsuspecting public, for many persons between the ages of 55 and 70 years consider themselves to be hale and healthy, and are quite unconscious of having advanced arterio-sclerosis and perchance contracted kidney. An American gentleman, aged fifty-eight years, was under my care for slight symptoms of angina pectoris, pointing to sclerosis of the coronary arteries. A two-months' course of treatment at Zurich with massage, baths and proper exercise and diet did away with all the symptoms. I saw him by chance some months later. "My son is going to St. Moritz (6,000 feet) for the summer,"

said he; "may I go with him?" "Most certainly not," was my answer. The patient then consulted a professor, who allowed him to go. Circumstances, however, took him for the summer to Sachseln, which is situated at an altitude of only 2,000 feet, and he spent a good summer. But he must needs go up the Pilatus by rail (7,000 feet), relying on the professor's permission, and the result was disastrous, for he almost died from a violent attack of angina pectoris on the night of his return from the Pilatus, and vowed on his return to Zurich to keep under 3,000 feet in future. I may here mention that bad results in the shape of heart collapse, angina pectoris, cardiac asthma and last, not least, apoplexy, often occur only on the return to the lowlands.

Morphinism Among Physicians....T. D. Crothers, M.D....New York Times*

In a general history of 3,244 physicians residing in the Eastern, Middle and some of the cities of the Western States, 21 per cent. were found using spirits or opium to excess. Six per cent. of this number used morphine openly. Ten per cent. were using opium or other drugs secretly outside of this number. At least 20 per cent., including this number, used spirits in moderation, so called. In another study of 170 physicians, 7 per cent. used opium or morphia, and 6 per cent. were secret drug takers. From the personal observations of a number of physicians who have a large acquaintance with medical men, from 8 to 10 per cent. are either secret or open drug and morphine habitués. These figures appear to be approximately correct, and show that at least from 6 to 10 per cent. of all medical men are opium inebriates. This is undoubtedly a conservative statement, considering the fact that drug takers, and physicians in particular, are secretive and conceal their use of drugs, particularly where it implies weakness and reflects on their social standing. There are many reasons for the support of the statement of Dr. Elain that a large percentage of physicians die from drug treatment of themselves. They begin to use spirits, opium and other drugs for functional and transient disturbances, and later contract serious organic diseases, the early drug-taking having been a contributory cause.

Morphinism among physicians is usually associated with the use of this drug by the needle. The physician who uses opium is always somnolent, serene and meditative in his manner. The morphinomaniac shows great extremes of emotion. At times he will be very talkative and sensitive to his surroundings; then silent and indifferent. He will also at times be very brilliant, make a clear diagnosis, perform a difficult operation, and even deliver a lecture with spirit and energy. Morphinomaniac tends toward acute mania and suicide, with the impending danger from inflammations. There is a pleasing fascination in the rapid and complete change and transition which follows the use of the

*From a paper read before the New York State Medical Association.

needle. To the psychopath, inherited or acquired, this is a revelation, and no other form of administering morphia can be compared with it. Thus actually develops a needle mania, and nearly all morphinists are hypodermatic drug maniacs. The withdrawal of the morphia is unnoticed as long as the needle is used. In a certain case a physician used the needle with water, supposing it to be morphia, for two years after the withdrawal of the drug, under the direction of his partner. It has been stated, with some basis of fact, that the constant administration of drugs by the needle, and particularly morphia, is a prominent symptom of a morphinomaniac physician.

The medical morphinist may succeed in concealing his use of morphia for a variable time, but its effects on his thoughts and conduct cannot long be covered. He will early begin to show carelessness in conduct, neglect of duty, loss of personal respect, and emotional changes. Along with these appear a childish egotism, and a disposition to criticise and to expose the weaknesses of others. A recent example of this was the sudden slanderous disposition manifested by a quiet physician who was previously reticent as to the faults of others. For two years he created a good deal of bad feeling by his foolish criticisms and falsehoods. He was arrested for slander, and his morphinism was discovered.

The Cycle as an Instrument of Diagnosis..... British Medical Journal

We believe that there is a law against scattering poison broadcast, even though the excuse may be that it is only meant for rats. So far, indeed, has the general doctrine that it is illegal to do even a legal act if it is likely to do injury been carried, that the scattering of tin tacks on the high road has become a punishable offense, lest, perchance, some cycle tire may thereby be pricked; and we cannot but feel that if the same principle could be put into operation against those reckless persons who give advice on medical topics, absolutely destructive and poisonous advice in the lay press, much good would be done. The following pernicious bit of advice seems to have originated in a periodical called *Wheeling*. It was then copied into the *Wheelman*, from which we take it, and no doubt by this time has been reproduced in every cycling journal all round the world. All sorts of people are anxious about their hearts. To anæmic girls and bashful youths, to atheromatous old gentlemen and flatulent ladies, to the foolish and the wise, the question not infrequently arises, Is my heart sound? and this is the way in which *Wheeling* would have them solve the question: "The cyclist who has doubts as to the strength of his heart, may easily put the matter to the test by riding up a steep hill as far as possible, and if there is any heart weakness a sharp pain will strike him in the back, between the shoulders. If the pain does not appear, the cyclist may take it that his heart is practically sound." Could anything be more absurd? and could anything be more dangerous? The occurrence of such a pain would not be the slightest proof of the existence of either disease or "weakness" of the heart, and if it sent a few anxious anæmics and dyspeptics to the doctors, no harm would be done. But when

there is reason to suspect "heart weakness"—which means heart disease if it means anything—to test it "by riding up a steep hill as far as possible," and by the endeavor to produce a symptom which, if cardiac at all, can only mean strain and probably permanent injury to the heart muscle, would be absolutely suicidal.

How the Efficiency of the Peat Baths Was Discovered..... New York Tribune

It is difficult to convey to the mind of those who have never taken mud or peat baths the startling and, at first, disagreeable impression caused by this process. The regular bona fide mud bath is probably the most tantalizing of all, for the mud is composed of such fine earth or sand that it penetrates into the pores of the skin, and would dye the nails a rich black were it not for the precaution taken of filling the latter with soft wax and of covering the end of each finger and toe with thimblelike little molds. When once one is completely immersed in the soft, clinging, thick, warm mass a horrible feeling overcomes one's senses, for it seems as if innumerable and infinitely small worms were crawling about one's whole person. Of course, one gets used to this, and finally ends by relishing the sensation of "bien-être" which pervades the entire system, and smoothes the skin to a beautiful velvety texture after going through this peculiar form of treatment.

It is impossible to deny that peat baths leave far behind them any other kind of hydrotherapeutic cures known to this day, and that their success is becoming greater with every season. It is stated that the extraordinary virtue of the peat bath was accidentally discovered many years ago in the following fashion: On the far-away coast of Finistère, near the dangerous Pointe du Raz, there existed at that time a family of extremely poor "flayers," which means that the chief of the family eked out a precarious living by killing aged cattle, divesting them of their skins and selling the ghastly remains to tanners and refiners. Of the three children which had been born to the couple, one was what is called in Brittany "un simple," a poor, misbegotten creature, delicate and wretched, with a pale, washed-out appearance, and apparently few brains. So angered and ashamed was his mother of what she called the disgraceful infant sent to her in punishment of her sins by "Teus's-Arpoulièk" (the three-headed bad spirit, provided with many gleaming eyes, who is rendered responsible by the Bretons for all the misfortunes showered upon them) that she often sent him out of the hut, bidding him go and wallow, like the beast he was, in the peat mud behind her abode. The unfortunate little fellow consequently spent most of his time, half-clothed and badly fed, rolling about among the heather, in the dark, damp and dank peaty earth, returning home at night in such a plight that scoldings and cuffs were his nightly rewards for obeying orders. Little by little, however, it was noticed that the child's health and appearance were improving, that his skin was becoming fair and soft like that of a peach, his eyes more brilliant, and that even his spirits and general demeanor were changing from the idiotic behavior of a half-witted little animal to those of a strong and healthy boy. The old village physician, who, on

his weekly rounds about that part of the country, had occasion to see the child as he rode past, was much struck by all these alterations—so much so, in fact, that he mentioned the fact at a medical conference in Paris, and thus became, it may be almost asserted, the originator of the peat baths.

Sight and Sound from Electricity.....Home Journal

We may be on the verge of another great electrical discovery. From various quarters of late have come rumors of the successful application of electricity to the problems of vision and hearing. A few weeks ago an American inventor announced an electric audophone, and now, says the London Outlook, a Russian electrician, M. Stiens, declares that he has practically solved the problem of restoring both hearing and sight by an electrical transmutor. Neither discoverer has yet given any published account of his method, but highly successful public tests have apparently been given by both. And there is nothing inherently impossible in their achievements. It is all a question of vibrations and their transmission. Originally every surface-cell of the animal body responded alike to those vibrations of the ether which we term light, heat and electricity, and those vibrations of the air which we perceive as sound. Many low forms of animal life which have no eyes appreciate light distinctly, and certain fishes, amphibians and crustaceans, can appreciate it the whole length of their bodies, and even in their tails. Soon, however, specialization begins, and a certain cluster of skin cells devote themselves exclusively to light vibrations, another to heat vibrations—we have special nerve-endings in our own skin which distinguish heat sensations and nothing else—and another to sound waves. All, however, remain sensitive to electricity.

If, therefore, we can manage to change light vibrations of the ether and sound vibrations of the air into their electrical equivalents, we may succeed in seeing without eyes and hearing without ears. Indeed, the probability is that both the retina of the eye and the "nerve-piano" of the innermost ear actually transmute the light and sound waves with some such equivalent, in order to transmit them along the nerve cables to the brain. Certain it is that they do not pass along the nerve wires as light waves or sound waves. The "if," however, is a very large one as yet. In the case of deafness the problem might be solved in a simpler and more feasible way. In ninety-five per cent. of all cases of deafness the auditory nerve is not impaired at all—only the conducting apparatus, the drum and chain of tiny bones. So that, if the sound waves can be magnified sufficiently to reach the nerves through the bones of the head, instead of by way of the drum and bones, hearing might be restored. The unpleasant "jarring" effect of very loud sounds is largely due to this bone-transmission to both the auditory nerve and the brain.

A Study of Anger.....Medical Record

That all anger is primarily a physical and secondarily a moral manifestation, is well shown by the very suggestive bit of work published by G. Stanley Hall, in the Psychological Review, vol. 9, 1899. In *A Study of Anger*, Mr. Hall has departed from

the material of literary and world-famous pages, of which, however, he gives a very interesting review, and depends on original material which he has been collecting from reliable observers for several years.

The human tendency to rage seems greater the nearer man is to the savage and animal type, and the more he is obliged to struggle for his food. "Primitive man had no regularity of meals, working hours or occupations, but days and weeks of idleness, alternated with and prepared for by periods of excessive strain in hunting and migration and warfare. Into such life rhythms, criminals and degenerates tend to lapse." On the other hand, the term "gentleman" is held by some to imply a command over one's passion of anger above all others.

In Mr. Hall's collection of experiences, coming from some 2,000 cases, we find confessions of very trivial causes of irritation and vexation. Some people have personal antipathies to certain physical characteristics in others, freckles, red hair, bad teeth, a peculiar laugh; while others feel decided aversion to personal habits, such as smoking or eating in a slovenly way. Others are made furiously angry by being thwarted or denied their freedom, others by being slighted or gossiped about or contradicted. Jealousy, injustice, overwork, teasing, ridicule, mocking provoke others to rage.

In all cases there were physical sensations accompanying the mental sense of anger, but these differed greatly with the individual. Eighty-seven per cent. describe flushing, and twenty-seven per cent. describe pallor as characteristic of anger. The heart bounds or beats rapidly, and several cases of death due to cardiac lesion are ascribed to anger. Some people have peculiar feelings in the throat and mouth, others become dizzy or faint; thirty-five per cent. of the cases report tears, and in twenty cases attacks called bilious are ascribed to anger. Salivation is generally more copious; the frequent swallowing of it probably causes the nausea which some mention as a concomitant of their anger; and blowing it in bubbles with a panting breath is undoubtedly the "frothing at the mouth" that is sometimes described. We agree with Mr. Hall that "it is a long cry to associate the salvation of anger with primitive anticipation of savory food," but when it comes to ascribing the abhorrence of spitting which is common in children and primitive people to a long experience of contagion of morbid germs through saliva, and saying that we have here "an instinctive prophylaxis against contagion," we feel that the conclusion is a little far-fetched.

The sounds indicative of anger are interesting, as passing from the monotonous cry of infancy, through the animal-like noises of childhood, to the threats and oaths of adult life. In many cases, paralysis of the throat is reported, and inability to speak above a whisper, or without crying or trembling, but in the greater number making a noise seems to be a natural expression of anger. The very close connection between intense muscular tension and loud phonation is shown in the characteristic cry of epilepsy, which resembles the battle-cry of various savage tribes, while college yells at athletic contests are, according to Mr. Hall, "toned-down cries of defiance."

NEWSPAPER VERSE: SELECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY

Wind Lyrics.....Carrie L. Ward.....New Orleans Picayune

East Wind—

Through gates of pearl with sapphire set
I steal at dawn to fly, while yet
The clouds with silver dew are wet,
On wings that brush the morning star
Of song, afar.

North Wind—

From fields of frozen stars I blow,
I bear the fragile flowers of snow,
That fall upon the earth below,
With pure celestial lips to bless,
In soft caress.

South Wind—

On wings of perfume, born of Spring,
Sweet memories of the South I bring;
From birds and blossoms pink that fling
To heav'n their gladness in an ecstasy
Of melody.

West Wind—

Back through the gates of gold and rose,
Where late the star of evening glows
I slip, before the evening's close,
On pinions woven of a sigh,
Into the night I seem to die.
But hush! the night will soon pass by;
Before the lark, when morning breaks
The East wind wakes.

The Green World.....Frank L. Stanton.....Pittsburg Dispatch

The green world—the green world!—there's never any snow!
The roses never wither—the summers never go!
The birds are ever singing—the skies are ever blue,
And the winds that bend the branches blow blossoms over
you!

The green world—the green world!—it's loveliness and
light—
The sun that makes its morning—the stars that gild its
night!
There is no gloom—no darkness—no sorrows and no
sighs,
For the light of Love is shining in the rain around the
eyes.

The green world—the green world!—how dear its every
clod!—
Its lilies are like altars where the wild winds worship God!
Its roses hide the thorn-spears—its storms with rainbows
fall;

There is light and love unending, and love is over all!

The Numbered Stones.....Boston Pilot

This is the ground of glory,
This is the field of fame,
And these—begrimed and gory,
Burned with the battle flame—

These are the vague immortals,
The nameless of the fray,
Deep-thronged around the portals
Of death's eternal day!

Bard of the flowing phrases,
Muse of the silver lute,
Why do you stint your praises?
Why do your chords hang mute?

Can we ever you blameless,
Who sing but of the proud—
And nigh forget the nameless,
Enrapt with earthly shroud?

For them no laureled wreathings,
No proud, triumphant trains—
No cheers, no crowd's deep breathings,
No boastful, brazen strains.

With wind-kissed banners playing,
With wild, regardless shout,
Their joy was in the slaying,
Their triumph in the rout!

Sons springing from the masses,
The homeland to defend—
Their blood has wet its grasses,
Their dust with it will blend!

Dead to the acclamations—
Dead when the fight is done!
The pedestals of nations
Rest on the ground they won.

Their valor ours for buying?
The price we blush to own—
Their recompense for dying
Was but a numbered stone!

An Irritator.....Carolyn Wells.....Judge

The early bird was singing and the sun was shining bright.
I seized my morning paper to read about the fight;
But this sentence caught my notice as I scanned it o'er in
haste:
"A tissue-paper pattern of a tucked shirt-waist."

You remember certain trip-slips for a five or ten-cent fare;
How they wearied all the passengers and made them want
to swear;
But that old and worn-out nuisance may be worthily re-
placed
By "A tissue-paper pattern of a tucked shirt-waist."

I tried to read the sporting news or bulletins of war;
That horrid old advertisement kept ringing o'er and o'er.
Across the editorials the silly words seemed traced—
"A tissue-paper pattern of a tucked shirt-waist."

I attempted conversation, and I found, to my dismay,
That single wretched sentence was all that I could say.
I tried to eat my breakfast, but I only seemed to taste
"A tissue-paper pattern of a tucked shirt-waist."

I suppose some clever agent penned that enterprising ad.:
I want to see the fellow, and I want to see him bad.
On all his best belongings I wish that I could paste
"A tissue-paper pattern of a tucked shirt-waist."

And now, oh, gentle reader, in a wicked hope that you
May fall a victim to its spell I write the line anew,
And, graven on your memory, from mine may be effaced
The "tissue-paper pattern of a tucked shirt-waist."

Rhymes of a Spelling ReformerWestminster Gazette

A fisherman sat on the quay
Partaking of afternoon tuay;
When a lady came by
Who winked with one y,
And whispered, "No sugar for muay."

A man was committed to gaol
For stealing a tenpenny naol;
The judge was severe,
And gave him one yere,
Without any option of baol.

A grand old bootmaker of Hawarden
Used to spend the whole day in his gawarden;
When his friends askt him why
He lookt up at the sky,
But only replied, "Beg your pawarden."

It is said that Nathaniel Ffiennes
Lived wholly on bread and broad bbiennes;
When invited to eat
But a morsel of meat
He answered: "Just think what it mmiennes!"

A thoughtful young butcher named Mowll
Had a tender and sensitive sowl;
When he slaughtered a sheep
He always would weep
And pay for a funeral towll.

A sailor, who sported a queue,
Was civil to all that he knueue;
If he came under fire
He used to retire
And say, with a bow, "After yueue."

The Dowager Duke of Buccleugh
Was famous for Irish steugh;
When asked, "Do you use
Any onions in stuse?"
He cautiously answered, "A feugh."

A groom of the royal demesne
Was the finest old man ever sesne;
But he kept out of sight
In a ditch day and night,
For fear of annoying the quesne.

The amiable Commodore Haight
Set sail down the channel one daigh;
When asked, "Do you know
Which direction to go?"
He answered, "I'm feeling my waigh."

One autumn the Marquis of Steynes
Shot a partridge with infinite peynes;
Then he cried, "I'm afraid
Of the havoc I've maid!
See—only one feather remeynes!"

A Trying Moment.....Chicago News

Her father has a million and
Is twice as big as I!
Last night I held her little hand—
Her father has a million and
I've promised her to take a stand
And make him yield, or die!
Her father has a million and
Is twice as big as I!

I promised her that I would go
And tell him all to-day—
I wish I weighed a ton, for, oh,
I promised her that I would go
And make him yield, or die, and so
A ton is what I'd like to weigh—
I promised her that I would go
And tell him all to-day!

Charity.....S. E. Kiser.....New Orleans Times-Democrat

A boy was crying in the street;
A man asked why; the lad
Said it was lack of food to eat
That made him feel so sad.

"Too bad!" the man said to the child;
"Here, take this cent, my boy!"
The man then hurried on and smiled;
His heart was full of joy.

He stopped ere he had journeyed far,
Still smiling all the time,
And bought and lighted a cigar
For which he paid a dime.

The Boer Situation.....Cleveland Plain-Dealer

From Krugersdorp to Lichtenberg,
And back to Potchefstrum;
From Swazieland to Pietersburg
Is heard the burgher drum;
From Wakkerstrum to Ermelo,
From Hoopstad to Dundee,
They're marching down to Rustenburg,
And up from Kimberlee.
From Heidelberg, and Lydenburg,
Johannesburg and all,
From Standerton and Barbeton
They answer to the call,
And Ermelo is all agog,
And Ventersdorp is wuss;
And latest news from Haetnertsburg
All indicates a fuss.

The Sailing of The Long Ships.....Henry Newbolt.....London Spectator

They saw the cables loosened, they saw the gangways
cleared,
They heard the women weeping, they heard the men that
cheered,
Far off, far off, the tumult faded and died away,
And all alone the sea-wind came singing up the Bay.

"I came by Cape St. Vincent, I came by Trafalgar,
I swept from Torres Vedras to golden Vigo Bar,
I saw the beacons blazing that fired the world with light
When down their ancient highway your fathers passed to
fight.

"O race of tireless fighters, flushed with a youth renewed,
Right well the wars of Freedom befit the Sea-king's brood;
Yet as ye go forget not the fame of yonder shore,
The fame ye owe your fathers and the old time before.

"Long-suffering were the Sea-kings, they were not swift
to kill,
But when the sands had fallen they waited no man's will;
Though all the world forbade them, they counted not nor
cared,
They weighed not help or hindrance, they did the thing
they dared.

"The Sea-kings loved not boasting, they cursed not him
that cursed,
They honored all men duly, and him that faced them, first;
They strove and knew not hatred, they smote and toiled to
save,
They tended whom they vanquished, they praised the fallen
brave.

"Their fame's on Torres Vedras, their fame's on Vigo Bar,
Far-flashed to Cape St. Vincent it burns from Trafalgar;
Mark ye go the beacons that woke the world with light
When down their ancient highway your fathers passed to
fight."

AMONG THE PLANTS: IN GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST

A Gardener of Old Egypt.....The London Post

In the manuscript department of the British museum are several volumes of diaries, notes and copies of hieroglyphic inscriptions which were made early in the present century by a certain Robert Hay, of Linplum, during a residence of nearly thirteen years in the Nile valley. From these manuscripts it appears that he spent much time at Thebes, in upper Egypt, where he devoted nearly all his energy to the investigation of its ancient monuments. Like most travelers in Egypt during the first half of the present century, he beguiled his time occasionally by digging for and opening up ancient tombs. Among others that he discovered at Thebes was one belonging to a man named Nekht, who held under Thothmes III., and about 1500 B. C., the office of head gardener of the gardens attached to the temple of Karnak.

Like most tombs of the same period at Thebes, that of the gardener Nekht is excavated in the hills bordering the Valley of the Nile on the west and overlooking the great expanse of cultivated land known as the Theban plain. A vertical cutting of the rock has been made so as to form a kind of rough facade; in the centre of this has been cut a doorway with jambs and lintel bearing hieroglyphic inscriptions giving prayers for the dead. This doorway leads into a small mortuary chapel, the walls of which are elaborately painted with scenes illustrative of the life of Nekht. At the inner end and opposite the entrance to the tomb is another doorway giving access to a small chamber or shrine, in the floor of which a vertical shaft or mummy pit leads to the sarcophagus chamber in which once reposed the body of the Theban gardener. On the left-hand wall of the small chapel is a charming little painted scene representing Nekht's private home, a mud-brick, two-storied edifice, whitewashed on the outside, with a great wooden front door. To the left of the house is depicted the garden, surrounded by shady trees and with a tiny canal running down the axis of it. This little canal feeds two small ponds in which white and blue flowered water lilies flourish; it also served the purpose of bringing water into the garden for irrigating it. Two men with yokes across their shoulders and waterpots attached to them are shown diligently watering the plants. On the south side of the house is an arbor of trellis-work, over which vines have been trained. The trees which lined the garden were not feathery date-palms, but full-foliaged sycamore-fig trees, under whose dense growth, Nekht says, "he cooled himself during the heat of summer, and breathed the air of the sweet north wind."

A list of trees grown in the garden of one of Nekht's contemporaries has come down to us. It enumerates sweet date and dum palms, common red and green fig trees, *persea* and olive trees, henna, acacia and pomegranates, as well as vines, apples and tamarisk trees. This list is preserved on a wall of the tomb of a superintendent of the state granaries at Thebes, and beneath it is a charming little painting showing the owner of the garden

in a boat on a pond with an inscription by the side of it explaining that "he floats on his lake and cools himself under his trees while he contemplates his avenues and reckons up all the good things which he had made on the earth." These gardens of private individuals, however, were humble in the extreme compared to the great garden at Karnak, of which Nekht had charge. A plan of it has fortunately been preserved on a wall of the tomb of another Theban official. It shows that the garden was nearly square and surrounded by high embattled walls. The principal entrance faced the river and was guarded by a porter's lodge. In the centre was the vineyard, the vines being trained on trellis-work supported by brick or stone pillars. Around the garden, immediately inside the embattled walls, was an avenue of date and dum-palms, and inside this again was a row of sycamores; palms were planted also on either side of the vineyard, and in the spaces between were beds for the cultivation of rare exotics and tanks for aquatic plants. A hieroglyphic inscription records that the whole was laid out in the time of Thothmes III. which makes it very probable that Nekht was the designer.

In the reign preceding Thothmes III. attempts had been made on a small scale to acclimatize foreign plants in Egypt. Thirty-one myrrh trees had been brought from the Somali country and planted in huge tubs at Der-el-Bahari. But shortly after the accession of Thothmes III. a great number of foreign plants were introduced into the Nile valley and planted in the Karnak garden. Many of them are figured on the walls of a small chamber of the temple of Amen and figured so faithfully to nature that it is not difficult to identify them. There is the Florentine flag, or iris, the white-flowered lily *candidum*, the *dranunculus*, a kind of arum, the *pancratium*, or *crinum* lily, a gentian, a pink and several kinds of water lilies and other aquatic plants. An inscription referring to these sculptured figures informs us that all these plants came from Syria. Later in the same reign, as other inscriptions at Thebes record, flowering plants and fruit trees were imported from Mesopotamia, Arabia, the Somali country and even the Greek islands. The Egyptian, in fact, seems to have spared no pains to grace his garden with all the profusion and variety which cultivation could obtain. They were particularly fond of sweet-scented flowers, a fact worthy of notice, for it proves that, unlike the Jews and early Greeks, they were at an early period keenly alive to the sweet odor of flowers. Mr. Gladstone long ago pointed out that Homer often speaks of flowers as "tender," "white," "hyacinthine," but never as "sweet-smelling."

Nekht's duty was not merely to cultivate plants; he had also to supply his king and the priests with cut flowers and fruits for the decoration of the temple on all the principal festivals. Officially he bore the title of "purveyor of cut flowers for the god Amen." Doubtless also he supplied many of the Theban damsels with those flowers they were so fond of using for the decoration of their hair.

Great quantities of cut flowers were used for embellishing the houses of the wealthy, and a blossom of some kind was nearly always presented to a guest at a banquet, just as at the present day we are given our "buttonhole" at a house party—a pretty custom, and an ancient one. In his tomb Nekht is depicted presenting Thothmes III. with a huge bouquet, five feet high, and composed of papyrus, lotus flowers, cornflowers and poppies, interspersed here and there with fragrant fruits of the mimusops, a tree not now found in the gardens of Egypt, but well known at the present day in India. Some of these garlands have been found in the ancient cemeteries of Egypt, buried with the dead.

Forest Fires.....Detroit Free Press

The actual cash damage done by forest fires is hard to estimate. A commission has recently been appointed to make a canvass, and has reported that in the last twenty years in the territory of the United States and the land in British North America the damage has footed up \$800,000,000. In the one year of 1880 a territory was burned which comprised at least 10,250,000 acres. The value of the forests alone was \$25,000,000. And the year chosen was not one particularly noted for the frequency of its fires. In the West, where a thick growth of trees, a long dry season and the reckless prodigality of the inhabitants make a combination favorable to large losses, the damage is wonderful. The smoke from the frequent fires is so thick that it renders the navigation of Puget Sound dangerous. Thirty million dollars' worth of stumpage has been burned in one part of the State of Washington. During the year 1898 the number of fires was exceptionally large, and, though the reports of the damage are not yet all in, there is sure to have been a loss of property footing up millions and millions of dollars. From the time of the occupation of the Indians to the present day there has been a succession of these forest fires. It is a question how to deal with them. Many States have forest laws, but they are not well enforced. The fruits of the carelessness and waste of the early settlers are now being gathered by their descendants. Many men are needed to combat a fire, and the most earnest co-operation is necessary for satisfactory results. The danger from this source does not seem to be decreasing, and when we think of so powerful a factor for evil, moving at a speed sufficient to overtake a horse on the gallop, it will be seen that prompt measures are necessary to protect what remains of our once proud and still extensive forests. There has been a very long season of dry weather lately, so dry that the marshes on the lakes were on fire at one time. The appointment of fire marshals is not enough. They must be given power to compel services, and a tax for the special purpose of reimbursing burned-out settlers and the bringing of any culprits to justice might be instituted. If something is not done we shall have the mortification of seeing our forests disappear beyond recall. It is extremely difficult to get anything but approximate figures concerning the number of deaths resulting from forest fires, but isolated paragraphs tell something of the story. During the terrible fires of 1894, when millions of feet of lumber burned, the

town of Hinckley lost over 200 souls of its population. In 1871, a year made so memorable by its great conflagrations, the loss of life from the towns on the west shore of Lake Huron was over 5,000, and this territory was a mere tithe of the burned-over country. In the Minnesota fires of four years ago the villages lying on a line between Carlton and Pine City, where the flames took their course, in 130 miles of territory over twenty towns were wiped out, and in Carlton and Pine counties alone the loss of life was over 1,000 persons. If one considers that these figures come from small tracts and that they are from but one fire, while millions of acres are burned over every year, and the fires have been doing their work since America has been in existence, some idea of the awful loss of life may be approximated. It is safe to say that fire in the forests has been responsible for the deaths of millions of people.

Japanese Flower Arrangement.....Theodore Wores.....Scribner's Magazine

In Japan the art of flower arrangement is as highly regarded as music, poetry, or painting; and in order that one may become expert therein, it is deemed necessary to devote quite as much attention, time and study to this as to any other form of art. We look upon flower arrangement in general as merely the result of individual taste, but a Japanese regards it from a very different point of view. He is governed in this accomplishment by numerous and well-defined rules which can only be acquired by long and patient study. It would be impossible, without this knowledge, to compose an arrangement of flowers which would meet with the approval of competent critics. It would, in fact, be quite as hopeless as for a musician to compose great masterpieces of music without previous training and careful study. The art of flower arrangement is not only practised by women and girls, but by men as well, for it is an accomplishment indispensable for all who would make any pretence to learning and culture.

In spite of the fact that flowers are so inseparably associated with everything Japanese, it would be a mistake to assume that Japan is a land of flowers, for wild, as well as garden flowers, are far more profuse in many sections of this country. Japan is, however, rich in cultivated flowers that are grown in great profusion in garden and nursery in the suburbs of all the cities. Flower sellers, carrying their fragrant burdens in huge baskets, are met with everywhere, and they are patronized by the poor as well as by the rich, for the prices are low enough to bring them within the reach of all. Although there are many varieties of flowers, few, comparatively, are used in flower arrangement, for the Japanese limit their choice to those with which they are most familiar and such as are most closely associated with the different months or seasons, seldom or never using rare or unknown flowers. The reason given for this is that a thorough knowledge of the character of the flowers and the conditions under which they grow is indispensable, in order that a proper and effective use of them may be made. The following may be mentioned as the popular flowers of Japan, and most closely associated by the Japanese with the different seasons of

the year: The first to appear is the plum blossom, which is hailed with delight as the harbinger of spring, and enjoys, therefore, the greatest popularity. The plum is closely followed by the cherry blossom, which almost rivals the former as a favorite. The next, and the last of the spring flowers, is the wistaria. Summer's flowers include the peony, iris and the lotus; while autumn claims one of the chief favorites, the chrysanthemum, and also the morning-glory.

Certain flowers are considered lucky and others unlucky—the latter including all such as are supposed to possess poisonous qualities. I found, for instance, that one of the wild flowers, a beautiful scarlet lily, known as the Shibuta-no-hanna, which I greatly admired, was regarded with disfavor and was never used for decoration or flower arrangements for the reason that it was a flower of ill-omen. On the other hand, a favorite arrangement, formed of a combination of pine, bamboo and plum blossoms, is symbolic of good luck and everlasting happiness. It is frequently used on festive occasions and figures conspicuously in the New Year's decorations that are arranged over gate and doorway.

Many methods are known and employed for keeping cut flowers fresh; and some of the famous professors of this art claim to possess the secret of certain ingredients, which, added to the water containing the flowers, have a stimulating effect and greatly prolong their life. The successful application of this process, known as mizuage, requires much experience, certain plants requiring a strong and others a weak solution. One enthusiastic exponent of this art declared to me that many years ago, at a flower arrangement competition, given by a famous Daimio, he had received the first prize for an arrangement of bamboo, which, to the surprise of every one, remained fresh and unfaded for twenty-seven days. This had been accomplished—without the use of water—by injecting a certain tonic into an opening which he had bored at the top of the bamboo stalk. On another occasion, when he had arranged a combination of bamboo and morning-glory, he had carefully wrapped strips of paper around each of the flowers early in the morning before they had opened. Later in the afternoon, and just before this flower arrangement was to be shown to a company of guests, he had removed these paper wraps, and, by pouring a certain liquid into the water, had caused the flowers slowly to unfold before the eyes of the delighted spectators. Entertainments of this character, where guests are invited to view various arrangements of flowers made especially for the occasion, are often given. Sometimes a guest is invited to make an extemporary arrangement, the flowers and everything necessary being provided for the purpose.

On one occasion, on a visit to the girls' high school in Kioto, I found a class of twenty or thirty girls receiving a lesson in flower arrangement. The professor, an old and distinguished-looking man, was seated before a low stand with a heap of flowers and shrubs at his side, and as Japanese houses are not provided with tables and chairs, the pupils and master were seated on the matted floor.

The teacher selected a few sprays from the heap and after carefully trimming off the decayed leaves and twigs, proceeded to arrange the blossoms in a vase standing before him. The lines given to the branches and stems of flowers were not always natural, but the character was given by much twisting and bending, as well as in the manner in which they were fastened in the vase; the stems of the flowers being held firmly in place by two short sticks of wood, wedged in tightly across the neck of the vase. In some instances a forked twig serves the same purpose. The chief feature of Japanese flower arrangement is simplicity, and usually but few flowers are required. The object of this device, therefore, is to give to the stems a firm position and enable them to rise erect out of the centre of the vase. Sometimes small metal crabs, or tortoises, are utilized as wedges. As the professor arranged the flowers, he carefully explained his method to a group of five or six girls who were seated opposite to him. He impressed upon them the fact that flower arrangements are linear in character: being, in most instances, based on three lines rising gracefully from the neck of the vase. The centre or principal line should be the longest, the second one-half, and the third one-fourth the length of the first. He cautioned them against allowing these three stem-lines to cross one another in a way to form angles, nor should they be permitted to run in parallel lines. Other arrangements are based on five and seven lines and sometimes as many as nine or eleven, but these are uncommon and are rarely seen. During the lesson the professor imparted much instructive information to his pupils. Among other things he told them that in the art of flower arrangement the student must be guided by nature and a careful study and observation of the character and habits of the flowers employed. Everything unnatural and inappropriate must be strictly avoided. Flowers of different seasons should never be arranged together, and no flower, however beautiful, should have a place in such arrangement out of its proper season. Symmetry in flower arrangement should be avoided, and under no circumstances should both sides of a composition correspond or match. (This principle, it may be said, is observed in all forms of Japanese art). It would be in very bad taste, for instance, to allow two vines to hang symmetrically from either side of a suspended vase, or even for a flower of one color to be placed between two of another color. One of the fundamental rules of this art is that all flower arrangements should fit into a triangle, either vertical or horizontal, and that in itself serves more or less as a restriction against symmetrical compositions. Great attention should be given also to the manner in which the stems rise out of the water, as they should present a strong and vigorous appearance, and hold, in fact, the same relation to the flowers that the trunk of a tree bears to the branches and foliage overhead. Plants that grow erect should be given an upright direction in floral arrangements, while such, for instance, as grow overhanging the banks of streams or cliffs should be arranged in a hanging position. The professor demonstrated all this with numerous examples which he made and then distributed to the pupils.

MATTERS MUSICAL, ARTISTIC AND DRAMATIC

Musical Amazons.....C. L. G.....London Spectator

It is only in the present century that women have seriously asserted their claims to equality with men as instrumental executants, and only within the last fifty years that they have devoted themselves seriously to the cultivation of other instruments than the piano. It is true that many of Tartini's pupils were women, and that an orchestra of women performers existed in Venice more than a hundred years ago. On the other hand, no woman adopted the calling of the "traveling virtuoso" of the violin before the two Italian sisters, Theresa and Maria Milanollo—the "little Milanollos" whose presence in Frankfort, where they created a regular furore, effectually checkmated Berlioz, as he tells us in his *Memoirs*, on his concert tour in 1841. Ten years later Lady Hallé, then Wilhelmina Néruda, had made her apparition as a "Wunderkind"; by the "seventies" women violinists had become comparatively familiar objects on public platforms; and by the "nineties" the cult of the violin had penetrated to Mayfair. The number of first-rate fiddle-resses may to-day be reckoned by scores; in our academies and colleges of music women students of stringed instruments outnumber the men by at least three to one, while in the Handel Festival Orchestra of 1897 there were upward of fifty women as compared with ten at the meeting of 1891. Hitherto, if we mistake not, though the spectacle of women playing the 'cello and double bass is familiar enough to London amateurs, no woman has appeared at any of our great orchestral concerts as a solo performer upon any other instrument than the piano, violin or harp, but the incursion of the musical Amazon has already passed these limits on the Continent and in America, where quite recently Miss Elsa Ruegger, a most accomplished violoncellist, made her *début* at the Boston Symphony Concerts. If, however, our Symphony Concerts are conducted on more conservative lines than those of America, the enterprise of our amateurs probably outstrips that of all other nations in the effort to dispense with the insistence of men. When, some fifteen years ago, a Viennese orchestra visited London the wind instruments were almost without exception played by men, discreetly arranged at the back of the platform behind the serried ranks of the strings. But within the last ten years women—"mirabile dictu"—have taken seriously to wind instruments, not merely flutes and cornets, but the more arduous and exacting members of the wood and brass family—clarinets, oboes, bassoons, horns and even trombones. There is at least one amateur orchestra where the wind department is entirely in the hands of women executants. Women have now shown that the fact of their being women constitutes no insuperable difficulty in the way of their playing any instrument. But while Lady Hallé long ago proved by demonstration that there was nothing ungraceful, ungainly or incongruous in the spectacle of a woman violinist, one can hardly say as much of the performance of women executants on wind instruments, some of which necessitate an amount of effort, and even

facial distortion, incompatible with the old chivalrous ideal.

Suppressed Plays.....New York Times

Of the thousands of plays that are written only a few dozens are ever accepted by managers, and of these a large proportion are suppressed for one reason or another. Sometimes the author receives a sum of money for his play; sometimes it represents so much labor lost. Sometimes after years of neglect one of these suppressed plays is produced and turns out to be prodigiously successful. Such was the case with Leopold Lewis' adaptation of "Le Juif Polonais," called *The Bells*, which Henry Irving found on a shelf in Colonel Bateman's office in the London Lyceum, and induced him to produce, with a result of vast importance to the English stage. Such was the case also with *Jim the Penman*. If some enthusiast could ascertain how many plays which have been purchased by London and New York theatre managers have never been produced the result would surprise the uninitiated. Last year in London alone announcements were sent out to the press of some twenty-five plays having been purchased by recognized London managers, as to the production of which nothing has been heard since. In the course of the year 1897 one West End actor-manager sent out announcements relating to five different plays, the rights of which he had acquired. Not one of these has yet been acted, and he is still anxiously inquiring for new ones. The habit of pigeon-holing—which sometimes amounts to burying—new plays is especially cultivated by the manager who is also an actor. He buys a play impetuously because there is a part in it in which he sees himself to advantage in his own imagination. He then finds that it is not a good play in itself, or that he was mistaken as regards the leading part, and it is put away and forgotten. The stock of unproduced plays held by a certain distinguished actor is said to have cost him between \$20,000 and \$25,000 in payments in advance on account of authors' fees or of fines for not producing them.

Needed Reform of United States Bands.....The Presto

The United States army bands will not stand comparison with the military bands of any other civilized country, writes Mr. Stephen Jelinek, bandmaster of the Eleventh Infantry. What are 28 men in comparison with 40, 50, 60 or even more in other countries? and then, we can't even have that number. Good musicians will not enlist for the pay; consequently, we have to be content with untrained, unpromising material. A bandmaster must have a musical education, and at least fifteen years' experience to be successful, yet he must enter the United States service as a non-commissioned officer. He is considered a nobody, and must take off his hat in the presence of the "boys" who come from West Point after four years' study. Even the band is not under his command. It belongs to the "adjutant," who generally knows as much about a band and what it requires as a donkey knows about Christmas! Bands should not only be organized

entirely independent of the companies, but their numerical strength should be at least doubled; the bandmaster should rank with a second lieutenant of cavalry, and have the same pay and allowance; while the rank and file of cavalry bands should be composed of fifteen privates of the first-class at \$25 a month, with allowances of a sergeant of cavalry, and fifteen privates of the second class, with allowances of a corporal of cavalry. The bandmaster's assistant, the chief trumpeter, the drum major and the band quartermaster-sergeant should have appropriate rank, pay and allowances.

Teaching Art as Applied to Industry....John E. Bennett....Art Interchange

"A pictorial artist whom I know to be excellent in his work came to me recently and asked if I could not help him find something to do, since his family was in distress," said Professor Henry T. Ardley, head of the art department of the University of California. "I took him into a glass factory in San Francisco and pointed to a man at an emery wheel, grinding a sheet of plate glass suspended upon a chain pulley over the top of the wheel; as his hand moved the glass the wheel traced and ground upon it a beautiful plant design with its curves and spirals. 'If you could do that work,' said I to my artist friend, 'you could come here right now and get seven dollars and a half a day—the pay that this man gets—for the firm needs another such artist and have to send to Germany to get one.'"

Professor Ardley views art seriously from a practical standpoint. "We have too many pictorial artists," he declares. "Our capacity for producing pictures exceeds the demand for the finished work; whereas, in the department of art for which I work there is an utter paucity of professionals. Take an artist in wood-carving, in ceramics, in ornamental iron work; our manufactures of these things are evolved not by Americans, but by Europeans. There is a demand now from all over the nation for just such people as I am educating here. This is due to a great awakening in the United States upon the subject of art in industry. Houses are now being built, public, commercial and residential, which call upon art in its every phase in their construction and furnishings. There has never been a time when artistic furniture was so much in demand; not alone is the designer needed here, but also in the ornamentation of rooms. Mural decoration is being employed more than formerly. It is perhaps chief of the decorative arts; it may be remembered that the great works of the masters were decorative, not pictorial; from Phidias and Praxiteles to Raphael and Michel Angelo this was the case. The art of Greece, which we so much admire, was decorative; it is that which is preserved to us to-day, and were it not for the remnants of their great buildings, preserving to us their decorations, we should now know little about their art.

More than this, we are coming to recognize art more perfectly as expressed in designs upon carpets, wall paper, tiling and even blankets, and are exacting a degree of art in these articles. Many figures which you see upon such objects as I have named have no relation to art except that of a parody. Such objects are yearly losing sale as the

art instincts of the buying public become more developed, and manufacturers are more and more requiring the services of the trained designer and the artist. To make art general in the dwelling and the household, to bring it home to the people and to mix it as a leaven in their lives, to see it expressed upon the silver and the jewelry as it was in the days when artists furnished patterns to the artificers, and when the art of the goldsmith was more precious than the gold upon which it was lavished, to do this is a great end and attainment, for then our people live surrounded by the beautiful and taste becomes accordingly æsthetic."

Such is the object of Professor Ardley's work at the University of California. It is the only University in the West which has a course, where the arts are taught with relation to industry. Professor Ardley is a native of England and studied in London. His masters were John Ruskin, Sir Frederick Leighton and Richard Greggory. Some years ago he was sent by an English magazine upon a trip around the world, the journey lasting about four years, to sketch scenes and features of the countries through which he passed and write articles upon them. He made studies of the art of the several countries, and subsequently he elaborated these sketches into three-by-three studies, done in the original coloring. They comprise the art of Assyria, Egypt, Persia, Greece, Rome, Byzantium, Venice, Spain, France, China and Japan.

Art and Other Matters.....Westminster Review

The object of every artist is to embody his ideas in the form peculiar to his own particular art. If he sets up for a painter his duty is to produce on his canvas by means of brush and pigments a genuine representation or picture of something. If he claims to be a poet, he should produce what is generally understood by the term poetry and not merely perverted prose. And no amount of native genius or originality will compensate for his inability to do so. It is not the mere possession of beautiful or striking ideas, it is the gift of expressing them, which distinguishes the artist from his fellow-men, hundreds and thousands of whom are perhaps every whit as imaginative, as æsthetic, and as mentally gifted in general as himself. And the gift of expression should be of such quality as to win and deserve the appreciation, not merely of a select coterie of fanatical admirers, but of those persons in general who are endowed with ordinary artistic tastes and perceptions. That certain artists can only be understood and admired by themselves and their intimate disciples is no doubt very true, but the admission of this fact is not in reality any compliment to their art. Art is not an abstruse conundrum or a problem in mathematics requiring the exercise of exceptional ingenuity for its adequate comprehension. The appreciation of a genuine masterpiece is never confined to experts. The superiority of great artists, like that of other great men, is instinctively acknowledged, as a rule, even by those persons who are unable to explain in what the superiority consists. True art is, in this sense, something like true religion. It often appeals to the imaginations of the unlearned even before it convinces the intelligence of the wise.

Nationality in Music.....Contemporary Review

It is easy to speak of nationality in music; to explain definitely the meaning of the term is difficult enough. As often as not the quality betrays itself more in the spirit of the work than in its outward form. We are perfectly aware of its existence, but it seems almost too subtly indefinite and intangible to express in words. We think of Chopin, Glinka, Smetana, Dvorak, Grieg, as the composers who have most prominently displayed this nationality. In reality, Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Brahms, Wagner were, to all intents and purposes, as intrinsically national as any of these. Who but Germans could have composed the "Matthaus" Passion Music, the C minor Symphonic, the "Carneval," the Nibelungen Trilogy, or the Brahms Requiem? only we have had so close an acquaintance with Germany, her people, and their history for generations past, that we have become completely familiarized with her modes of expression. For years her giants in music dominated the whole musical world, and her school served as an exclusive model for other nations, consequently its type became universal, and we have long ago ceased to individualize it as purely German. So entirely, too, had Germany become mistress of the musical field, that musicians of the standard conservative order, of whom each decade is bound to produce its quota, distrusted their ears when anything was heard outside the orthodox German range. Thus the independent utterances of Chopin and his followers could for a time be treated as inferior, merely because their authors were true to their birthright, preferring to express themselves in their own language rather than in borrowed foreign conventionalities. Germany has had her musical day, and truly a magnificent one. Even now she has in her midst one or two undeniably great composers. That most powerful force, tradition, will also probably stand her in good stead for years to come. Nevertheless, the opinion that Germany is the one and only musical nation in the world is decidedly on the wane. There are actually here and there young English musicians growing up, who are content to acquire their experience and develop their talent in their own land—a promising fact for the individual character of future English compositions; and certainly for vigor and generative force the leading schools at present are the English and Slavonic.

On Models.....J. Deane Hilton.....Good Words

In writing of professional models, the trouble is in selection, my recollection is crowded with so many deeply interesting and striking personalities. To mention but a few: There was old Freeman—the real names do not matter—dead long since, full of years. He had walked straight out of Dickens-land; you could imagine him emptying glasses with Mr. Vincent Crummles. He had been on the stage, and used to tell wonderful tales of his triumphs as Falstaff. His face was huge and pliant, and of a burning red color; his eye was moist, his mouth enormous; his figure that of Kenny Meadows' Falstaff. He looked the embodied genius of low comedy. I don't know whether he ever sat for Parson Trulliber or Potion—he would have done excel-

lently well for either. His gross, merry face may be seen in countless pictures of jolly friars, obese landlords and comic burgomasters. Attired in the proper mob cap and black dress, he sat as Mrs. Gamp to the most gifted of latter-day Dickens illustrators. Lazy, selfish, greedy old Freeman, of the oily voice, the humorous quip, the ready jest, the homely pathos, the lachrymous tales of poverty and trouble, he came upon the world too late. Shakespeare or Smollet or Dickens would have made the whole world laugh at him as we laughed. His gluttony was fabulous, it belonged to the heroic age. Every artist who employed him had tales to tell of his awful voracity. It was said that, but for his appetite for solids, whisky would have killed him long before. He was made the victim of experiments, to which he had not the least objection; there was a curiosity to know what his limit really was. At one artist's house, after he had devoured a tremendous meal of meat and accompaniments, a fruit-pie, made in a wash-hand basin, was placed before him. More than half of this gigantic pastry disappeared before he would acknowledge himself beaten. It was usual to defer feeding him as long as possible, for after he had dined the trouble was to keep him awake. Poor Freeman has gone, alas! faded away from studio and from tavern. I cannot imagine him really happy anywhere, unless an endless succession of Lord Mayors' banquets were provided for him: no other kind of felicity would appeal to his feelings.

There was Martin, the ex-Hussar, who had fought through the Mutiny, and helped to avenge Cawnpore. He was lame of one foot, through the unskilful extraction of a guinea-worm by a drunken surgeon. A powerful, finely built man was Martin, with full brown beard and steady blue eyes. The artists used him as a model for fishermen, sailors, firemen, or the "father" in domestic pictures; he had a good Christmas Number face. He used to enliven the sittings with vivid descriptions of fierce fighting in the East and tales of life in barracks. After several strange premonitory symptoms, he went hopelessly insane, and died soon after in an asylum.

Chapman, with his clean-shaven, shrewd face, full of intelligence and humor, was ever a welcome presence. His experience of men and manners in the nooks and corners of life was extensive. His mind was like an old curiosity shop, full of oddities and valuable odds and ends. His fund of anecdote was perennial. He had been employed at circuses and theatres, and knew stage life through and through. Stage-fright, which he had never been able to conquer, had prevented his ever taking a "speaking part," though to look at the man no one would have credited him with any weakness of that kind. He had sat to most of the celebrated painters of the time, and had taken intelligent notice of their methods of work. His command of facial expression was extraordinary. His face was an eighteenth-century type. You could not look at it without thinking of Tom Jones, Roderick Random, The School for Scandal, and The Road to Ruin. I can recognize Chapman's face, disguised under various expressions, in scores of pictures.

EDUCATIONAL TOPICS OF THE DAY

The Essential Element of a Liberal Education...A. T. Hadley...Cosmopolitan

The education which prepares a man for his work as part of a social machine is technical; that which prepares him to work as an individual, with an independent place of his own, is liberal. The two forms of education may approach one another in their subject-matter. The same study may have a value both for technical and for liberal purposes. But in their underlying aims the two forms of education differ radically. What is thoroughly good for one purpose may, to a greater or less degree, prove bad for the other. That which helps to business success may narrow the character and interfere with the powers of enjoyment. That which conduces to independence or breadth of sympathy may interfere with the power of making money or of doing efficient work in a subordinate position. The merit of a system of liberal education is not to be measured by the power which it gives the student to earn his living, any more than the merit of a technical education is to be measured by its influence on the general character of the recipient.

If we look at the successive methods of education which have prevailed among the ruling classes in different countries and at different periods, we find a common moral element running through them all. Higher education of this sort must train gentlemen, as the community at each particular time understands that term. If we go back to the ancient Persians, we find from Herodotus that their young nobles were taught to ride, to shoot the bow and to speak the truth. If we turn to the latest work of Rudyard Kipling, we find that his idealized public-school life of the Brushwood Boy still teaches the same lesson. What the young man gains from such an English public-school life is not wholly or primarily what he learns in books. It is at least in equal measure what he learns in games. It is above all, and more than all else, what he carries with him in the way of moral influence—a sense of responsibility, "a character worth so much fine gold," which he is wholly unconscious that he possesses, because it is part of the general impress of a public-school life.

A liberal education without this fundamental idea of character-development amounts to nothing. It is not enough to say that it is imperfect; it does not in the true sense exist at all. It becomes a very bad kind of technical education—a thing whereby the student supposes that he prepares himself in some mysterious way for the duties of professional life, when he really wastes his time in acquiring certain superficial marks of the professional man, without laying any actual foundation for such a career. This moral training will, of course, take different forms in different countries. In Rome it was a training in strict discipline. In medieval Europe it was based on that fantastic and to modern critics almost unintelligible idea, the spirit of chivalry. In England it inculcates responsibility and the sense of trusteeship. In America it teaches independence, combined with respect for similar independence on the part of others. Each education reflects the spirit of its own society. The Roman

was trained for military authority, the medieval youth for feudalism, the Briton for world-empire, the American for democracy. But some such moral training, adapted to the destinies of each nation, its citizens must have. Without it the policy of the government will degenerate and its authority fall into decay; without it other educational agencies will lose their power; without it athletics will degenerate into professionalism; without it scholarship will become a trade, and a poor one at that.

Physical Examination of School Children.....New York Sun

The Chicago School Board has begun an experiment which may bring about sweeping changes in the American school system. Last spring—in one school—they began a system of measuring, weighing and testing the children in a half-dozen ways. The measurements and tests have to do especially with the height, weight, power of endurance, lung capacity, grip (right and left hands), sight and hearing of the pupil.

Two measurements for height are taken, height standing and height sitting, the figures being recorded, as taken, on individual cards. Very accurate figures as to height standing are obtained by the use of a little gauge which measures the thickness of the shoe heels. Weighing comes after the measuring and is quite as carefully done. The child is asked to stretch his arms out straight from the shoulders and afterward to extend his hands and spread his fingers. If tremor of the extended arms or spread fingers is shown it would be clear, perhaps, that the boy's condition is not satisfactory, and possibly a lightening of his school work would be recommended, though as yet the department confines itself mainly to making records. Later, after the value of its work has been clearly demonstrated by results, a definite scheme of recommendations will be formulated and adopted. Next the child is tested for lung capacity. The spirometer used by the department looks like a miniature gasometer. It consists of a sheet of metal cylinder closed at one end and open at the other, which is immersed in a second cylinder containing water. The child to be tested forces its breath into the immersed cylinder by blowing through a flexible tube and the lung capacity is determined by the height to which the cylinder is raised. The results obtained with this spirometer have been very satisfactory. The ergograph, by which the tests of endurance are made, is the most interesting apparatus used by the department. The hand and arm of the child undergoing the ergograph test are so strapped down that the middle finger only can be moved. Then this finger is inserted in a loop connected with a weight exactly seven per cent. of the child's weight, and the child is requested to bend the finger and thus raise the weight forty-five times in a minute and a half, or once every two seconds during that period. By a revolving scroll and stylus arrangement, a record of the work done is made automatically, and the record is preserved to correspond with the individual card upon which the child's other records are written. Records quite

different in appearance are made by children who are not in good shape physically, and it has been found in practice that the ergograph at once reveals the nervous child, the child of high-strung temperament and the child with irregular capacity for work. Thus the ergograph is supposed to indicate nerve power rather than muscular strength. Singular as it may seem, the results obtained appear to bear out this notion, since it is not at all unusual for a person of delicate physique and with a comparatively undeveloped muscular system to make a better showing than a far more muscular individual. The manuometer, used for testing the grip, is of the ordinary type. It is a little metal apparatus which can be easily grasped, and contains a spring which may be compressed by closing the hand. To the spring is attached an index which measures the muscular force developed in kilogrammes. Tests of sight and hearing are also made, the sight tests being not dissimilar to those of the ordinary optician. The apparatus used in testing the hearing is the most delicate ever used.

Similar study of children has been carried on in the past in many places and by many investigators, but never before under the auspices of a municipality or State as a part of the regular educational system, or in conditions making it possible to study a large number of children by exactly the same methods of a considerable period. The establishment of the department in connection with the Chicago school system was brought about by the efforts of Dr. W. S. Christopher, a member of the Chicago School Board, whose specialty as a physician is the treatment of children, and who has been convinced for years that the efficiency of the public schools everywhere could be increased vastly, were a careful and scientific scheme of child study to be made.

Dr. Christopher's view, shared by many eminent educators, by the way, is not that the measuring and testing are of value in themselves to the school department, but that, considered in relation to age and class standing, they may be made the basis of deductions which will suggest highly useful changes in the grading of the children and in the school courses themselves. This view seems borne out with special force by the records obtained in one of Chicago's ungraded schools. Only pupils who are backward in their mental development are sent to this school. Hitherto their low standing has been attributed to obstinacy and viciousness in many instances, but the records show clearly that backwardness may be, and frequently is, due to physical causes, the low mental status of the child being accompanied by some bodily defect in nearly every case. Some were found to be victims of insufficient nutrition, and, being partially starved, it was impossible for them to do the regular school work. Others were short in lung capacity, and close investigation showed that the nasal passages of most of those suffering from this defect were too small to allow normal breathing. It was found that one girl who was not able to talk plainly was partially deaf; not having heard spoken words with distinctness she was, of course, herself unable to articulate them properly. In fact, sixty per cent. of all in the school were below normal in hearing. Other backward

children were pronouncedly asymmetrical or one-sided in their physical development, and various other physical causes for intellectual slowness were brought out.

Agricultural Education on the Continent...W. E. De Riemer...Pop. Sci. Mo.

It is said that Charles Dickens once made a speech at an agricultural dinner in which he somewhat derisively said that "the field it paid the farmer best to cultivate was the one within the ring fence of his own skull." Dickens was correct. The farmer needs scientific education. The best civilized and progressive nations of to-day are admitting the utterance of Dickens to be a serious truth. Vast sums of money are appropriated by European governments to prevent their agricultural classes from continuing in or subsiding into ignorance of their art. Even the peasants of Russia, notably in the province of Ekaterinoslav, by the generous appliances for special agricultural education made by the Ministry of Agriculture and State Dothains, united with the efforts of the Ministry of Public Instruction, are made to feel that without expert teaching a man cannot succeed even in the raising of fowls or of bees, the culture of silkworms, the making of wine, or the manuring of his fields. Consul Heenan says that in the province named above the Government annually rents thirty-two experiment fields, each eight acres in extent, distributed four in each district, and each one located in the midst of peasant fields. Each of these fields is placed in charge of some scientifically educated public school teacher, who is paid twenty-five dollars per year for his direction, and receives, besides, all the harvest produced. The teacher uses the native tools and seeds, and hires neighbor peasants to assist in demonstrating that with care in plowing, cleaning of seed, cultivating and reaping, his field will produce larger crops than his slovenly or ignorant neighbor. The object lesson has its certain result. The peasants are gradually adopting the four-field culture system, viz., fallow, winter crops, pastures and summer crops. Besides these, Russia sustains sixty-eight agricultural schools, containing 3,157 pupils, at a cost of \$403,500, of which sum the Government pays \$277,500, and the local "zemstvos" (societies) or the school founders pay \$136,000.

In France thirty agricultural laboratories throughout the country furnish analyses of soils and manures for the help of cultivators, and 3,362 trial fields are established where farmers can profit by experiments suitable to their own districts. The special farm schools number sixteen; practical schools of agriculture, thirty-nine; national schools of agriculture and horticulture, six; three veterinary schools; and one each, bearing the name of National Agronomic Institute, is a shepherd school, of agriculture and horticulture, six; three veterinary are no less than 160 departments and chairs of agriculture for students of profoundest research. All this costs the departments alone over 4,504,050 francs per annum.

In Germany agricultural education has so broadened out as to include training in every technical part of a farmer's work—culture of forests, fruits, flowers and vines; schools to teach wine,

cider and beer making, machine repairing, engine running, barn construction and surveying; knowledge of poultry, bees and silkworm raising; domestic economy, sewing and accounts for farm women—all in addition to the long scientific courses of study and years of practical work on an established farm. Verily, the country that excels Germany in training agriculturists must be "par excellence" in its methods. A special feature of agricultural teaching is the traveling professor ("Wanderlehrer"). United States Consul Monaghan enthusiastically describes him: "These teachers, supported partly by the State and by agricultural unions, go from place to place . . . and lecture on agricultural and horticultural subjects. Their purpose is to lift up and enoble agricultural life; to afford the farmer the knowledge gleaned by science since he left the school; to impart to him the best methods of selecting soils, fertilizers, cattle, trees, etc.; to teach him how to use his lands to best advantage, to graft, to breed in; to get the best, quickest and most profitable results. These teachers are skilled scientists, practical workers, not theorists, . . . perfectly familiar with the wants and needs of their districts. Armed with this knowledge, the teacher's usefulness is certain and unlimited. When he speaks his voice is that of one in authority, it is heeded. . . . He is a walking encyclopedia of knowledge, especially of knowledge pertaining to the woods, hills, farms and fields."

Austria has, like Germany, a system of agricultural and forestry schools in three grades, viz., superior, middle and lower. Its oldest school of superior grade was established in 1799 at Krumman. Similar schools existed later at Grätz, Trieste, Lemberg, Trutsch and Altenburg. The latter is especially complete in every appliance for instruction, and well patronized. The middle schools provide two-year courses of study and practice, and are located at Grossan, Kreutz, Dublany and other points, while the lower schools incline less to study and more to lectures and farm practice. They are located in the provinces of Bohemia, Styria, Galicia and Carinthia.

Switzerland was the home of the philanthropist and educator Fellenburg. His school, established at Hopyl in 1806, was a philanthropy in aid of the peasantry, concerning whom he said that possessing nothing but bodies and minds, the cultivation of these was the only antidote for their poverty. At least three thousand pupils received their education in agriculture here. The Federal Polytechnic School at Zurich is the nation's pride. Out of six courses of superior training which it provides for its one thousand students, forestry and agriculture count as two.

The little kingdoms of Belgium and Holland are following hard upon the tracks of their powerful neighbors. In Belgium may be found superior institutions of agriculture, horticulture, veterinary science, and forestry at Gembloux, Vilvorde, Cureghem and Bouillon respectively. In Holland, whose people robbed the sea to obtain lands for farms and homes, about £71,500 were expended by the State on its agricultural department in 1897. Its first school, established by a communal society at Hären in 1842, was discontinued. The state in 1876

adopted the school of agriculture which has been established at Wageningen as its own, and this institution can fairly lay claim to equality with any in Europe. Government also supports the State Veterinary College at Utrecht, and subsidizes a school of forestry and several dairy schools.

Italy has not made such progress in agricultural education as her northern neighbors, yet she is not indifferent to the requirements of the times. She has a most unique scheme for Government superintendence of agricultural matters. All comes under the purview of a general Director of Agriculture, assisted by a Council for Agricultural Instruction, which latter was established by royal decree in 1885, and reorganized in 1887. Four divisions of the department exist—agriculture proper, zoötechny, forestry and agricultural hydraulics. Statistics are not easily procured, but recent catalogues show that the two Royal Superior Schools of Agriculture, located respectively at Milan and Portici, are institutions of which any country might be proud.

Much cannot be said in praise of agricultural education in Spain. That country possesses the machinery for education of the higher grades, but through her seven distinctly agricultural colleges, located at Madrid, Saragossa, Barcelona, Corunna, Valencia, Caceres and Jerez, she seems only to have obtained men for Government service at home or abroad. Spain expended in 1896 on agricultural education the sum of £58,460. It is said that Portugal also possesses seven agricultural schools.

Concerning Greece and the smaller kingdoms in southeastern Europe, together with the land of the Turk, not much to the encouragement of the scientific agriculturist can be said; but turning northward across Europe to the Scandinavian countries quite a different state of things becomes apparent. At once we find that the system of agricultural education is highly developed, and in some phases is not surpassed by other countries. Immediately we are in a network of dairy schools, experiment stations, chemical and seed-control stations, agricultural societies, colleges and universities. Here we find five institutions all under royal patronage and State support. In Norway is the Higher Agricultural School at Aas, established in 1859. In Sweden stands the Agricultural Institute at Ultuna, established in 1849, and the Alnarp Agricultural and Dairy Institute, established in 1862. In Denmark is the Royal Veterinary and Agricultural College at Copenhagen, established in 1773 as a veterinary college. In Finland the Mustiala Agricultural and Dairy Institute, established in 1840. In these four small States there exist agricultural, horticultural, forestry and dairy schools of all grades to the number of one hundred and fifty-nine. Education in agriculture is not attempted in the primary public schools of Norway or in any of these Scandinavian countries, but agricultural elementary instruction is begun in what other continental countries would call secondary schools, and is provided for persons intending to be farmers and who are eighteen years of age and older. Norway spent on elementary agricultural education in secondary schools, in 1895-96, the sum of \$31,182, and Finland more than doubled that sum.

TABLE TALK: CONCERNING EATING AND DRINKING

The Early Art of Cookery in England and France.....Quarterly Review

In the dark night that settled upon Europe previously to the dawn of the Renaissance, as the Church was the refuge of the helpless, so she was the solitary retreat of the arts. The lamp of letters burned dimly in the convents, throwing fitful flashes through the pervading gloom. Sculpture and painting had alike retrograded; but gastronomy suffered less than its aesthetic sisters. The kitchen fires were always blazing; the tables in the refectories were liberally supplied. The monks extended their domains and enlarged their buildings. Their fish ponds were rarely dragged except by themselves; they might hope to reap where they sowed, and their flocks and herds were seldom driven. The head of such wealthy communities as Citeaux, Cluny or Saint Bénigne of Dijon, with a treasury far better filled than that of his sovereign or the Emperor, prided himself on the exercise of a magnificent hospitality. Cluny, on one memorable occasion, as the chroniclers tell us, entertained the Pope, the King of France, and many princes of the blood with their suites, without disturbing its domestic arrangements. But monasteries in less favored regions than Burgundy maintained the saintly reputation for fair welcome and good living till the eve of the French Revolution, which, turning the genial fathers adrift, condemned them to apostolic poverty. Brillat-Savarin has recorded with grateful animation a visit he paid with a party of friends to the Bernardine Abbey of Saint-Sulpice, situated 5,000 feet above the sea line, and surrounded by storm-swept desolation. Seldom, even when shooting in the American backwoods, had the connoisseur of the Parisian restaurants so rare a chance, and he made the most of his opportunities and a mountain appetite. A Homeric breakfast was a worthy prelude to a dinner where, after a long succession of courses, all sorts of fruits, brought from a distance, figured at dessert. Supper succeeded, after vespers, in due course; the abbot had discreetly retired, leaving the brethren license which they used or abused; the winecup went round with jest and song; and then came a grand bowl of blazing punch, with a Gargantuan and conventional equivalent for broiled bones.

The English and all the greater Scottish abbeys were also richly endowed. Cookery had every encouragement under the benignant rule of such large-minded prelates as Scott's Aymer of Jorvaux or Boniface of Kennaquhair. Talent was sought out and genius was fostered. The favored "élèves" of the monastic schools had opportunities and advantages denied to their lay confrères. They studied in seclusion and worked in peace. Leisure, calm meditation and an unruffled mind are essential to the practice of the higher art. The storm of civil broils might be raging without, but the kitchener cared nothing for it as he stooped over his stewpans. Nor did anything give a greater impulse to ingenious dining in that barbarous age than the austerities prescribed by the Church. On the Fridays, when the flesh was to be mortified, and in the prolonged fasting of Lent, the artists ex-

hausted invention in their "soupes maigres" and other light Lenten dishes; and to do them justice we must remember the difficulties with which they had to contend, for there was a lamentable lack of vegetables.

In fact, it may be safely inferred that down to the dissolution of the monasteries the higher cookery was never a lost art in England. It came with the Conquest, and was fostered by the clergy. Indeed, it may be doubted whether the England of the Middle Ages did not compare favorably with either Italy or France, though, strange to say, there was a later time when Spain took the lead; the first treatise on culinary science was published at Madrid. Church property was confiscated; but the good works of the fathers survived in the colleges, which more or less took over monastic traditions along with monastic property. In the universities, high days and holidays were religiously and festively observed. Orthodoxy was identified with generous fare; sound doctrine came to be synonymous with strong heads and imperturbable digestions. But the Protestantism which had revolted against the ritual of Rome discarded the refinements of its tables. The college cooks were a class by themselves, and gravity was the characteristic of their handiwork. They shared the insular antipathy to the entrées they contemptuously denominated kick-shaws. A striking passage in Michelet throws philosophical light on the prejudices which handicapped their undeniable merits. Contrasting the French and English soldiers of the Plantagenet wars, he describes England as a manufactory of meat. From time immemorial a nation of cattle-breeders had been nourished upon animal food, till with full feeding it grew gluttonous and wasteful. There is much of truth in that, and the careless abuse of the best material in the world has undoubtedly been disastrous to the national cookery. The colleges set the fashion with a false gastronomic ideal. They formed the tastes of the landed gentry and pluralist divines, who deemed they had done their duty to themselves and their guests when their tables were groaning under saddles and sirloins.

But the Revolution in France proved the regeneration of England, and a new era began under French influences with the emigration of the nobles and their chefs. Since the allied sovereigns were entertained at the grand banquet at Devonshire House, and Lord Alvanley won the wager of a free dinner at White's by devising the most expensive of the competing menus, the science of cooking has continued to shine with ever-increasing lustre. Victor Hugo, in his rhapsodical vein, has sung the praises of Paris as the beacon-light of the universe. Had he confined himself to asserting its supremacy in cookery, no one could have disputed his thesis. As the radiating centre of culinary genius, Paris is the cosmopolitan Pole-star—so much so that it has become an article of popular faith that every Frenchman has intuitive talent for the kitchen. We are rather inclined to believe that his undeniable skill and resource come of evolution and the force

of circumstances. French and English started fair in the Darker Ages; but the English, safe from invasion after the Conquest, even through the ferment of their civil strife, lived in tolerable plenty. On the other hand, distracted France was frequently reduced to extremity of famine. It is impossible to exaggerate the misery of the lower orders under the exactions of the crown and the barons, when the land was being ravaged by Shearers and Flayers. Dire necessity was the mother of strange resource; the starved peasant took to dressing snakes and frogs, snails and beetles; for his pot-herbs he gathered docks and nettles from the ditches; he scrambled for acorns and beech-mast with the swine of his "seigneur," and threw scruples to the winds. Everywhere the rustic was learning the first principles of cookery in the hardest of schools, and the burghers in the cities, constantly besieged, enjoyed almost equal advantages. They made "salmis" of rats, and "fricassées" of mice; they feasted on horses, cats and dogs; they became experts in the manipulation of carrion. When in more tranquil times the great nobles kept princely households, the lucrative and honorable career of the professed cook opened new and hitherto unknown potentialities to undeveloped talent.

It is interesting to note the almost identical effect of similar influences north of the Tweed. Scotland was naturally a poor country, exposed to frequent invasion and distracted by feudal wars; yet, thanks to its associations with France, Scotland developed a culinary system of its own, infinitely superior in breadth, conception and originality to that of its more favored southern enemy. Its very barrenness and savagery gave it advantages. The crops might be fired and the cattle driven from the straths. But there were deer and black bullocks on the hills; the bruns swarmed with trout, and the rivers with salmon. There were muirfowl on every heath; there were wildfowl on every tarn and sea-loch. The French came to teach the Scot how to dress these delicacies. We can still trace the French influences in the nomenclature. The "gigot" of mutton is served on an "ashet," and the haggis, the national dish "par excellence," is simply the old French "hachis." There was profusion of game and fish, but in everything else severe economy was to be practised. The sheep's head, which elsewhere is thrown to the dogs, became a national dainty. The stomach was utilized to contain the haggis, a primitive receptacle for rich materials, among which the pluck and the liver played important parts. Even the blood was mingled with toasted oatmeal to make such savory black and white puddings as Caleb Balderstone carried off in triumph when he descended on the coopers' christening feast. But perhaps the most notable achievement of resourceful frugality was the cock-a-leekie, when leeks and kale were the only vegetables, and even onions were imported from Holland. It was the poverty and not the will of the Scots that consented to these compromises. When rents went up and stall-feeding came in, when vegetables of every kind became common, then the immemorial hospitality was more lavishly displayed, and they made the reputation for soups and side dishes, in which they have only been surpassed by the French. Taking

the Scotch cuisine seriously, there is no safer authority than *The Cook and Housewife's Manual*, by Mistress Meg Dodds. It was written by Mrs. Johnston, a novelist of some repute in her time; and, besides the sterling merit of the matter, it shows no little of the literary "verve" of Brillat-Savarin. There is plenty of good eating in the *Waverley* novels, but there is nothing more seductive in those immortal works than Mrs. Johnston's story of the institution of the Cleikum Club, and of Dr. Redgill's sumptuous entertainment by the crochety nabob at St. Ronan's.

Famous Dishes of London Inns.....London Daily Mail

It is not many years since practically every London tavern, with any pretensions at all, had its own special dish, upon whose excellence it prided itself, and to partake of which people often traveled considerable distances. Eel pies were once the great feature of the "duelists' breakfasts," served at the old Sluice House, near Finsbury Park; the necessary quantity of fish being regularly dredged up from the stream that used to run under the windows. The pies can still be had, but the eels are now obtained from a fishmonger, who carries on business in an adjoining thoroughfare. Rule's, in Maiden lane, is still famous for oyster patties, while in the Strand is Simpson's, noted for its fish dinners. This place was very popular in days gone by, and even now there are to be found certain old-fashioned bon vivants who swear by it. The guest pays a certain fixed sum and eats as much fish of as many different varieties as he may care for. The Daniel Lambert has been celebrated for its tripe suppers from time immemorial, and till quite recently brown stout, in tankards, used to be the only correct accompanying beverage. The Ship and Turtle, in Leadenhall street, is noted for three things—its turtle soup, its turbot and its Madeira. The first named is prepared after a recipe which has been in the possession of the hosts of the house for over a century. The only portions of the fish used, it appears, are the calipee, the calipash and the fins. These are stewed together for some time in a specially prepared stock, and the result is a peculiar gelatinous green liquor, which tastes of nothing in particular. To this foundation is added, however, at different times and in varying proportions, all-spice, majoran, thyme, whole pepper, salt, green basil, rue, flour, butter, parsley, a few small shallots, a half a bottle of Madeira, the juice of a large lemon and a stick of mace; with the result that a basin of the finished preparation is something to be supremely thankful for. Both the Cock and the Rainbow pride themselves on their chops. The former hostelry is by no means identical with the tavern immortalized by Tennyson in his *Will Waterproof*. That particular house stood on the opposite side of the street, and was of far less pretentious proportions. Besides its chops, the Rainbow boasts of a special dish, in the shape of a saddle of real Southdown mutton, which is wheeled up to the diner on a little movable table, in order that that individual may be able to direct the carver's attention to the particular tit-bits and slices he most fancies. The mutton is kept warm by means of water heated by a lamp attached to the table.

THE SKETCH BOOK: CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

Mickey in the Gods H. J. Higgins *New York Post*

Young Mickey leaned over the railing of the gallery, and said disgustedly, "Oh, dink it!" The lover, just returned from a long voyage that had left no marks either on his complexion or his new sailor suit, had gathered in the heroine with both arms and said, "My-y-y wi-i-ife," in a voice that ran an arpeggio of emotion. She had lifted a smile to him, and answered "My-y-y husband." Then he pressed her cheek against a clean shave. And Mickey said, "Oh, dink it!"

Behind him, the gallery rose in row on row of listless faces, strangely pale in the darkness, with the light from the stage reflected on them. A squirming and shuffling in the seats replied to Mickey's own uneasiness. There was a murmur of dissatisfaction. This sentimentality did not appeal to the "gods." It was dead slow. You must understand that to Mickey and many of his fellows an ascension into this gallery was the blissful reward of a week of self-denial. The seats were hard and one's legs were cramped. The hot air stuck in the throat. The odors were terrific. But these discomforts of the body are not noticed when the mind is occupied with the dazzling glory of the footlights. For a week past, Mickey had saved up his money, and to-night, bold with pleasurable anticipations, had escaped from the parental jurisdiction, had squandered fifteen cents at the gates of Paradise, and fought his way into a front seat among the blessed. He expected to be properly punished when he went home at midnight. But he had expected to go to bed with a joyful soul in a smarting body. Now it seemed that there would be no shuddering remembrances of murder and sudden death to salve his aches. Mickey snorted disgustedly at that scene of true love and all tenderness. "Listen to them," he whined, "just talkin' to theyselves."

What Mickey wished, what they all wished, was a "strenuous" action. They got it in the next scene, when the villain, attempting to interfere between the sailor and his wife, got an upper cut in the chin that lifted him a yard across the stage and left him snarling like a kicked cur in the corner. Mickey crowed and cackled. The gallery roared over the bruised wretch. "Did you see'm jab'm?" They laughed at his impotent threats. They knew he would be put out of business in the last act.

After that the atmosphere was electric with laughter. The comic man discovered unexpected powers as a mesmerist. He could not only mesmerize and hypnotize a whole man, but he could paralyze a single arm or leg by merely drawing his fingers down the limb and waving a hand over it. He put the tyrannical father into the most ridiculous postures, with useless arms stiffened and outstretched, and made love to the daughter under his indignant nose. Mickey tittered, giggled, shook and screamed with laughter. The villain got another excruciating punch in the eye. A half-dozen plots of love and secret marriage, robbery and pursuit, tangled themselves inextricably together, with every knot a tableau. So, when the curtain fell upon the act, the villain had already sworn thrice to find revenge, the captain of the gang had under-

taken a dangerous robbery, the sailor's young wife was coveted by a blackleg because he had discovered a will by which she was made the heiress of a forgotten fortune, and the comic man had developed an ability for being always in the wrong place at the right moment to frustrate villainy and rescue virtue. Mickey gazed at the curtain and gloated over the recollection of it all.

Even a five-act avenue drama must come to an end, though, happily, before it ended Mickey had been dazed and glutted with emotion. He had feasted his eyes upon the mystery of the robbers' hiding place in the woods, where the trees were all painted in a tint of misty blue most beautiful. He had shivered in the gloom of their underground retreat in Paris, where never a door was opened except with an appalling rattle of bolts and chains. He had looked upon the furniture in the secret office of the Chief of Police, and his hair had stirred upon his head when he recognized the bold captain disguised as a gendarme entering that lion's den. There was a struggle between the Herculean outlaw and five gendarmes who strove in vain to handcuff him. There was another when he escaped from his dungeon cell with a revolver and a pocket file, having first shot his guards with a blank cartridge and startled Mickey so badly with the explosion that he bit his tongue. Finally there was the captain's revenge upon the traitorous villain, who had betrayed him. "'Tis midnight," he hissed. "'Tis midnight, and vengeance is mine!" Those were the last words he spoke to Mickey, because he had been shot exactly in the heart, as you could see from the red on his shirt bosom. He died with his face to the audience, and the curtain fell.

Mickey did not move until some one butted him in the side with an impatient knee and asked him if he was asleep. He was shoved along with the crowd, and floated down the stairs to the chill air of the streets, still half stupid. When his mother reached out a brawny arm to his collar and screamed, "Now, whur've ye been?" he awoke to the fact that he had not prepared a proper answer. He looked at her and said, "Gee!" surprised to find himself in common flesh and still subject to maternal authority. An hour later he had forgotten his painful reception, throttling a damp pillow in his sleep with an exultant, "'Tis midnight—an' vengeance is mine!"

Mrs. Casey's Stove *Chicago Chronicle*

"We put up the stove last Thursday," said Casey, with a reminiscent sigh.

"What stove?" asked the copper on the beat, stirring his warm one that the sugar might dissolve more readily.

"The rusty one over at the house," said Casey. "It's been down cellar since last May, and, as usual, Mrs. Casey forgot to wrap a bit of carpet around it when we put it away, and it was a sight with the rust when we dug it out th' other day."

"Why didn't you wrap some carpet around it when you put it away?" asked the reporter. "Is it Mrs. Casey's stove?"

The proprietor of the place honored the reporter with a look of supreme disgust for this suggestion and went on with his story.

"It's one of these great, big nickel-plated affairs, about as big as a grain elevator, and it usually takes about six men to handle it. When we took it down-stairs in the spring my brother-in-law was stopping with us, and he gave us a hand with it, as well as Tom Hickey, that lives next door to me; but when we come to drag it up to the parlor again this week, I was all alone. Hickey was downtown and my brother-in-law is gone west, and Mrs. Casey decided that stove must be put up Thursday. She wouldn't listen to reason. I tried to show her that I could get Hickey and his son to help me if she'd wait until night, but she said she'd get her death of cold if she didn't have a fire in the house that day, and if I didn't carry the stove up it would be all my fault. When I told her the stove was heavy she said I ought to be ashamed; that I wasn't much of a man if I couldn't do a bit of a job like that and—well, I went at it.

"We went down in the cellar and took a look at it. It looked bigger than ever, and I guessed it must weigh about 600 pounds.

"Can you tackle one end of that and carry it upstairs?" I says to the head of the house.

"I can that," says she, "and I'll get my end upstairs before you do yours." Well, I wasn't so sure but that was true, for I was feeling none too strong when I put one arm around the waist of that base-burner and began to wrassle with it. I tipped it over half way and called Mrs. Casey to take the top of the stove, because it was the lightest end, I thought. She told me afterward she was sure I gave her that end because she would have to back up the stairs, while I walked up nice and easy for myself."

"I wouldn't be surprised if there was something in that," said the medical student, winking at the policeman; "what do you think of a man that will play a trick like that on his wife?"

"No, it wasn't that," said Casey; "but maybe 'twould have been better, after all, if I had let her have the lower end, as it turned out. When she had a good grip on it we both gave a heave and lifted the stove. We didn't hold it in the air very long. We were just hefting it to see what we would have to tackle.

"Can you manage it?" I says to Mrs. Casey. "Easy," says she. "All right," says I, "come on, then." With that we gave another heave at the thing and began to walk toward the stairs. I had the heavy end of it, you know, and 'twas cutting through my hands, but I held on like grim death till we went up two steps of the stairs, and then Mrs. Casey yelled, "Hold on a minute." "I am holding on," says I, "and if you don't hold on you're likely to be a widow to-night." "Wait," says she, "till I rest a bit." We set the stove on the third step and rested. Then it was Mrs. Casey discovered she would have to back up the stairs, and she wanted to know why I had dug the cellar so deep that it took fifteen steps to get out of it.

"You're lucky," says I, "that we don't live on the third floor like the Mullins do," says I, "or you never would have a fire this winter." With that she

grabbed hold of the stove again and we heaved it up four more steps and then she let go. But she didn't take the time or trouble this time to tell me first. She's been trying to explain ever since how it was she forgot to speak to me about it, but, however it was, she let go just as I was taking an awful heave at the stove. It passed me somehow on the stairs. I'll never know how, but it didn't take me back to the cellar with it when it went. There was just room enough between the stove and the wall for me to stand, and I filled all the room when the stove went by. I took one look up at her, but she hadn't a word to say. She turned around and walked upstairs into the house, and I went over to Kelly's and told him to send four men over to put up my stove."

The Last of the Post-Boys. S. Baring-Gould, M.A. Sunday Magazine

George Spurle had begun life as a little urchin perched on the back of the wagon horse that had brought in the wheat and harvest, and this had so raised his ambition that nothing would content the child but becoming a post-boy. The scarlet of the Queen's livery presented no attraction to him, nor the blue jacket of the navy. Nothing would do but the stable, with the anticipation of at some time wearing the yellow jacket and white beaver.

When not in the stable he was to be found in the bar, where he told many a yarn. . . . "Were you ever robbed on the road, George?"

"I've been stopped, but on that occasion things didn't turn out as was intended."

"How so?"

"I'll just tell'y, gentlemen. There was some bullion to be sent up to London from India. It had been landed at Falmouth. Now the authorities had some suspicion, and so they didn't send it the way as was intended. I had orders quite independent—I knew nothing about it—to go to Chudleigh. I reckon there was a gentleman there as wanted me to drive him across the moors to Tavistock, and he knew he could rely on me. He was to start early in the morning, so I drove in the direction in the evening before with a close conveyance, as I knew there might be rough weather and rain next day going over the moors.

"I hadn't got half-way when I was stopped by a man on horseback with his face blackened. He held a pistol, and leveled it at my head. I had no mind to be shot, so I pulled up. In a rough voice he asked me who was in the chaise. 'No one,' said I. 'But there is something,' said he. 'Nothing in the world but cushions,' I replied. 'Get down, you rascal,' he ordered. 'You hold my horse while I search the chaise.' 'I'm at your service,' said I; and I took his horse by the bridle, and as I passed my hand along I felt that there were saddle-bags. Well, that highwayman opened the chaise door and went in to overhaul everything. I had made up my mind what to do. So while he was thus engaged I undid the traces of my 'osses with one hand, holding the highwayman's 'oss with the other.

"Presently he put his head out, and said, 'There is nothing within; I must search behind.' 'Search where you will,' said I; 'you've plenty o' time at your disposal.' And so saying I leaped into his saddle. Then I shouted, 'Gee up and along, Beauty

and Jolly Boy!" and struck spurs into the flanks of the horse, and away I galloped on his steed, with my two chaise horses galloping after me, and we never stayed till we came to Chudleigh."

"And the saddle-bags?"

"There was a lot of money in them; but there's my luck. That fellow had robbed a serge-maker the same night, and this serge-maker came and claimed it all."

"But you were handsomely rewarded?"

"He gave me a guinea and the highwayman's 'oss, and that same 'oss is the old gray mare, gentlemen, as folks ha' laughed at me for weeping over when she were hanged. Now it is a coorious circumstance that, so far as I know, that there highwayman went scot-free to his grave, and the poor innocent gray were hanged."

George Spurle lived to an advanced age, but he was one of those men whose age it is hard to determine. His face was always keen and his eye bright; he had a ruddy cheek, was always closely shaven, and his gray hair cut short. Till he died he drove a conveyance belonging to the inn; he could not be induced to drive the 'bus to the station. To that, "No, sir!" he said, "an old post-boy can't go to that. There be stations and callin's, and the station and callin' of a post-boy is one thing, and the station and callin' of a 'busman is another. You can't pass from the one to the other." He fell ill very suddenly, and died almost before any one in the town, where he was well known, suspected that he was in danger. But he had no doubt in his own mind that his sickness would end fatally, and he asked to see the landlady of the inn.

"Beg pardon, ma'am," he said from his bed, touching his forelock, "very sorry I han't shaved for two days, and you should see me thus; but please, ma'am, if it's no offence, be you wantin' that there yellow jacket any more? It seems to me post-boys is gone out altogether." "No, George, I certainly do not want it."

"Nor these? You'll understand me, ma'am, if I don't mention 'em." "No, George. What can you require them for?"

"Nor that there old white beaver? I did my best, but it is a bit rubbed." "I certainly do not need it."

"Thank y', ma'am. Then I make so bold might I be buried in 'em as the last of the old post-boys?"

His Gal.....Owen Mossburn.....St. Paul's

They sat shivering on a doorstep. He, blowing warm breaths on to his blue fingers through his chattering teeth; and she, with a hungry look in her large, saucer-like eyes, was counting out the day's earnings into her tattered pinafore.

She was his "gal," and they were "walking out."

She was ten years old and he was twelve; but what did that matter? Somebody to love, and somebody to be loved by—that was everything.

"An' if I tak 'ome less nor eight coppers, Poll—wall, I'd risk licking for thee any time, my gal, but I be that sore from last night!"

And Tim's face puckered up into a comically sage and thoughtful expression.

"An' if I tak 'ome less nor six 'browns,'" sadly added Pollie, "wall, I shouldn't dare go 'ome at all—that's flat!"

"Pease-puddin'—it is good," murmured Tim, reflectively.

And then there was silence for a few moments between the two. The noisy traffic went hurrying by, men and women, too, with the cares of the universe in their eyes—some glad, some sad, all busy.

"Pease-puddin'," repeated Pollie at length, softly. "Yes—and I be hungry!"

Tim sprang to his feet.

"See thee here, lass!" he cried. "In 'alf an 'our we'll come back to this 'ere doorstep, an' if neither of us 'ave picked up some coppers by then—wall—"

So Tim went turning catherine-wheels, and Pollie, with the faded remnants of her day's merchandise, mingled with the crowd, and pleaded for "browns" in exchange for her violets.

When the big clock, high up in the church steeple, struck the half hour, Tim, still turning catherine-wheels, arrived back upon the doorstep. His face was red—he was beginning to feel a trifle dizzy, but what did that matter? What did anything matter? He had secured three "browns"—his "gal" loved him, and was hungry. The world was a glorious place to-night.

He sat down and waited; he sat cross-legged so as to keep his toes warm. It is wonderful how painful one's toes become on a cold night when one has to go bare-footed. But Tim was thinking of Pollie, and scarcely knew that it was cold.

"I'll let her think as 'ow I've got four browns," he soliloquized. "Cause then she can 'ave her two-penorth o' pease-puddin', and be quite comfortable in her mind loike, elseways she'd be wanting to share and share alike. Bless her!"

Then he blew on his fingers again, and whistled cheerfully. Pollie was very late.

Tim grew hungry, and just a little bit anxious. The clock struck the quarter. He turned a few catherine-wheels just to keep warm. Pollie was evidently making great efforts to secure some "browns." How pleased she would be to find he'd got some!

So Tim sat and waited. He turned catherine-wheels, and waited. He made plans as to how he should divide the three "browns," and waited. He thought of Pollie, and smiled and still waited.

Just round the corner stood the man and the cart with the pease-pudding. On a little three-legged stool sat Pollie, and on the ground close by squatted a little boy.

"Pease-puddin' is good," she murmured.

"It be," returned the boy, with his mouth full of the delicious compound.

"If I'd not bin sharp," reflectively continued Pollie, "I'd 'ave 'ad to share my pease-puddin' with Tim Mahony. We was to 'ave 'ad supper together, but he never gets no 'browns' so I just giv 'im the slip."

"Ye'd best come along o' me," tentatively invited the other boy. "I'm tired of Sal—if you'll be my gal we'll 'ave another go at pease-puddin' and I'll pay."

Pollie nodded her head.

Tim may be waiting on the doorstep still for all I know.

IN DIALECT: SELECTIONS OF CHARACTER VERSE

The Parson's Turkey.....*Atlanta Constitution*

De parson say: "Dat turkey
De bes' I ever see!
I wonder whar dey kotched it,
En whar de roos' kin be?

"I foun' him on de do-step
A-shiverin' in de storm;
I fotched him ter de fire,
En put him on ter warm!

"En den, I git so drowsy,
I noddin' up en down,
En w'en I waked, de fire
Had cooked dat turkey brown!"

Dat way he tole de story,
W'en sudden on de do'
Dey come a mighty knockin'
Dat almos' shuck de flo'!

De parson stomped de fire—
He foot wuz fire-proof—
En den clumb up de chimblly
En crawl out on de roof!

De sheriff say: "Dat turkey
De bes' I ever see!
I know des whar he kotched him—
He gwine home wid me!"

Over There in Kansas.....*Cawker City Ledger*

Just a-haulin' out the stuff
From the plains o' Kansas.
Railroads can't get cars enough
For to empty Kansas.
Ought to see the farmers grin,
Stroke the lilacs on their chin,
As the cash comes rollin' in,
Over there in Kansas.

Women singin' songs o' glee
'Bout ol' fruitful Kansas;
Babies crowin' merrily
Everywhere in Kansas;
Perty girls a-buyin' clothes,
Togglin' out from head to toes,
Style? You bet your life she goes,
Over there in Kansas.

When the cares o' day is done,
On the plains o' Kansas,
An' the kids begin to yawn,
Sleepy life in Kansas.
Farmer wipes his glasses blurred,
Reads a chapter o' the Word,
Then kneels down an' thanks the Lord
That he lives in Kansas.

An Autumn Lullaby.....*Frank B. Covington*.....*The State*

Go ter sleep, yo' li'l black thing;
Swing high dar, lo' yo' swing;
Lis'en to yo' mammie sing—
By-O-bye.

Chickens in de ba'n ya'd cluck;
Birds dèr summe' wings hab tuck;
De yelle' co'n am in de shuck—
By-O-bye.

Pappy's in de cotton row,
Thinkin' ob his baby sho'!
Swing high dar, swing yo' low—
By-O-bye.

Autumn's painted summe's leabes
Red and yaller—de win' griebes;
White man's gaderin' in de sheabes—
By-O-bye.

Soon de fros' 'ill paint de groun';
Kill de flowe's all aroun'—
Go ter sleep an' sleep yo' soun'—
By-O-bye.

An' de fros' 'ill bring de snow,
Den dat winte's come you'll know—
Swing high dar, swing yo' low—
By-O-bye.

Almos' think an' it do seem
Dat yo's floatin' on er stream
Dat runs to er baby dream—
By-O-bye.

Fol' yo' han's an' drif' erway
Inter dreamlan's happy play —
Yo' can hea' yo' mammie say—
By-O-bye.

Potent Argument.....*Washington Star*

The kid was in the cradle, smilin', placid an' content,
When I set out to tell his mother 'bout the gover'ment.
I thought 'twould be a right good plan to talk 'em over
then,
An' git my theories straightened, 'fore I told my fellow-

men
Jes' what the difficulty was, jes' why the times was hard;
Why some could live in luxury an' all the rest was barred.
I was jes' a-gettin' started, tellin' what they'd orter do
To bust the tyrant's shackles, when the baby says, "Ah
goo!"

Then mother hurried from her chair, as pleased as she
could be.

"Jes' listen to the child! He's goin' fur to talk!" says she.
An' I stood there a-watchin' smiles an' dimples swift at
play—

'Twas half an hour before my speech once more got
under way;
But I was soon warmed up ag'in; I laid the law down flat.
An' mother said I told it mighty eloquent an' pat.
I made some propositions which was absolutely new,
An' started in to prove 'em, when the baby said, "Ah goo!"

I had to stop an' listen an' to hold 'im in my arms.
We wouldn't trade his laughin' fur a planet full o' farms.
I told him all about it, an' he slowly blinked his eyes,
The same as growed-up people when they're tryin' to look
wise.

An' when I spoke about the wrongs which are a-holdin'
sway,

He shet his little fist up in a very threatenin' way;
An' then he seemed to think that he was in the confab too;
He put his little hands up to my face an' said, "Ah goo!"

An' mother says, "I sometimes fear your philanthropic
dreams

Is interferin' slightly with our more immediate schemes.
The boy will need a lot o' things; a baby's boun' to grow;
He's more to us than all the human race." Says I, "That's
so."

I've settled down to business. I don't lecture any more.
I s'pose the same thing's happened lots an' lots o' times
before.

There's been tremenjus projeks that has never got put
through,
An' all because some baby in his home jes' said, "Ah goo."

Jean Baptiste Paquette.....J. H. M.*Victoria, B. C., Times*

My name ees Jean Ba'tees Paquette,
I live near h'Ottawa.
If I was marry? Well, you bet
Ole Jules Lablanche of Calumet
Ees my papa-een-law.

One year ago las' Mardi Gras,
I'm marry Rosalie;
And now I'm fader; oui, mon gar;
It makes feel good for be papa,
Wid leetle small babee.

It's boy or girl, you wan' to know?
Well, wait, and I will tell;
Hit come 'bout five, six mont' ago.
My wife get sick, and I was go
For bring Docteur Labelle.

Bellemère Lablanche, she's livin' dere,
So when that docteur come,
She say, "Batees, you keep downstair!"
I say, "Batees, prends donc un verre,
'Ski Blanc avec du gomme."

I make myself a leetle drink,
And den I say, "Mon vieux,
You goin' to be a fader soon, I tink.
You like hit?" Den I make a vink,
And say, "Bullee for you."

Den by en by I'm not so glad,
I tink, "Poor Rosalie,
May be she's feelin' pretty bad;
May be she die." Dat make me sad;
Perhaps I'll go and see.

I go so quiet to de stair,
And den I call "Docteur!"
He say, "You get away from dere,"
And den, "Tais toi," says my Bellemère,
"You can't keep still for sure."

Den I sit an' feel so triste,
Till some one laughs en haut;
Dat sound hall right; I say, "Batees,
You'll like some whiskey, just de leaste
Small drop for luck, you know."

I drink myself a bon santé,
"Batees, I wish you joy;"
And den I hear de docteur say,
"Hullo, Paquette; I t'ink he'll weigh
Ten pounds, dis leetle boy."

I feel so glad I jump dat high,
I go for run upstairs,
De docteur see me come, and cry,
"Hole on, I'll call you by-en-by;
De room ain't quite prepare."

To wait dis time was much de worst;
I'm feelin' pretty queer;
I say, "Batees, you've got a thirst
For drink to Jules Paquette de First,
He don't come every year."

I drink his healt' and den I cry—
Dat make you laugh to see?
And me, I laugh, and wipe my eye,
I wash my face and t'ink I'll try
For go see Rosalie.

I fix up clean, I brush my hair.
Give my moostash a curl,
And when I jus' was reach de stair,
De docteur shout: "Paquette, you dere?
Here come a ten-pound girl!"

I jump dat high; I'm scared, you know;
I'm stan' dere in de hall,
Den call, "Docteur!" He say "Hello!"
I say, "Docteur!" He say "Hello!"
You tink dat dat is all?"

He laugh like anything an' say,
"How many more you want?
I guess dat's all you have to-day;
You wan' to see de family, heh?
Dis way, den, en avant!"

* * * * *
I'm glad to see dem hall, you bet.
I say to Rosalie:
"Dat's splendid babies, Ma'am Paquette,
I can't spare one of dem, and yet
I'm glad you don't have t'reel!"

Blarney.....*London Sporting Times*
If you're going for amusement, if you're wheeling for a
fight,

If the trimming of your pleasure should be vi'lence,
The shillelagh is an argument for proving you are right,
Or producing the consint that comes from silence.
But all cratures who are married will, I think, this fact
allow,
You may sometimes have to play a game of barney,
When the very surest instrument for finishing a row
Is a little tricky, coaxing bit of blarney.

All our Irish legislators they have found out purty quick
There arises very often an occasion
When the blackthorn, though its pow'rful, is no aqual for
stick
Which is mostly formed of blather and persuasion.
With that fistful of delusion, you an Irishman may back
Right away from Giant's Causeway to Killarney.
I've seen Gerald's British cudgel, though it's splendid for
attack,
Simply squandered by a little bit of Blarney.

There is Kittie, purty Kittie, who is bothersome and gay;
Kittie looks upon flirtation as her duty.
And her manner's all "Come hither," though her lips say
"Go away,"
She is brimfull of contrariness and beauty.
But the thieves who steal all common sense from able-
bodied men,
Are the two eyes in the head of Kittie Kearney,
And the bravest, biggest, cleverest are foolish creatures
when
Her true ally is a little bit of Blarney.

So play up the groves f Blarney, for that tune creation
flogs,
And I state a fact, there is no need to preach it;
If you want to learn the art of talking hind legs off the
dogs,
It is that small town in Cork knows how to teach it.
No, it's not by cracking skulls that we our enemies will
face,
For we fear no foreign nations or their barney;
If we only hould our hould upon the birthright of our race,
They're not in it when we take on bits of Blarney.

Experience.....*Will T. Hale*.....*An Autumn Lane*
Been livin' sometime in a quiet sort o' way,
But somehow I've gathered a proverb or two:
Ef you'd save yourself trouble, I'd jest caution you,
Don't hear all the things that the other folks say.

Been livin' as well as a pore worm can live,
With a heart purty free from annoyance each day:
Ef you think that is well, then regard what I say,
Don't see all the slights that the other folks give.

UNUSUAL, GHOSTLY, SUPERSTITIOUS, QUEER

Nganga Nkissi, the Fetish Man.....Herbert Ward.....Cassell's Magazine

Ibenza is the name of the village, and it is situated in the heart of the great African forest, 1,500 miles from the sea coast. The population is small, for the native communities of this wild region are wanting in the elements of union. . . . The day dawns. Birds flutter and plume themselves in the tree-tops. Dark-skinned men and women slowly crawl from their tiny hovels, yawning and stretching themselves after their night's deep slumber. The morning mists disappear, and the village gradually becomes animated; children commence to gambol, and to shoot with their mimic bows and arrows at the prowling pariah dogs. Although the men whom we see indulge in but little clothing, and the same may be said for the women about them, these primitive people are by no means insensible to the charms of personal adornment. The hair and beard are either shaved or are braided into fantastic points; the body is anointed with powdered cam-wood and palm-oil, and certain pigments are freely used to paint decorative patterns on the face and limbs. When the sun is well above the horizon, rising in a cloudless sky, and commencing to shed a genial warmth upon the earth, all Nature wears a joyful aspect. Numbers of chirping, tiny birds, whose resplendent plumage glistens in the bright sunshine, suddenly appear from the gloomy forest and flit around the bushes in the native clearing. Large zephyr-winged butterflies, and others all gorgeous and radiant with brilliant color, soar gracefully above the refuse-heaps. The village scene is in striking contrast to these fairy-like surroundings; for the grass conical-shaped huts are still sodden with heavy night dew, the narrow paths are littered with dead leaves and rubbish, and the rude camp of the primitive forest-dwellers is in characteristic accord with the careless, unrestrained nature of its inhabitants. The morning meal of maize and half-smoked fish is followed by the departure of nearly all the women, who vanish in quest of food and firewood, and the general assembling of the men in front of the chief's hut to hold a palaver.

These palaver meetings are dear to all Central Africans. They take keen delight in oratory; for the power of public speaking may be said to constitute their one fine art; they talk fluently, and employ many metaphorical and flowery expressions. Possessing a natural gift of rude eloquence, which is greatly enhanced in effect by the soft inflections and the harmonious euphony of their language, they reason well, and display great aptitude for debate. The case before the court to-day consists of an inquiry into the death of a young slave girl who was recently seized by a crocodile while bathing in the river. About 200 men and boys, in semi-nakedness, seat themselves in a semicircle in front of their chief, a large-boned, truculent-looking man, with heavy iron anklets and bracelets, who sits cross-legged upon a leopard skin.

The former owner of the deceased slave steps forward; striking his spear, blade downward, in the ground in front of him, he produces in his right

hand a number of small pieces of split bamboo. Speaking fluently and with simple gesture, he caps each point of his oration by selecting one of his small sticks and placing it upon the ground. In brief, his speech relates first to his early life, and then in rotation he enumerates with a careless indifference to relevancy all the most memorable and favorable events of his own life, down to the time when he purchased the deceased slave. He then relates the history of the unfortunate slave girl's untimely end. "Death is not a natural event," he continues, in the flowing idiom of his language. "Some person with an evil heart has been in communication with the crocodile that deprived me of my slave. An evil spirit, born of envy or malice, has entered the soul of some person in this village, and has been communicated to the crocodile. It may even be that some revengeful man or woman has actually become transformed into the shape of a crocodile to do me harm. An evil spirit has been at work; and I call upon our Nganga, our wise and clever witch doctor, to seek it."

His speech is ended, and upon the ground at his feet lay the row of small sticks which have served as memoranda. No sooner has the first speech concluded than another man takes a different line of argument, and suggests that the slave girl had offended the great Evil Spirit, and that the angry "Ndoki" had sent his emissary, the crocodile, to punish her. Other men, with yet more strangely superstitious views, hasten to gain the attention of the company; the discussion becomes complicated, and voices become raised in anger. An imminent brawl is, however, diverted by the timely appearance of several women upon the scene carrying large earthenware jars of fermented sugarcane juice. The hubbub ceases; the natives, forgetful of their differences, crowd forward and drink the intoxicating liquid, and their voices assume a more friendly tone. The sun is now at its zenith, and the heat is intense. Suddenly all eyes are directed toward a forest path. A jingling of iron bells, a stamping of feet, and then from a cloud of dust there springs the grotesque figure of "Nganga Nkissi," the Fetish Man. Wildcat skins dangle from his waist. His eyelids are whitened with chalk. His body is smeared with the blood of a fresh-killed fowl. His feather headdress flutters as he dances. His charms and metal ornaments clank and jingle while he bounds and springs hither and thither like a harlequin. Wildly he dances, stamping his feet, and wriggling his body as though his waist was a hinge; the company, squatting round him in a circle, meanwhile chant a monotonous dirge, and clap their hands in unison.

At last, bathed in perspiration, dusty and bedraggled the "Fetish Man" halts. In dead silence, with high steps and swaying shoulders, he prances slowly around the company, directing searching looks into many faces. In a falsetto voice, still swaying his body, he states that he has come to seek an evil spirit. One person in the company is guilty of having taken the form of the crocodile to kill a female slave. "It is a woman," says he, with

a fiendish grin, changing the tone of his voice from shrill falsetto to deep bass. "A woman, who was envious of the good favor shown to the dead girl by her master." Stooping, with his ear to the ground, he carries on a mock conversation, pretending to consult with a spirit in the earth. Then rising, he walks with measured prancing steps in the direction of a poor, forlorn-looking woman. Pointing to her, in a sepulchral tone, he condemns her as being the guilty person. The wretched woman shrieks, springs to her feet and turns to flee. Too late. A spear instantly glistens in the air; it strikes her in the back, and she falls heavily to the ground with a moan. There is an uproar, and her body is dragged away towards the river, amid deafening yells and shouts. They rejoice, these ignorant people, that an evil spirit has been appeased!

Queer London Marriages.....Home Journal

"Marrying at second hand" is a curious custom which has lately come to light in that part of south London called Lambeth. It appears that the youth of that district believe that by "assisting" at a legitimate wedding ceremony, with the intent that they shall themselves be married—by silently following the responses and exchanging vows—they become united as legally and canonically as the parties joining hands before the clergyman. This idea came to light on account of some little difficulty in connection with a baptismal ceremony, where objection was taken by some hostile women folk to the christening, on the ground that the parties claiming to be the parents of the candidate were "only married at second hand." It did not transpire why this circumstance was considered inimical to the baby's right to the ordinance. But inquiry revealed that these vicarious weddings, if they may be so termed, are not uncommon in the district, and that the participants are usually recognized thereafter as wedded people.

Lunatics' Legacies.....Tit-Bits

Perhaps one of the saddest things in connection with lunacy is the tendency of the insane patient to make his will, and his bequests usually take a very extraordinary form. Needless to say, the documents become mere waste paper so far as their legality is concerned, but the doctors, in order to humor the afflicted ones, treat the wills in question with the greatest respect.

A patient confined at a large asylum near London drew up an elaborate will, by which he left a section of his property to the Mikado of Japan, on condition that he (the Mikado) visited the testator's grave once every year, and planted it with chrysanthemums. The remainder of the estate was to be handed over to an imaginary charity called the Brotherly Love and Bounty Society.

Rather ludicrous, perhaps, was the bequest of the lunatic who had been in a Parisian asylum for many years. He devised that the whole of his fortune (and he possessed a considerable amount) should be divided between the possessors of Roman noses residing in and near Paris. He himself possessed a rather handsome nose of the shape in question, which nose he was constantly admiring, and he therefore made the will mentioned. Somewhat similar was the bequest of a patient in the same re-

treat, who left his property to one of the attendants because he possessed the ugliest nasal organ which he (the testator) had ever seen. One might laugh heartily at such vagaries as these were it not that the sad condition of mind which prompted them forbids any semblance of mirth.

In a large asylum in the Midlands there was a lunatic who believed that he had been confined in the establishment unjustly, and he would constantly assert that he was as sane as the doctors themselves. One day, feeling somewhat indisposed, he resolved to make his will, and after many hours' work he produced an elaborate document, by which he devised his property to the Commissioners of Lunacy to enable them to engage a large staff of men for the purpose of visiting asylums with a view to discovering whether any sane patients were retained there.

He declared that the staff of people appointed for the work of visiting insane establishments was not adequate for the work, and that if a proper body of men were engaged, there would be less chance of sane individuals being kept in durance vile. This legacy certainly seemed reasonable enough, and it was indeed far more reasonable than the testator whose peculiar delusion was that he was the Pope.

When lunatics' wills take a more sensible shape, they are chiefly distinguished by their disproportionateness. A certain insane patient, when making his will, left several thousands of pounds to his mother-in-law (a person whom, by the way, he had disliked heartily when in the land of the sane), and the sum of sixpence to his brother, to whom he had been devoted. Equally extraordinary was the testament of the gentleman who directed that the bulk of his imaginary property should be handed over to his attendant at the asylum, while he desired that the doctors at the same place should merely receive the interest on the said amount. Strange, very strange, and extremely sad!

Irish Superstitions.....Blackwood's Magazine

On Inishkea a particular family handed down from father to son a stone called the Ne-ogue (probably part of some image), with which the owners used to make the weather to their liking. One day a party of tourists visited Inishkea, heard of the Ne-ogue, saw it, and wrote about it in the papers. The priest in whose parish Inishkea lay either had not known of this survival of paganism or thought that no one else knew of it, but when the thing was made public he decided to act. So he visited the island, took the Ne-ogue and broke it up into tiny fragments and scattered them to the four winds. The priest was sacrosanct, but the islanders vowed vengeance, and an unfortunate man of science, who had lived some time among them, was pitched upon as certainly the person who had made the story public. This man, after some time, returned to complete his investigations at Inishkea, and was warned of danger; but he laughed at the idea, and said the people were his very good friends, as indeed they had been. However, he was hardly out of the boat before they fell upon him and beat him so that he never completely recovered—indeed, died in consequence of his injuries some years later. Probably a like fate would befall any one who

touched the cursing stone on Tory, which was "turned on" the Wasp gunboat after she brought a posse of bailiffs there to levy county cess; and, as every one knows, the Wasp ran on Tory and lost every soul on board. Only the other day I heard that a fish buyer stationed there displeased the people; the owner of the stone "turned it on him," and a month after the buyer's wife committed suicide.

Blessing of the Beasts.....The London Speaker

On making a halt at the first village on the way to the Puy de Padirac, I saw a crowd of men and animals drawn up in front of the church. The reason for the assemblage, I was told, was the "bénédiction des bestiaux." If beasts are to be blessed in these days, no more fitting site can surely be found than the miniature Spa of Alvinac. The spectators were unmistakable peasants. Therein consisted half the charm of the performance, which might otherwise have degenerated into a travesty of comic opera. These people were sincere, and they evidently believed in the mystical incantations dispensed in the name of the Church. There was a contingent of horses, full-blooded animals for the most part, if not thoroughbreds—the department of the Lot is famous for horseflesh—a goodly collection of bullocks, and an ass or two. When we alighted from our rustic dogcart to watch the proceedings, the doors of the church were being thrown open, and a procession slowly issued to the notes of a rather wheezy harmonium.

The instrument was soon extinguished by the droning sound of the processional chant, a dirge-like ditty at which the beasts pricked up their ears. In the front row stood the horses, who resented the application of the holy water, administered with a becoming air of conviction by the venerable curé, who had a face strikingly like the priest in Jules Breton's "Procession of the Holy Sacrament" through the cornfields of a Norman village. "This is nought for us," the thoroughbreds seemed to say, as they whisked their tails at the asperging instrument; "we have got beyond that kind of thing, surely; it may be good enough for these stupid asses and patient oxen." The stupid asses and patient oxen, in effect, bowed their heads in submission, receiving the sprinkling like good sons of the Church, doubting nothing.

The cows almost had a look of sleek content in their large lustrous eyes. "Yes, it is only right that we should have this honor; time was—a good many centuries ago, it is true—when you worshiped us, you know." This, or something not very far removed from it, appeared to be the substance of the bovine reflections. As for the patient ass, he continued to munch his thistles. The two-footed participants in the show displayed a reverence not often met with in these days. Some of them even dropped on their knees—"a tale seldom to be told in a Christian land." A hoary sire bent his head and clasped his hands as though he "saw all heaven before his eyes." "Great is belief; wonderful, life-giving"; even when it is seen invoking a blessing on the animal creation. When all the animals present had received the benediction, bundles tied up in coarse linen were placed on the pedestal of the cross facing the church; these also were duly "ad-

ministered." My Jehu explained that these packets contained bread and salt, which would be given to those beasts who had not been able to attend.

This singular performance lasted a little less than ten minutes; about a couple of hundred persons, perhaps, took part in it, mostly women, although the male portion of the population was fairly represented. Not a trace of levity, or anything but devout composure could be detected on the faces of the bystanders. When the ceremony was concluded the processionists proceeded through the village chanting.

Europeans Try Ordeal by Fire.....Andrew Lang.....London Athenaeum

In the Journal of the Polynesian Society, Colonel Gudgeon, British Resident at Raratonga, late a judge in the native Land Court, and an accomplished student of the Maori speech, records his own experience. A Raiatea man, young, but of the fire-walking clan, officiated. The date was January 20, 1899. As usual, a large fire had been blazing on a foundation of stones; the burning logs were hooked out and at 2 p. m. Colonel Gudgeon found the glowing stones ready for the ceremony. The officiating Raiatea man pointed out to his native pupil that two stones were not hot, they having been taken from a "marae" or sacred place. Nothing was done by way of magic except that the Raiatean spoke a few words (not reported) while he and his "tauira," or pupil, thrice struck the edge of the oven with witch branches of the "ti" (Dracæna). "Then they walked slowly and deliberately over the two fathoms of hot stones." The pupil handed his branch to Mr. Goodwin (on whose land the performance took place) and said: "I give my 'mana' over to you; lead your friends across." The word "mana" means a kind of "magnetic" or magical force which individuals are supposed to possess in differing proportions. Perhaps "power" is the best English equivalent for "mana." Colonel Gudgeon, before these performances, had asked that the glowing stones "should be leveled down a bit," as his feet "were naturally tender," and so the stones were "leveled flat." In walking across, three white men accompanied him—Dr. W. Craig, Dr. George Craig and Mr. Goodwin. Colonel Gudgeon "got across unscathed." He says: "I knew quite well I was walking on red-hot stones, and could feel the heat, yet I was not burned. I felt something resembling slight electric shocks, both at the time and afterward, but that is all." As to the heat, the oven is made for the purpose of cooking the "ti," which is put in after the rite. Half an hour after that performance a green branch thrown into the oven blazed in a quarter of a minute. The "ti" (says Colonel Gudgeon, who ate his share) was well cooked. He walked "with deliberation," and "the very tender skin of my feet was not even hardened by the fire." He offers no explanatory hypothesis. In this case no preparation of any kind was applied to the feet; they were not hardened by walking unshod; no abnormal psychical condition was involved. Three stock explanations were therefore put out of court. I have none to offer; but the facts appear to illustrate the medieval ordeal, as well as certain other curious phenomena handed down from old.

OVER THE WINE AND WALNUTS*

Cato as Connoisseur.—My grandfather had some extremely old and choice liquor. Pouring a very small quantity into a glass, he called a favorite old colored servant who was quite a wag, and said: "Here Cato, is some brandy, over a hundred years old. Think of that! A hundred years!" The old man looked at it critically, knocked it off and returned the glass in silence. "Well?" queried his disappointed master; "what do you think of it?" "Well, maussa, sence you ax me, I tink e is berry little fur e age."

The Mark of the Lady.—The house surgeon of a London hospital was attending to the injuries of a poor woman whose arm had been severely bitten. As he was dressing the wound, he said: "I cannot make out what sort of a creature bit you. This is too small for a horse's bite and too large for a dog's." "Oh, sir!" replied the patient, "it wasn't a animal; it was another lydy."

Even Unto Death.—The following is told by the granddaughter of an old lady who lived in one of the Southern States, and had been known throughout the neighborhood as one who had a keen sense of the ridiculous, and ever-ready wit. After a long illness her final hour was supposed to have come, and her children and grandchildren gathered round for a last farewell, when suddenly she opened her eyes, and on seeing the mournful expressions of those about her, remarked with her old vigor. "The watched pot never boils."

The Reproof Valiant.—Dr. South, chaplain to Charles II., once, when preaching before the court, found his audience inclined to slumber, on which he stopped his discourse and in a loud tone called Lord Lanerdale by name, saying: "Fie, my Lord Lanerdale! You snore so loudly you will wake the king."

George II. and the Councillor.—Lord Chesterfield once presented a document to the king for his signature, the same being a grant of appointment to an office of trust. The king, who, for political reasons, was obliged to make the appointment against his inclination, when asked whose name he would be pleased to have filled in the blank, said testily: "The devil's." "And shall the instrument," said the earl, coolly, "run as usual, 'our trusty, well-beloved counsin and councillor'?" The king signed the grant.

Clerical Wit.—Two clergymen met; one was liberally educated; the education of the other was very limited. The latter said to the former: "Wal, I s'pose yo've ben to college and got larnin'?" "Yes," he replied, "I received a college education." "Wal," said the other, "I thank the Lord that he opened my mouth without larnin'." "Yes," was the reply, "we read of a similar instance in Balaam's time."

A Discerning Official.—The conductor on a certain railroad down South began, toward the end of a run, to count out the money received for fares during the trip, laying half the amount on one knee for himself and the other half on the other knee for the company. The only other occupant of the car in which he carried on these calculations was an old gentleman who seemed to be busy with his newspaper. Finally the conductor came to the last dollar bill. "Well," said he, "shall I give this to the company or keep it myself? Well, I guess I'll toss for it, and if it comes down on my pile all right, and if it comes down on the other, it goes to the company." As it happened, it came down on his own pile, and he was dividing the money into two separate packets, with a self-satisfied air, when the old gentleman leaned over and said: "I am president of this road, and I would like to see you at my office to-morrow morning at ten o'clock." Accordingly, expecting his dismissal, the conductor presented himself at the appointed time, and said: "Well, here is my badge. Of course, you don't want me any longer." "Hold on for a minute," said the president. "I don't know so much about that. You had better go back to work again. I believe you are the only man on the road who would have given the company a chance for that last dollar."

The Advantage of One Eye.—During the late Spanish-American war a certain old colonel who had lost an eye at the battle of Gettysburg was very indignant because he was put aside as physically incapacitated, when he applied for admission to one of the New York volunteer regiments. Filled with wrath and chagrin, the colonel journeyed to Washington, bent on having a personal interview with the President. He succeeded in gaining an audience, and the President, after listening to his plea, said kindly: "But, my good Colonel J., you have only one eye." "Just so, sir," was the prompt rejoinder, "but can't you see the great advantage of my having only one eye? When I aim my gun I shan't have to close the other!" He fought at Santiago.

Equal Privileges.—A young couple in a Lancashire village had been courting for several years. The young man one day said to the woman: "Sal, I canna marry thee." "How's that?" asked she. "I've changed my mind," said he. "Well, I'll tell you what we'll do," said she. "If folks know that it's thee as has given me up, I shanna be able to get another chap; but if they think that I've given you up, then I can get another chap. So we'll have bans published, and when the wedding day comes the parson will say to thee, 'Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife? and tha must say 'I will.' And when he says to me, 'Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?' I shall say 'I winna.'" The day came, and when the minister said, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" the man answered, "I will." Then the parson said to the woman, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" And she said, "I will."

*Compiled from Anecdote Department, Short Stories Magazine.

"Why," said the young man, furiously, "you said you would say 'I winna.'" "I know that," said the young woman, "but I've changed my mind since."

He Feared to Presume.—The American tourist is so firmly convinced that he is being cheated on all hands during his European travels that he occasionally oversteps the bounds of prudence. "What is the price of this pin?" asked a young man in a Paris shop, handling a small silver brooch of exquisite workmanship. "Twenty francs, monsieur," said the clerk. "That's altogether too much," said the young American. "It's for a present to my sister; I'll give you five francs for it." "Zen it would be I zat gave ze present to your sister," said the Frenchman, with a deprecatory shrug, "and I do not know ze young mademoiselle!"

A Curious Quarantine.—An old colored "auntie" in St. Louis overheard her mistress complaining that a handsome clock in the parlor did not keep good time, and announced confidentially to the lady of the house that "down in Memphis, wha' I kum f'om, da is free or fo' big jewlery shops, and dey allus quarantines ebry clock dey sells, and if dey don' run, yo' gits a new one free. Ain't yo' got no quarantine wid dat yere clock?"

Presence of Mind.—A melodrama of the most stirring kind was being given at a theatre in a small provincial town in England. In one of the critical scenes the hero suddenly became aware of the fact that he had come to the stage minus his poniard. Without a moment's hesitation he made a dash at the traitor, exclaiming: "Die, villain! I meant to strike thee with my dagger, but I left the weapon in my dressing-room, and will, therefore, strangle thee in the presence of this indulgent audience." It is scarcely necessary to add that this variation from the original brought down the house.

Refused to Roar.—The recent death of Mme. Auberon de Nerville in Paris recalls a reply once made to her by Dumas fils, who did not enjoy a certain kind of lionizing. At a dinner at Mme. Auberon's one evening he sat next to a famous general, who was disconcerted by Dumas' chilly manner. "Why do you not tell the general some of your witty stories?" asked the hostess in a whisper. "Mon Dieu, madame," replied Dumas, in his most ingenuous tone, "every one to his trade—I was waiting for him to fire off a cannon."

A Letter of Advice.—A son of Erin appeared at the money-order window of a post office, and said that he wanted to "sind some money to ould Oire-land." "Fill out this blank," said the clerk, handing the applicant one of the blanks used on such occasions. "An' phwat is that?" asked Jerry. "It's a blank that every applicant for a money order must fill out—a kind of letter of advice regarding the money order." "An' phwat has a letter of advice got to do wid me sindin' tin dollars to me ould mother?" "A letter of advice to the postmaster where the money is to be paid must always go with a money order." Jerry went away from the window grumbling and mystified. After half an hour

of painful effort at a high desk provided for the public at one end of the room, Jerry returned to the window and handed in this "letter of advice" to the postmaster at Ballycarney: "Dear Moike: Oi'm tould Oi must give yez a bit av advice before you'll be able to pay me ould mother the two pounds Oi'm sindin' along with this. So Moike, Oi would advise yez to come to Ameriky, an' get a job at kaping post office, for it's illigant post offices they has here, an' Oi've no doubt the pay is tin toimes what it is wid you. So now be sure an' pay me ould mother the two pounds, for Oi've done as the law says, and sint yez a letter of advice."

Knowledge Made Easy.—Nobody can deny that postage stamp collecting is a great help in teaching children geography. Jack showed this at school when the teacher asked him where Nicaragua was, and what it produced chiefly. "It's on page 98," said Jack, "and it produces more sets of stamps than any other country of its size in the world."

He Was Called Down.—A rather loudly dressed "gentleman" stepped into the necktie department of a big London shop, and in a supercilious tone that would have nettled a graven image into anger, uttered the single mandatory word: "Neckties!" Then he threw back his head as if the assistant was entirely beneath his notice. This top-lofty air aggravated the assistant, but he quickly displayed a number of late patterns with a deferential air. "These," said he, obsequiously, "are the very newest thing, and are excellent quality at a shilling." "A shilling!" haughtily snapped the customer; "shilling! Do I look like a man that would wear a shilling necktie? Is there anything about me to indicate that I—" "I beg your pardon, sir," meekly interposed the assistant, "the sixpenny counter is at the other end of the shop."

A Great Enterprise.—A worthy American citizen, having made a fortune, fared forth to see the world. European business ways and habits thoroughly disgusted this nervously keen expert in money-making, and he poured forth his scorn to some friends he met in Paris. One of them, knowing the ignorance of the old gentleman on subjects without the circle in which he had lived, ventured on a joke. "I agree with you," he said; "I agree with you thoroughly. Why, do you know, sir, I was last week in a city of one hundred and twenty-five thousand inhabitants—and I was overcome, sir—overcome to find they hadn't a livery stable in the city." "No—you don't tell me!" answered the victim. "Gentlemen, see there! Just consider that!" Then jumping to his feet as the thought struck him: "Why, gentlemen, a fortune's awaiting some one there! Where's the place? What's the name of it?" "Venice," said the joker. "Good! I'm tired of this place, anyway. I'll go right down there to-morrow, and put a little horse-sense into the town. Gentlemen, you're in this good thing with me, if you choose." They were all in it, and they invested their friend with powers plenipotentiary. The story has no dramatic point, save that it is a historic fact that Venice was visited.

ANIMAL LIFE: STORIES, STUDIES AND SKETCHES

Kaiser Wilhelm's Stables.....The Gentlewoman

The Imperial Stud Farm at Trakhenen, at the eastern extremity of Prussia proper, solely concerns itself with breeding animals for military purposes, and instead of belonging to the German Emperor himself, it belongs to the State and is kept up at the latter's cost. This was not always the case; it formerly belonged to the crown, but the present Emperor's grand-uncle, King Frederick William IV., found the expenses too heavy for him, and though he was not by any means "tight-fisted," he had not that love of horseflesh which comes to his grand-nephew from his English mother. So he made a bargain with the State. He abandoned the establishment to it, only reserving to himself the choice of thirty cattle as a contribution. Court tradition requires that the horses harnessed to the Prussian sovereign's gala carriages should be pure black. Should the number fall short one year, the deficiency is carried over to the next. I have seen some of these horses on various State occasions, when Berlin and Potsdam were full of distinguished and princely visitors. These cattle do not quite agree with English notions of perfect carriage horses, they are somewhat too high and also a little bit too heavy. It is because they were bred for purely military purposes. They often remind us of the pictures of the big, hulking dragoons of the First Empire, disporting themselves in the gilded drawing-rooms of the Tuilleries. Nevertheless, they cut an excellent figure among the 350 tenants of the imperial and royal stables, the principal one of which is, naturally, in Berlin, namely, in the Breitestrasse, close to the Schloss. All these cattle are between four and ten years old. They are put into training in the months of April and October, and after six months of preliminary work are put to the imperial carriages. No horse, except by special order, is kept in the imperial and royal stables after it has attained the latter age. There is an annual sale by auction. In connection with those sales, a special feature may be mentioned. We are not libeling horse dealers in general by saying that they are not always very frank in drawing attention to the defects of the equine wares they offer to the public, although somewhat apt to exaggerate their good points. At those sales, however, "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," is not only the rule, but there is no exception to it. As each horse is "trotted out," an employee reads, in a loud voice, his or her autobiography. The horses for the Emperor's and Empress' private use are recruited from all points of the globe. For instance, the six magnificent cattle of the Emperor's state carriage, though absolutely black, like those provided by the Trakhenen establishment, did not come from there, nor did the half-dozen bays belonging to the Empress. The Emperor, in fact, prefers cattle of a higher build than those bred in the State stud farm, and that preference is explained by one peculiarity of the sovereign if by nothing else. The Emperor rarely communicates beforehand either to his coachman or chasseur—read footman—the place of his destination. He enters

his carriage, the chasseur mounts the box, and away go the horses straight in front of them. Suddenly, at the turning of a road, the chasseur bends to his imperial master, the latter points to the right or left, the horses must take the direction indicated without a second's delay; if not "there's a rumpus afterward." However well broken in, the Trakhenen cattle are not up to that lightning kind of deviation. The Emperor himself is an excellent whip, and does not mind showing his aptitude. His favorite team is composed of four horses, pure white, a present of Emperor Francis Joseph, whose stables are absolutely superior to any on the Continent, not excepting those of Emperor Nicholas.

Capturing a Rhinoceros.....New York Commercial Advertiser

I captured Barnum's first rhinoceros and that animal cost him more than any four lions or tigers he ever owned. I was the first animal hunter sent over to Africa by an American, and I had it all to learn. I sent home lions, giraffes, elephants, buffaloes and hyenas without any great trouble, but it was a whole year before I got my first rhinoceros. The natives had killed one occasionally, but such a thing as capturing one alive had never been heard of. It seemed that the easiest way was to noose him. There are well-defined paths all through the forests of Africa, and these are used more or less by all animals, especially where they lead to water. I made a noose in a new two-inch rope big enough to take in a rhinoceros, and then climbed into a tree to manage it. I spent the best part of three days up there before a victim came along. He scented me and was suspicious, but nevertheless came on and was neatly noosed. I believe that rope would have held a schooner at anchor off Montauk Point, but that rhinoceros made one plunge and broke it like a thread.

My next move was to seek a point on a path several miles from camp and erect a barricade. This barricade ran to a V-shaped point, and was made strong enough to hold an elephant. If a rhinoceros took that path he would follow it to the last inch, and when he was in close quarters he would be on hand to tangle him up. We had a visitor almost before we were ready. When the rhinoceros got along to the barricade he halted for a minute to sniff the air. Then he lowered his head and went charging down the path; striking the logs and rocks at the point of the V with the power of a wild locomotive he battered his way through.

My third move was to dig a pit twenty feet long, ten feet wide and seven feet deep, which was covered with poles, branches and dirt. When the pit was ready I went up the path about half a mile to an opening and hung a red shirt on a bush. I knew that if a rhinoceros sighted that shirt he would charge the bush. I climbed a tree and waited, and in less than an hour I heard an old fellow coming full tilt. He went through the bush like an avalanche, and on the path he found a red handkerchief. He picked it up on his horn and charged down the path. On the far side of the pit was another red shirt, and in his anger the beast didn't look for a

trap. He was dusting along at twenty miles an hour when the earth gave way and he landed on his head at the bottom of the pit. We had a time getting him out and into a cage, and I don't believe he ever got over being mad.

All my subsequent captures, with one exception, were made in the same way, but we dug ten different pits for every capture and it was weeks between them. The exception was a curious case. With seven or eight natives following me in Indian file, I was walking in a path through the woods. Of a sudden there was a cry of alarm from the rearmost native. A rhinoceros had entered the path, caught sight of us and was charging. We sprang into the bushes right and left, and he wasn't ten feet away when I left the path. Being under full headway, he kept on for 100 feet and then left the path himself. As he did so he ran between two trees growing close together. His weight and impetus bent them aside for the moment, but as they came back they caught him just forward of the hips and he was held fast. There was fun around there for a time. The old fellow dug up the earth in great shape as he snorted and bellowed, and if his hindquarters hadn't been held up in the air the trees could not have held him. Half his power was gone, and when we realized the fix he was in we roped his legs and had him secure before we cut one of the trees down.

Crosses With the Zebra..... New York Sun

For some years efforts have been made to domesticate the zebra, and a few breeders have made the experiment of crossing this animal with the horse in the hope that its energetic disposition would result in a valuable hybrid. In most cases these experiments have been failures, and this seems always to have been the case where the dam was the zebra. Among those who have had some success is Baron de Parana, in the State of Rio Janeiro, Brazil. Recent information furnished by the Brazilian Minister at Washington to the Bureau of Animal Industry of the Department of Agriculture, shows that he has succeeded in producing a larger and handsomer hybrid than the mule, and one which appears to be a more valuable animal. The Baron is reported as asserting most positively that the zebroid, as he calls the hybrid, is the coming equine hybrid of the twentieth century, and that it is sure to supplant the uglier, less trustworthy, more erratic and far less energetic offspring of the ass and the mare.

The wild pard of the early Dutch African colonists, the wild horse or common zebra as then known, was the mountain zebra, originally the commonest species of the genus, but now a rather rare animal. Of this species Captain Harris, writing in 1840, said: "Seeking the wildest and most sequestered spots, the haughty troops of these animals are most difficult to approach, as well on account of their watchful habits and fleetness of foot as from the abrupt and inaccessible nature of their highland abode. Under the charge of a sentinel, so posted on an adjacent crag as to command a view of every avenue of approach, the checkered herd, whom painted skins adorn, is to be viewed perambulating some rocky ledge, on which the rifle

ball alone can reach them. No sooner has the note of alarm been sounded by the vidette than, pricking up their long ears, the whole flock hurry forward to ascertain the nature of the approaching danger, and, having gazed a moment at the advancing hunter, helter-skelter away they thunder, down craggy precipices and over yawning ravines, where no less agile foot would dare to follow them."

Owing to the long-continued hunting of the mountain zebra by hunters of skill with arms of precision, it has become well-nigh extinct, save on a few ranges in the south of Cape Colony, where it is preserved by law. This is probably no loss to man from the viewpoint of the breeder, inasmuch as the mountain zebra is far less tractable and is much wilder than Burchell's zebra, the species named after the famous explorer who first discovered it, and now being used to furnish the sires for the zebroids. Burchell's zebra, while for some time past used to harness with horses in South Africa for drawing coaches, has not lent itself kindly to work alone or in pairs. It and the mountain zebra have both, nevertheless, been broken to saddle; but in such cases it has always been the unexpected which was most likely to happen, and they have proved poor dependence for steady work. Strange to say, Burchell's zebra does better work and becomes more trustworthy in teams of six, eight or more of its own kind than when in smaller numbers or when horses form a majority of the team. Yet, perhaps, this is not so strange, when it is remembered that in the wild state it is strictly a gregarious animal, finding in numbers that protection from hunting man or preying lion which its life and environment make necessary. This sense of comfort from numbers it takes with it into domestication. Burchell's zebra is larger and stronger, has much more white in its ground color, has shorter ears, a longer mane and a tail more like that of the horse, and is generally built on a more robust scale than any of its congeners. It averages about twelve hands in height when full grown. Its build best suits it for bearing heavy burdens and it appears to breed with mares with greater certainty than others of its genus. Writing of this species from Johannesburg, Transvaal, in 1893, Harold Stevens says: "I met there Mr. James Zeeedesberg, who told me that his firm two months ago bought eight half-grown wild zebras from a hunter who had caught them by riding after them and lassoing them. They have been trained to harness, and are being used in a coach. The intention is to buy more and run them regularly in the up-country coaches to and from Mashonaland, and this is expected to save hundreds of pounds annually, inasmuch as the zebra is not subject to the dreaded scourge called horse sickness. If a cross between this zebra and the horse can be obtained, it will not be long before the hybrid will be preferred to the ordinary mule." It is this prophecy of Mr. Stevens that Baron de Parana declares he has already fulfilled with his zebroids in Brazil.

As a hybrid producer Burchell's zebra appears, according to Baron de Parana, to be about all that could be desired. As the resulting zebroid takes its main characteristics from the dam, it is only neces-

sary to select mares according to the results desired. Thus they may be bred at will for the saddle, or for light or heavy draught purposes, care being taken to select mares possessing the qualities desired. As size, shape, pace and disposition appear, especially in the male offspring, to be inherited from the dam, the crossing of a Burchell's zebra with a Percheron dam produces a large, rugged and very strong zebroid, while with a Kentucky mare greater fleetness, a more tractable disposition and attributes fitting the animal for carriage purposes are to be looked for. The Baron reports his zebroids as more docile and gentle than the ordinary mule, quicker, softer-mouthed and free from a tendency to kick. To be sure, they show a tendency to bite at first, but this they soon abandon when convinced that they are to be kindly treated. They are remarkably sprightly, have extraordinary muscular strength, and are much less subject to diseases and far easier cared for than the mule.

*Creatures That Live Upside Down.....Henri Coupin.....La Nature**

"The rule, almost universal among animals, is that the ventral side is turned toward the earth and the back toward the sky. But there are some species—very few in number, it is true—where this position is reversed, without any clear indication of the reason why. The clearest example that can be cited, and also one of the most interesting, owing to the ease with which it can be verified, is that of the larva of the floral beetle, a beautiful beetle with bronze-metallic colors that lives near the finest blossoms, especially roses. The perfect insect is very beautiful, but its grub has no aesthetic value, being a fat worm with the disagreeable habit of eating the roots of potted plants and of often causing disaster in gardens and strawberry-beds. Each of its segments is divided on the back into three parts covered with yellow hairs like those of a brush. On the ventral side also are some shorter hairs and three pairs of legs, normally developed. There are many other larvae that are not so well provided with means of support. This larva, which seems formed to walk like other insects, has the curious custom of moving on its back, belly upward, its feet waving in the air. It progresses by the contractile movements of its segments, aided by the hairs, which take hold of the ground. There is nothing stranger than this gymnastic feat when it is seen for the first time; the beholder cannot help believing that the larva is suffering from momentary dementia; but if it is placed right side up, it turns over at once and moves off at full speed, not on its legs, but on its fur.

"This reversal of ambulatory movement," says J. H. Fabre, "is so peculiar that by it alone the larva of the floral beetle can be distinguished by the most inexpert. Turn up the mold in the decayed trunks of hollow trees; kick up the soil with your foot—if you find a fat worm that walks on its back, you may be certain that you have discovered one of these larvae. This upside-down walking is quite rapid, and not slower than the movement of an equally fat worm that walks on its legs. It is even faster on a polished surface, where pedestrianism is ob-

structed by continual sliding, while the numerous hairs on the back of the larva find the necessary purchase by multiplication of the points of contact.

"The aquatic world would be jealous if it had not also some upside-down insect. The 'Notonectæ' (water-boatmen), whose form is somewhat like that of a boat, always swim back downward. Since Nature, which often seems to sport in producing odd exceptions that bear witness to the immensity of her resources, has condemned this creature to pass its life upside down, it was necessary to give it an organization in harmony with this attitude; with this intent its head is bent over toward its belly; its eyes, of oval form, can look forward or backward; its forelegs and intermediary legs, intended only for prehension, can, in a certain degree, be unbent, so that their prey may be grasped the more firmly. The 'Notonectæ' breathe by the lower extremity of the abdomen, which they protrude above the surface of the water. Placed on the ground, they leap, but in a normal position; that is to say, back upward. The larvae of the 'Notonectæ' have the same habits as the adults; their color is yellowish-green and their wings are absent. They change their skin often and the cast-off hide preserves the reversed position that gives them so singular an aspect.

"Finally, we should mention the mammals of the group of Edentates, the sloths notably, which pass most of their lives suspended from the branches of trees by their claws, their backs turned downward. These terminate the catalogue of creatures that live upside down."

Egg-Eating Snake of Central Africa.....Trans. for Popular Science

The enormously disproportionate size of some of the animals that certain serpents are in the habit of swallowing whole, is surprising even to those who are aware of the faculty possessed by reptiles in general of enlarging their mouths almost indefinitely. Travelers assure us that a boa constrictor, 6 to 8 metres long, will dispose in this way of a sheep, a deer, or even an ox. An example nearer home is found in the common ringed meadow snake, which will gulp down a toad as large as a man's fist, although the normal diameter of its own neck never exceeds two centimetres. In this case, however, the victim becomes elongated during the process of ingestion, and hence, though undiminished in size, better adapted to the containing organs. Similarly, a boa or python, which strangles its prey before swallowing it, draws it out and crushes its limbs together, so as to absorb it with the least possible difficulty.

A little creature was recently presented to the Paris Museum of Natural History, whose unusual—in fact, unique—capabilities in this direction are not so readily explained. It is an innocuous colubri-form snake, 70 centimetres long and but 10 millimetres in circumference—about the thickness of one's finger—which was captured in the very act of swallowing an unbroken duck's egg, not less than 45 millimetres in transverse diameter. "Dasy-peltis scabra" (known as the "rough anodon"), is the name of the species, and it is found throughout a large part of the African continent, from Abyss-

*Translation made for The Literary Digest.

simia to the Cape, and from Sierra Leone to Mozambique.

Now, how does it manage to get down its throat such a thing as a duck's egg, not only so much larger than itself, but also hard and perfectly smooth? We know that a common snake is aided in swallowing a toad by its hook-like teeth, which hold the prey while the upper and lower jaws glide over it alternately, and thus push it backward. Lizards, boas, the *Heterodon*, of Madagascar, etc., are said to place the egg—of a canary or other small bird, that is—against an irregularity of the ground, or within one of their own folds, which enables them to ram it into their mouths. In the case of our "*Dasyptelis*" and its duck's egg, however, these explanations do not suffice, this genus being destitute of true teeth. We can, therefore, only suppose that a couple of membranous folds which have been discovered, one on each side of its mouth, lay hold of the shell like cupping-glasses, and thus work it into the throat.

But here we meet with another difficulty. After the egg has passed safely between the prodigiously distended jaws and upper esophagus, it would seem as if its bulk and solidity, when lodged in a comparatively inelastic portion of the digestive tube, whose juices are unable to dissolve the shell, must quickly prove fatal to the animal. A remarkable instance of natural adaptation is afforded by the manner in which this danger is provided against. The Rough *Anodon*, as already observed, has no true teeth. So-called gular teeth, however, are present, these being really the tips of the long inferior spines of the first eight or nine vertebræ, protruding through the esophageal wall. When the shell is broken by the gular teeth, it is ejected, and the fluid passes into the stomach.

*The Hunting Fox....Wm. Everett Cram.....Little Beasts of Field and Wood**

Foxes possess in the highest degree the love of hunting, and under the excitement of the chase are apt to throw caution to the winds. The swallows drew my attention one morning to a fox creeping toward the barn under cover of a stone wall, and evidently intent on mischief. Presently he sprung over the wall at a hen that had strayed away from the yard, and the next instant both came hurtling toward me across the field, the hen cackling hysterically, and the fox bounding along after her in silence, with his yellow fur and bushy tail flashing in the sunlight. It was one of the most beautiful and really thrilling scenes I have ever witnessed, and I wonder now I had the heart to interrupt it. But I did, and chased the fox away, and then returned to the house for a gun, though without much idea of seeing anything more of the fox, who I supposed was miles away in the woods and still running. But he was not so badly scared as I had fancied, for on coming back with the gun I encountered him unexpectedly, close to the hen-yard fence, in the act of swinging the hen across his shoulders with its neck in his teeth. It was the regular thing for him to do of course, though this only made it all the more surprising in real life. And he did it so perfectly, too—just as he is represented as doing

in picture-books, and as if he had been in the habit of doing it every day of his life. I have never seen a more perfect personification of justifiable pride and satisfaction over a successful kill than he exhibited, marching down the garden with the utmost deliberation, as though time was of no consequence to him. And then I felt that it was my turn, for he was hardly forty yards away, and I sighted fairly at his shoulder; but just then my foot slipped on the grass and I sat down very suddenly, while the fox bolted off with his prize still over his shoulder. By the time I had regained my feet, he was ninety yards away or more; but I sent the heavy shot spinning after him just for the moral effect it might have, and at least it caused him to drop the hen, and put on a fresh spurt of speed for the woods. * * *

On the 20th of last July I heard a general outcry from the robins and thrushes among the sweet-fern and young pines in the pasture, and pushing toward the sound, caught a glimpse of a young fox evidently about to help himself to the contents of a brown thrush's nest just in front of his nose, containing three young birds nearly grown. At my approach he slipped away among the bushes.

Two days later, as I turned the corner of a clump of young pines near there, I saw an old fox standing perfectly motionless, facing me not twenty yards away in the open, closely-cropped pasture without so much as a thistle to hide behind. It was then about five in the afternoon and the sun shone full on him as he stood on the further bank of a little brook that flowed between us. In that position he had the appearance of being of a very pale yellowish buff, the black on his legs not being at all noticeable, probably owing to the season. I was particularly struck at the time by the size of his ears, which were erected to their utmost extent and appeared to come together over the top of his head almost to their tips. After we had eyed each other for a few moments, he swung round and stood side to me, with his eyes still turned in my direction. In that bright sunlight his fur lighted up to a most brilliant red on his back and tail, and was so short and close as to give him a singularly lean appearance.

Presently he turned and cantered slowly away with much of the movement of a trotting horse, slowly veering around toward me however, and coming back along the sheep-path to almost his original position. The birds were scolding him more or less all the time, and a song-sparrow that had alighted in the grass at no great distance seemed to catch his eye, for he at once crouched and attempted to crawl to within springing distance, but without success; then he sat down in the path and proceeded to scratch his ribs with his hind foot, after which he stood up and walked off along the sheep-path toward the woods, every now and then stopping to look back over his shoulder at me as if still in doubt as to my identity. Whenever his head was turned away I followed, stopping instantly at the first sign of his looking back, and he failed to take alarm so long as he only saw me motionless. When he had reached the shadow of the pines, he trotted up the bank and sat down beside a tree to scrutinize me; I now moved my hand while he was looking, and instantly he was off.

FACTS AND FIGURES: THE LITTLE ENCYCLOPEDIA*

—The sewerage system of Berlin annually transports from 60,000,000 to 70,000,000 tons of sewage for distribution over an area of 20,000 acres lying from 7 to 15 miles beyond the city limits. Although the cost of the drainage is about \$25,000,000 a year, the enormously increased fertility of the land makes it a paying operation. Besides that, it is the most sanitary and scientific mode of disposing of the city's sewage.

—The greatest heat produced artificially is that of an electric arc furnace, the kind that is used in the production of artificial diamonds, calcium carbide, etc. It is so intense that nothing exists with which to record it. It is estimated, however, to be of about 4,000 degrees F.

—Only eighteen per cent. of all the families in America employ domestic help, leaving eighty-two per cent. without even one servant.

—More than forty per cent. of the people of Great Britain could not write their names when Queen Victoria ascended the throne. At the present time only seven per cent. of the population are in that condition.

—Africa is the "continent of plateaus." The great tableland in the south has a mean altitude of over 3,500 feet, the wide tableland on the north has an average elevation of about 1,300 feet.

—Six Vice-Presidents of the United States have died while in office. George Clinton, died April 20, 1812; Elbridge Gerry, November 23, 1814; William Rufus King, April 18, 1853; Henry Wilson, November 22, 1875; Thomas A. Hendricks, November 25, 1885, and Garrett A. Hobart, November 21, 1899.

—The word "tip" originated in the old English coffee houses. At the door of these coffee houses was a box made usually of brass, with lock and key. It had engraved upon it the letters "T. I. P." (observe the stops between each letter), "To insure promptness." Customers, as they passed out, dropped a coin in for the waiters. Hence the word "tip."

—The English language—according to a German statistician who has made a study of the comparative wealth of languages—heads the list with the enormous vocabulary of 260,000 words. German comes next, with 80,000 words; then Italian, with 75,000; French, with 30,000; Turkish, with 22,500; and Spanish, with 20,000.

—It is announced that the Russian Astronomical Society has finally given up its attempt to revise the Julian calendar, and so the Muscovites still stand with Greece in clinging to the system of the first Cæsar and defying the rectification of Pope Gregory XIII. The reason assigned for its failure is given out by the Astronomical Society as "the impossibility of establishing an agreement between the dates of the religious festivals appearing in both calendars."

—The distances over which birds migrate vary between wide limits, and are often surprisingly great. The bobolinks, which rear their young on

the shores of Lake Winnipeg, Canada, and go to Cuba and Porto Rico to spend the winter, twice traverse a distance exceeding 2,800 miles, or more than a fifth of the circumference of our earth, each year. The kingbird lays its eggs as far north as the fifty-seventh degree of latitude, and is found in the winter in South America. The biennial pilgrimages of the little redstart exceed 3,000 miles, and the tiny humming bird 2,000.

—British census reports of family names give in England and Wales 253,606 Smiths, 242,100 Joneses, with Williams, Taylor, Davies and Brown following in order. For Scotland, Smith leads, followed by McDonald, Brown, Thomson, Robertson, Stewart and Campbell. Murphy is ahead in Ireland, there being 62,600 of them; then come Kelly, 55,900; Sullivan, 43,600; Walsh, 41,700; Smith, 37,000; O'Brien, 33,400; Byrne, 33,000; Ryan, 32,000; Connor, 31,200; O'Neil, 29,100, and Reilly, 29,000.

—The distinction hitherto accorded to George Stephenson as the father of English railways is now disputed. It is claimed that William James of Warwickshire began railway plans as far back as 1799, made surveys in Lancashire in 1802; in 1819-1820, projected a line from Stratford-on-Avon to Moreton-on-the-Marsh, a part of which was actually built, and in 1821 organized the first railway company in England, the Liverpool and Manchester.

—Electro-magnets are becoming more and more common for lifting purposes, and are made to do the work formerly accomplished by means of a chain and hook. Where hot iron plates have to be handled, the serviceability of the electro-magnet method is most pronounced. In a large English foundry a number of electro-magnets capable of carrying a load of 4,000 pounds are used. These magnets consume five and one-half amperes of current at a pressure of 110 volts. At the Woolwich arsenal the greater part of the moving of large projectiles is done by electro-magnets. Many large works in this country use them for lifting heavy weights, transporting them rapidly from one point to another by electric motor. Magnets of from one to five horse-power are the usual sizes used.

—It is hard to realize that the voice one hears over the telephone is not the voice of the person who is talking. It seems exactly like the real tones, drawn out thin and small and carried from a long distance by some mechanical means—but it is not. When one speaks into the instrument, a little diaphragm, like a drum-head, begins to vibrate, and each vibration sends a wave of electricity over the wire. These waves set up a mimic vibration in another diaphragm at the opposite end, which jars the air and produces an imitation of the original voice. This is not a very scientific explanation, but it's accurate. The autograph-telegraph, which makes a fac-simile of handwriting, is a fair parallel. Your message is written with a pen, attached to a special electric apparatus, and a little ink siphon at the other end of the line exactly imitates every dot and curve. The result seems like the real thing, but is merely a first-class counterfeit.

SPORT, RECREATION AND ADVENTURE

The Funny Side of Dueling.....Grace C. Wilson.....Elliott's Magazine

In his day, a good many stories were told at the expense of Judge Dooly, of Georgia. He laughed out of duels with an audacious wit that compelled the admiration of even his bitterest enemies. On one occasion, when a number of them threatened that if he didn't fight his name would fill the columns of a newspaper, he laughingly declared he would rather fill ten newspapers than one coffin. Once on a time he did go so far as to appear on the field and confront his opponent, who was sadly afflicted with the St. Vitus dance. The latter was standing at his post, his whole frame twitching nervously from his malady. Judge Dooly, in the soberest manner, left his post, and, cutting a forked stick, stuck it in the ground in front of his opponent.

"What does this mean?" asked the man whose purpose it was to kill him.

"Why," answered Dooly, "I want you to rest your pistol in that fork, so that you can steady your aim. If you shoot at me with your hand shaking like that, you'll pepper me full of holes at the first fire." Then there was a laugh all around and the duel was put off without a day.

John Philpot Curran, the brilliant Irish wit, who was always brimming over with fun, did not permit his good-nature to forsake him, even when he fought his duels. In his meeting with St. Leger, who had challenged him for alleged unprofessional language, he stood off ten paces and received his antagonist's fire and then discharged his own weapon in the air. St. Leger died three weeks after and Curran said of him that he "had gone off at the report of his own pistol." In his duel with John Egan, who was of prodigious size, the latter remarked it was like putting up a turf-sack before a razor; to which Curran responded: "I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Egan, since I wish to take no advantage of you; let my size be chalked out upon your side, and I am quite content that every shot which hits outside that mark shall count for nothing." They then fired aimlessly and left the field fast friends.

The great Disraeli once made himself the most laughed-at man in all England by challenging Morgan O'Connell, son of Daniel O'Connell, for the following words, uttered in the House of Commons: "I cannot divest my mind of the belief that, if this fellow's genealogy were traced, it would be found that he is a lineal descendant and the heir-at-law of the impenitent thief who atoned for his crimes upon the cross." An officer under Marshal Ney one day informed the great Frenchman that he had challenged a brother officer. "What for?" asked Ney. "For slapping me in the face," was the answer. "Go to him and say you have washed your face, as it was easier to get rid of blackguardism by water than by fighting; and say, also, that I have commanded you to withdraw your challenge."

A Frenchman named Madailan once sent a challenge to Marquis de Rivard, who had lost a leg in the service of his country. The old soldier replied: "I accept your challenge on one condition, and that

is that you cut off one of your legs, so we may stand on equal footing."

The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour on Golf.....New York Telegraph

In a recent speech at Dundee, the Conservative leader of the House of Commons declared that golf is, after all, "the game for the player of the game," and not one—like cricket, for instance—which a great assemblage can or will gather to witness. This, however, he deemed no disadvantage. "The game," he went on to say, "primarily exists not for those who look on, but for those who act; not for the spectators, but for the participants in its pleasures, and from that point of view it appears to me that on almost all counts under almost all heads, golf has the advantage. To begin with, cricket is not a game for the busy. A great match takes three days. No busy man, except on rare occasions, has three days to give to a great match. Still less has he the time to go through the requisite practice to enable him to do himself justice when these three days arrive. In the second place cricket is not for the middle-aged, still less for those advanced in years. Cricket loses its charms when a man reaches middle life and finds that he can no longer stoop to field the ball with the old agility, or run between the wickets with his old speed. But golf, while it is pre-eminently a game at which elasticity of muscle and lithesomeness of limb produce their natural and legitimate fruits, is a game from which the middle-aged and those who are past middle life can derive pleasures not less poignant, not less keen, than they had in the first flush of their youth. The length of the drive may diminish, the length of the handicap may increase, but though the player has to acknowledge that he no longer possesses his ancient cunning, though new heroes occupy the field where once, maybe, he excelled, still he can go round the old course with undiminished joy, gain health, gain recreation, gain pleasure, with no less success and in no less ample measure, than he did in the earlier years of his golfing career."

Tobogganing in Canada and Switzerland. G. R. Falconer. Windsor Magazine

Tobogganing is one of the staple amusements in Canada. Sportsmen are not content with the naturally formed "chutes" down the side of a hill, but construct artificial slides. These are generally wooden erections with the planes fixed at an angle of forty-five degrees, and with a sheer drop of about one hundred feet. Water is poured over the wooden declivity, which, in the frosty air, is soon transformed into ice, with a surface as slippery as glass. When the bottom of the chute is reached the track extends over fields, in as straight a direction as possible, though in some cases not particularly level; but the momentum gained by the toboggan in flying down the chute is sufficient to carry it over any slight uprisings of the ground.

The Canadian toboggan is a light, strong article, about five or six feet in length, and about twenty inches in width, composed of a number of narrow wooden strips secured longitudinally together,

curling upward at the front. A hand-rail sometimes extends along each side of the toboggan, to enable the passengers to hold on, but the general rule is for one passenger to clasp the person seated next in front, the whole row of travelers being thus linked together for their rapid flight. In some cases there are five or six occupants on one toboggan, and with such a combined weight the sledge flies down the chute as if impelled from a cannon. Both men and women enter into the sport with great gusto, for the fun is fast and furious. When there is only one traveler to the toboggan, he lies prone upon it, and in this manner, on account of the small amount of resistance that is offered by the atmosphere, the maximum of speed is gained. The chutes are properly controlled, in order to avoid accidents. One toboggan is not permitted to leave the summit of the chute until the preceding one has cleared the bottom of the slide. Occasionally, by some mischance incurred through faulty manipulation of the toboggan, a spill occurs on the chute, and if a following toboggan were to dash into the overturned vessel, the result would be relatively quite as disastrous and terrible as a collision between express trains.

The headquarters of European tobogganing are in the Swiss Alps, and it is a moot question if even the various tobogganing chutes in Canada can claim a popularity equal in extent to that which clings to the "runs," as they are called, of St. Moritz, Upper Engadine. One of the most famous is the Cresta Run, just under one mile in length. As in the case of the Canadian "slides," the runs at St. Moritz are specially prepared. The first heavy fall of snow is anxiously awaited by the committee who control the "runs." Unless King Winter is unusually capricious, this generally takes place about November. Workmen then sally forth, and operations on the run are rapidly in progress. The run is about five feet in width, formed in the shape of a groove, and the removed snow is banked up on each side, sometimes making a solid white wall twenty feet in height. The run is then flooded with water, which, under the influence of a sharp frost, is soon transformed into a smooth, slippery surface. As it is impossible to make the track in one straight line from post to finish, great care has to be observed in the formation of the banks where corners occur, otherwise the tobogganer will meet with inevitable disaster.

Common on the Swiss runs are the toboggans of the Canadian type, but the native toboggans are raised on runners shod with iron or steel. The expert rider lies prone upon the toboggan, head foremost, holding on to the vehicle by the framework of each side. The toboggan is steered to a very large extent by means of the feet. Iron spikes are firmly secured to the toes of the boots, and by trailing either the left or right foot along the ground, as the occasion demands, the toboggan can be guided into any direction. But there is a disadvantage attached to this method of steering with the feet, as the speed of the toboggan is somewhat diminished. The most expert tobogganers guide the machines by slightly transferring the position of the body from one side to another. When rounding a corner, for instance, one of the precautions is

to throw the weight of the body as far as possible on to the rear of the toboggan.

Most elaborate arrangements are observed to ensure correct timing, even to the tenth of a second, in connection with the chief races. Thin electric wires are stretched across the course, both at the starting and winning posts. These wires are so adjusted that when the toboggan comes into contact with the first of them the electric timing clock is set in motion, while the wire at the winning post is broken directly the toboggan strikes it, the electric current severed and the clock stopped. Toboggan races are frequently held, and the visitors from the hotels assemble in large numbers to witness the competitions. The weather in the Alps during the winter, as a rule, is glorious, the sun shining brilliantly and warmly, while the air is crisp and bracing. The speed attained by the toboggans, in the hands of experts, is tremendous, some parts of the course being traversed at the rate of seventy miles an hour. Although the Cresta Run is about a mile in length, the whole distance is accomplished in seventy seconds, notwithstanding the facts that the run abounds with sharp curves, difficult to negotiate, and that for a little distance the course takes an upward grade, which naturally retards the speed of the toboggan.

Cliff-Climbing for Sea-Birds' Eggs in Yorkshire.....London Spectator

The whole length of cliff is rented during the breeding season by two or three separate lots of climbers, who most zealously respect each other's rights. Their "modus operandi" is as follows: The man about to descend to gather the eggs gets into a kind of leather breeching which fastens round his waist, and to this the long, thin, strong rope is attached. A strong running iron pulley is fixed into the edge of the cliff, so that the rope shall work easily, and run no risk of being frayed by rubbing against sharp edges of stone, etc. Three of his companions, having dug their heels firmly into the soil a few feet from the edge of the cliff, sit down one behind the other; the first man wears a stout piece of leather round his body, round which a complete turn of the rope is taken, and the other two men assist in paying out or hauling up the rope as the case may be. The third man also has in his charge the signal rope by which the egg-gatherer intimates his desire to ascend or descend. It is a curious sensation, as I think any one will own when they try it, when for the first time you find yourself hanging in mid-air, with a clear drop below you of about 400 feet. But there is little danger to be apprehended; the ropes are well tested and carefully tended, and even should you turn turtle and hang head downward you cannot fall out of the leather breeching. Accidents are of the rarest occurrence, and the only way in which they occur is by pieces of stone being loosened by the rope above you, and falling down upon you. One of the climbers had his arm broken in this manner a few years ago. The rope dislodged a piece of stone above him, he saw it coming, and put up his arm to save his head. With constant practice these men have become most expert at the game; and the way they swing out backward and forward to reach any ledges or corners that are overhung by

pieces of cliff above them, and the way they kick out from the side of the cliff, when rapidly being hauled up, first with one foot and then with the other, so that they shall not be such a dead weight in the hands of their companions above, is a treat to behold. The eggs are stowed away in two big leather bags, slung one on each side of the climber. It is most exhausting work, even for these men who are so well used to it. They take it in turns to descend every hour or so, and, of course, they only work in fine weather; when wet it is too dangerous.

Stalking the Moose.....Charles Bramble.....Canadian Magazine

Some of the most exciting stalks I have ever had were in company with a Scotch-Cree half-breed, in one of the best moose districts of Saskatchewan. Fine fresh moose tracks, newly fallen snow, and a shot were almost a certainty. The moose is very crafty, but as it always does precisely the same thing, it is easy to circumvent the animal. Before lying down, a cast is taken to leeward and a half circle made. The object is, of course, to be able to see or at least smell any pursuer following the tracks. The Western hunter understands this little precaution, however, and as soon as the tracks give indications of the nearness of the quarry, the Indian or half-breed divests himself of every superfluous article of clothing and equipment, and leaving the trail proceeds by a series of gigantic loops, keeping carefully downwind of the tracks and only visiting them at intervals. At length a time comes when the tracks are no longer to be seen running in the general direction they have hertofores followed, and then the hunter feels tolerably certain the moose is lying down within the area partly circumscribed by his last loop. He was careful before, but now his recent caution seems mere clumsiness to his present stealth. He treads on his toes like a ballet-girl; his rifle, fully cocked you may be sure, is in his right hand; while his left carefully wards off any branch or twig that might rub against his clothing, and so perchance alarm the game. In the end his reward generally comes in a murderous hot shot at short range, and then the work of gralloching or butchering the great beast has to be begun.

Walking Feats.....Fireside

Mr. Henry Luttrell, who died at a very advanced age in 1855, tells us, in his "Diary," that a sixty-four-year-old German, toward the close of the last century, undertook that he would walk 300 miles in six days—a feat which he accomplished easily within the time in Hyde Park. In 1789 a laboring man named Savage walked 404 miles in six days, along the road between Hereford and Ludlow, for the paltry prize of ten guineas. These two performances had already been surpassed by Mr. Foster Powell, a lawyer's clerk, who in 1779 went on from London to York and back—a distance of 400 miles—in five days fifteen and a quarter hours. The days have long since gone by when feats of endurance or speed in walking or running awakened any such general excitement as was provoked by the pedestrian feats of the once celebrated Captain Barclay Allardice, at the commencement of this century. He was born in 1779, at Ury, or Urie, in Kincardineshire, where a handsome modern Gothic

house, now the property of Mr. Alexander Baird, has replaced the old home of the Barclays, in which the famous pedestrian first saw the light. In 1809 he undertook to walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours. He started on June 1, and completed his arduous task—as it was then regarded—on July 12. Such was the excitement awakened by his performance that the multitude of spectators of all ranks who flocked to Newmarket during the concluding days of the match against time was absolutely unprecedented. Not a bed could be procured on the nights of July 10 and 11 at Newmarket, Bury, Cambridge, Mildenhall and other towns and villages in the vicinity for love or money. So changed are the times, and so familiar are our modern athletes with "records" which leave that of Captain Barclay Allardice far in the lurch, that few probably are aware that a professional named Gale walked 1,000 miles in 500 hours. Of late athletics have become the fashion, and training of a more or less rigorous kind is gladly accepted by hundreds of men who desire to distinguish themselves in any of the athletic feats which demand the perfection of physical health for their accomplishment. The ideal diet for a man who is engaged in actively training his body is that which, under ordinary circumstances, would be best for a healthy subject who is obliged to take a very large amount of exercise. When Mr. Gladstone was a young man, and, indeed, until he was getting on in years, he was always ready for a walk of forty miles in a day. Sir Richard Webster was the best runner in Cambridge in 1865, when he beat the Earl of Jersey, who was the representative of Oxford, in the inter-University mile race.

Scotia's Ain Game of Curlin'....David Foulis....Anglo-American Magazine

"When snaw lies white on ilka knowe,
The ice stane and the gude broon kowe
Can warm us like a bleezin' lowe,
Fair fa' the ice and curlin'."

So sang Sir Alexander Boswell, of Auchinleck, a noted Ayrshire curler, of his favorite pastime, in the early part of this century; and it can be sung just as truthfully to-day by any devotee of the game. The roughly fashioned channel stanes of our forefathers have given place to the beautifully finished Aisla Craig curling stones of to-day, and the broom kowers are superseded by the more modern and more useful brooms, or besoms. But the real hearty enjoyment of "Scotia's ain game of curlin'" remains in all its vigor despite the modern improvements attending it. The boom of the curling stones as they glide along the ice on a clear, frosty day, is heard as far as ever among the hichts and howes, the hills and dales of Scotland and America. The shouts of the players are just as cheery as they were wont to be; the nomenclature of the game is very little altered from the terms used 150 years ago, and the customary supper of beef and greens, discussed after a well-contested bonspiel, is just as toothsome and well relished as in the days when the Ettrick Shepherd and Christopher North skipped rinks against each other in keen but friendly rivalry on the frozen surface of St. Mary's Loch, or Gala Water, with the "Shirra" Sir Walter Scott as umpire.

The origin of the game or its native habitat is now lost in the mists or frosts of antiquity, although it has long been recognized as the national game of Scotland. The etymology of many of the terms still used shows that curling must have been practiced on the continent of Europe before crossing the North Sea to become nationalized among the Scots. The use of such words in the nomenclature of curling as bonspiel, brough, bunker, colly, crampit, rink, tozee, skip, and so on, indicates a Teutonic or Belgic origin, the name curling itself evidently being a derivative from the German "kurzweilen," to play for amusement. But there is no doubt about the nationality of such terms as bauchice, broom, kowe, fore haun, hin haun, channel stane, pouther, souterin and the like; and the curlers can enjoy their game on a frosty day, even when Gaelic is used to cheer on the players.

During the last century the game used to be played with eight men a side, playing one stone each, but curlers to-day think that must have been a somewhat "cauldrife" game unless there was plenty of sweeping to do. Now, when four men a side compose a rink, with each a pair of curling stones, there is plenty of exercise for the keenest curlers. The tees are placed 38 yards apart, and, as the players must stand four yards behind a tee, the whole distance played is 42 yards. This prevents the rink or brough from being broken up by the delivery of the stone as it strikes the ice on its way to the farther tee. The hog score, or colly, is marked on the ice, seven yards in front of each tee, or a sixth of the whole distance played, should a change of weather necessitate a shortening of the rink; and any stone not passing this score is out of the game and put off the ice. The true science of the game is seen to advantage when the eight players on a keen frosty day and smooth ice have some difficulty in keeping their stones from going too far. Then such shots as inwicking, outwicking, drawing, guarding wick, and curl-in, drawing through a port, chap and lie, raising, striking and so forth, represent the true inwardness of the game and the skill of the curler. Astonishing stories of the strength and dexterity of the curlers of bygone ages are handed down to curling posterity, for "distance lends enchantment to the view"; but the men of the present generation are apt to take some of those stories "cum grano salis," and consider that, if they can draw a shot to an inch from a distance of 42 yards, they can play as well as their great-grandfathers ever did, keen curlers though they no doubt were.

There are many good stories told of the excitement of curlers on the ice, but we have never heard of a better one than this: A laird in Strathaven who owned a quarry, and was reported to be worth "a gey twa—three baubees" besides, was playing one day, and his foreman, whose name was Lawrence, was playing with him on the same side. The laird was very anxious the foreman should take a certain shot, and he cried out: "Noo, Jock Lawrence, d'ye see whaur my broom is? Lay your stane doon there, and as sure as death, I'll gie ye my dochter Jean if ye do it." Bir-r-r went the stane out of Jock's hand, and went trintling along to the very spot where the laird wished it.

"Capital, Jock, capital! ye could na hae dun't better, and ye can get Jean the morn if ye want her."

"Ye maun gie something else besides Jean, laird; I hae gotten her already. We were married at Gretna Green sax weeks since, and we've aye been thinking about asking your blessing ever since, but something aye came in the way."

The laird was dumfounded when he heard the news, but he compromised matters by saying: "Aweel, aweel, Jock, I'll let by-ganes be gyganes. A man that lay doon a pat-lid like that is worthy of the best and bonniest lass in Lanarkshire. Keep her, Jock, keep her, and you're welcome, and ye'll maybe get the matter of sax hundred pounds wi' her. Keep her, Jock, and if ye hae ony laddie weans atween ye, bring them up in the fear o' the Lord, and be sure ye dinna neglect to mak them a guid curlers."

Curling, in addition to being the most exhilarating of all out-door winter sports, is for the time being a great leveler of social distinctions, the best player being the best man on the ice, whether he be peer or peasant.

Learning to Drive Four-in-Hand...Giles Willets...Frank Leslie's Pop. Mon.

Four-in-hand driving is not learned under a roof, like horseback riding and cycling. The novice must make all mistakes in the public gaze. This is not a distressing matter where the rich are concerned, for they can take lessons in the secluded roads of their estates. The reining is not only a matter of skill, but of strength as well. Moreover it is essentially a one-hand accomplishment. As a good driver will never let the lead traces get taut, it follows that there is considerable wrist-wearying tugging at the bits, not to speak of the dead weight of the reins. Over the top of the forefinger runs the rein of the nigh-side leader. Between the first and second fingers run, first, the off-side lead rein, and second, the nigh-side wheel. The off-side wheel line is caught between the second and third fingers. And as for the whip, to the average man this is as imposing an affair as a city trout-rod is to a country fisherman. You have to swing with your right arm an instrument whose handle is over five feet long, with a lash nine feet longer. To get that lash out to the leaders and get it back safely, is like casting a trout-fly. It can't be pulled back the way you haul in a clothes-line, but must be firted back till it winds itself around the handle. To do this requires a very strong wrist. In short, the driving of four horses in the style of to-day requires a knowledge of every detail and becomes perfect only through constant practice. One must be a lover of horses, must know how to ride and drive everything from a Shetland pony to a race-horse. Not until then may you essay the tooling of a four. It is not strange, therefore, that women whips are not as numerous as men. In this country, however, the sport has become so fashionable that all who keep up pretentious establishments are learning to handle the ribbons, the fair as well as the brave. Nowhere else in the world are women seen so frequently on the box-seat, experts with rein and whip. Thus a peculiar and delightful zest is lent to the sport here at home, a zest that is altogether lacking at "meets" abroad.

TREASURE TROVE: OLD FAVORITES RECALLED

Where is the Flag of England? *Henry Labouchere* *London Truth**

And the winds of the world made answer,
North, south and east and west:
"Wherever there's wealth to covet,
Or land that can be possess'd;
Wherever are savage races,
To cozen, coerce and scare,
Ye shall find the vaunted ensign;
For the English flag is there!

"Ay, it waves o'er the blazing hovels
Whence African victims fly,
To be shot by explosive bullets,
Or to wretchedly starve and die!
And where the beachcomber harries
Isles of the southern sea,
At the peak of his hellish vessel
'Tis the English flag flies free.

"The Maori full oft hath cursed it,
With his bitterest dying breath;
And the Arab has hissed his hatred
As he spits at its folds in death.
The hapless fellah has feared it
On Tel-el-Kebir's parched plain,
And the Zulu's blood has stained it
With a deep, indelible stain.

"It has floated o'er scenes of pillage,
It has flaunted o'er deeds of shame,
It has waved o'er the fell marauder
As he ravished with sword and flame.
It has looked upon ruthless slaughter,
And massacre dire and grim;
It has heard the shrieks of the victims
Drown even the Jingo hymn.

"Where is the flag of England?
Seek the land where the natives rot;
Where decay and assured extinction
Must soon be the people's lot.
Go! search for the once glad islands,
Where disease and death are rife,
And the greed of a callous commerce
Now battens on human life!

"Where is the flag of England?
Go sail where rich galleons come
With shoddy and 'loaded' cottons,
And beer and bibles and rum;
Go, too, where brute force has triumphed,
And hypocrisy makes its lair;
And your question will find its answer,
For the flag of England is there!"

The Flag of England *Rudyard Kipling †*

Winds of the world made answer: "They are whimpering to and fro,
And what should they know of England who only England know?
The poor little street-bred people that fume and bluster and brag,
They are lifting their heads in the darkness to yelp at the English flag."

The North Wind blew: "From Bergen my steel-shod vanguards go,
I chase your lazy whalers home from the Disko floe,
By the great North lights above me I work the will of God,
And the liner splits on the ice field and the dogger fills with cod.

The lean, white bear hath seen it through the long, long Arctic night,
The musk ox knows the standard that flouts the Northern light.
Where is the flag of England? Ye have but my bergs to dare,
Ye have but my drifts to conquer. Go forth, for it is there."

The South Wind sighed: "From the Virgins my maiden course was ta'en
Over a thousand islands lost in the idle main,
Where the sea-egg flames on the coral and the long-backed breakers croon
Their endless ocean legends to the lazy locked lagoon.

My basking sunfish knows it and the wheeling albatross
Where the lone wave fills with fire beneath the South cross.
Where is the flag of England? Ye have but my reefs to dare
Ye have but my wave to furrow. Go forth for it is there."

The East Wind roared: "From the Kurlies, the Bitterseas, I come,
And me men call the home wind for I bring the English home,
Look—look to your shipping; by the strength of the mad typhon
I swept your close-packed Praya and beached your best at Kouloon.

The desert dust hath dimmed it, the flying wild ass knows,
The scared white leopard winds it across the taintless snows.
Where is the flag of England? Ye have my sun to dare,
Ye have but my sands to travel. Go forth, for it is there."

The West Wind called: "In squadrons the thoughtless galleons lie
That bear the wheat and cattle lest the street-bred people die;
They may make might their porter, they make my house their path,
And I loose my neck from their service and whelm them all in my wrath.

But whether in calm or wrack wreath, whether by dark or day,
I heave them whole to the cougar, or rip their plates away,
First of the scattered legions under a shrieking sky,
Dipping between the rollers the English flag goes by.

The dead, dumb fog hath wrapped it—the frozen dew hath kissed—
The naked stars have seen it, a fellow-star in the mist.
Where is the flag of England? Ye have but my breath to dare,
Ye have but my waves to conquer. Go forth, for it is there!"

*The Main-Truck, or a Leap for Life..... George Perkins Morris**

(A Nautical Ballad.)

Old Ironsides at anchor lay
In the Harbor of Mahon:
A dead calm rested on the bay,
The waves to sleep had gone.
When little Jack, the captain's son,
With gallant hardihood,
Climb'd shroud and spar—and then upon
The main-truck rose and stood!

A shudder ran through every vein—
All eyes were turn'd on high!
There stood the boy, with dizzy brain,
Between the sea and sky!
No hold had he above—below,
Alone he stood in air!
At that far height none dared to go,
No aid could reach him there.

We gazed—but not a man could speak!
With horror all aghast,
In groups, with pallid brow and cheek,
We watched the quivering mast.
The atmosphere grew thick and hot,
And of a lurid hue,
As riveted unto the spot
Stood officers and crew.

The father came on deck! He gasped,
"Oh God! Thy will be done!"
Then suddenly a rifle grasped,
And aimed it at his son!
"Jump far out, boy! into the wave!
Jump or I fire!" he said.
"That only chance your life can save.
Jump—jump, boy!" He obeyed.

He sunk—he rose—he lived—he moved—
He for the ship struck out!
On board we hailed the lad beloved,
With many a manly shout.
His father drew, in silent joy,
Those wet arms round his neck,
Then folded to his heart the boy,
And fainted on the deck.

The Three Troopers..... George Walter Thornbury

(During the Protectorate.)

Into the Devil tavern
Three booted troopers strode,
From spur to feather spotted and splash'd
With the mud of a winter road.
In each of their cups they drop'd a crust,
And stared at the guests with a frown;
Then drew their swords, and roar'd for a toast,
"God send this Crum-well-down!"

A blue smoke rose from their pistol-locks,
Their sword-blades were still wet;
There were long red smears on their jerkins of buff,
As the table they overset.
Then into their cups they stirr'd the crusts,
And cursed old London town;
Then waved their swords, and drank with a stamp,
"God send this Crum-well-down!"

The 'prentice drop'd his can of beer,
The host turn'd pale as a clout;
The ruby nose of the toping squires
Grew white at the wild men's shout.

Then into their cups they flung the crusts,
And show'd their teeth with a frown;
They flash'd their swords as they gave the toast,
"God send this Crum-well-down!"

The gambler drop'd his dog's-ear'd cards,
The waiting-women scream'd,
As the light of the fire, like stains of blood,
On the wild men's sabres gleam'd.
Then into their cups they splash'd the crusts,
And cursed the fool of a town,
And leap'd on the table, and roar'd a toast,
"God send this Crum-well-down!"

Till on a sudden fire-bells rang,
And the troopers sprang to horse;
The eldest mutter'd between his teeth
Hot curses—deep and coarse.
In their stirrup-cups they flung the crusts,
And cried as they spurr'd through town,
With their keen swords drawn and their pistols
cock'd,
"God send this Crum-well-down!"

Away they dash'd through Temple Bar,
Their red cloaks flowing free,
Their scabbards clash'd, each backpiece shone—
None liked to touch the three.
The silver cups that held the crusts
They flung to the startled town,
Shouting again, with a blaze of swords,
"God send this Crum-well-down!"

Philip, My King!..... Dinah Kuleoch Uraik

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my king!
For round thee the purple shadow lies
Of babyhood's royal dignities.
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand,
With love's invisible sceptre laden.
I am thine Esther to command
Till thou shalt find thy queen handmaiden,
Philip, my king!

'Oh, the day thou goest a-wooing,
Philip, my king!
When those beautiful lips 'gin suing,
And, some gentle heart's bars undoing.
Thou dost enter, love crowned, and there
Sittest love glorified! Rule kindly,
Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair,
For we that love, ah, we love so blindly,
Philip, my king!

I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,
Philip, my king!
The spirit that there lies sleeping now
May rise like a giant and make men bow
As to one heaven chosen among his peers.
My Saul than thy brethren higher and fairer,
Let me behold thee in future years!
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
Philip, my king!

A wreath, not of gold, but palm. One day,
Philip, my king!
Thou, too, must tread, as we trod, a way
Thorny and cruel and cold and gray.
Rebels within thee and foes without
Will snatch at thy crown, but march, glorious,
Martyr, yet monarch, till angels shout,
As thou sitt'st at the feet of God victorious,
"Philip, my king!"

APPLIED SCIENCE: INVENTION AND INDUSTRY

Telephotography.....Dwight L. Elmendorf.....Scribner's Magazine

Whenever anything is so far away that we cannot see it distinctly, we make use of a field-glass or telescope, which produces a magnified image of the object so that we are able to perceive what the unaided eye could not. In a similar manner the telephoto attachment enlarges the image formed by the ordinary lens in the camera. To produce on a photographic plate an image that fairly resembles what our eyes see, requires a lens of much longer focus than is generally used, and a camera that would permit the use of such a lens would be unwieldy and too cumbersome for a peripatetic photographer, and simply impossible for a mountain-climber. The telephoto lens overcomes this difficulty by producing the effect of a lens of long focus in a very compact camera. It would be interesting to know who first applied this form of lens to a camera for the purpose of photographing distant objects. In 1890, while experimenting with the lenses from an old field-glass, I discovered that a dim yet distinct image of St. Patrick's Cathedral spires was formed in my camera, although the Cathedral was eighteen blocks away. After making several exposures with this combination of lenses I became convinced that with lenses of the best possible optical construction wonderful results might be attained. Having previously purchased a telescope with a three-and-a-half-inch lens of sixty inches focus (with the idea of attaching it to a long box-camera as a photographic lens for the purpose of making photographs of distant terrestrial objects, as astronomers photograph heavenly bodies), I found that the field-glass combination of lenses yielded an image nearly as large as that produced by the telescope lens, and that, too, with a camera only one-third the length of the other.

Becoming deeply interested in this line of investigation I called upon a celebrated lens maker in London and learned that he had manufactured what he called a "Compound Telephoto Lens," consisting of a portrait lens with a small negative or concave lens adjusted at a suitable distance back of it. This instrument was too large and cumbersome for my small camera, and shortly afterward a negative lens, with a rack and pinion mounting, was manufactured of such a size that it could be attached to any rectilinear lens of suitable focus, although in some cases special corrections are necessary. This is called the "Telephoto Attachment." The tube is $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches long and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter. When this lens is attached to the ordinary lens the time of exposure is necessarily increased, because only a few of the rays of light which diverge from the positive or ordinary lens pass through the negative lens to the plate. This is a serious drawback, for it not only debars one from using it upon moving subjects, but also increases the liability of the image to be blurred by vibrations of the camera. In order to obtain the best results the camera must be very rigid. Most of the cameras and tripods of to-day are too light and unstable for telephotography.

The method of using the telephoto attachment

is very simple, but requires very great care, particularly in the matter of focussing. Suppose that an exposure has been made in the ordinary way upon a certain object; the lens is then removed from the camera front and screwed into the tube of the telephoto attachment, forming a small telescope; the whole combination is then put back on the camera as if it were the ordinary lens. Upon the ground glass or focussing screen will be seen an enlarged image which may be made sharp or distinct by adjusting the focus by means of the rack and pinion movement on the telephoto tube, just as a field-glass is adjusted to suit the eyes of the observer. If greater amplification be desired it is obtained by moving the front of the camera, holding the lenses farther from the ground-glass and then readjusting the focus as before. It will be seen from this that the attachment forms a lens of variable focus, changeable at the pleasure of the operator within the limits of the camera. Some of the attachments on the market require a camera with a very long bellows, because the difference between the foci of the negative and positive lenses is not great enough to give ample power unless the combination is several feet from the plate. With my own attachment, eight inches from the plate the image is equal to that formed by an ordinary lens of twenty-four inches focus; while at twenty-four inches from the plate it is equivalent to that of a lens of sixty-four inches focus.

Cameo Carving.....New York Evening Post

All the tools used by the cameo-carver would make but a handful. The worker sits before a wheel turned by a pedal; the tools occupy a small corner of the table surface on which the worker's hands rest while he holds the shaped stone or shell beneath the needle-like drill. The little pointed instruments which are used to drill resemble those employed by a dentist, and indeed it was from the cameo-carver's kit that the dentists got many of their ideas when the tools now in use by them came to be manufactured thirty years ago. The drills vary in thickness according to the portion of the figure or design to be executed; some are as fine as the point of a cambric-needle. A small china receptacle also stands near, filled with oil and diamond dust, and into this the workman frequently dips his tool during the progress of his work. The cameo-cutter's occupation is very exacting. He can put in only a few hours' work at a time as a usual thing, because of the tension on his nerves. A quavering hand may be responsible for the single stroke which will spoil a week's work. He must have an eye almost like a microscope, and a very delicate touch; he must be an artist in soul and as skilled a craftsman as is a watchmaker; he must know how to model and draw, and he must have a knowledge of chemistry, so as to remove offending spots. The work is executed in relief on many kinds of hard or precious stones, but essentially the chalcedonic variety of quartz, and on shells. The cameo-cutter himself prefers onyx because of its dark and light layers, which throw out in bold

relief a white head, say, against a black background. He evolves his picture by removing all that portion of the white stratum remaining after the head has been completed. Sapphire blocks are used, carnelian, turquoise, amethyst and numerous other stones. It takes about one month to execute a portrait on onyx, while much less time is consumed if the work is done on shell. There is always great danger of the latter breaking; and its durability, too, is not great, so that shell, as a rule, is not as desirable as the harder materials. A portrait on onyx will cost \$200, while one in shell may be had for \$50. The inquiries for these are rare, and building up a patronage is slow, and is accomplished mainly by satisfied customers influencing others.

Paper Pulp From Peat.....Paul Hassack.....Scientific American

The most recent discovery for the use of peat is the manufacturing of paper from its fibre. This has been so perfected that paper of almost every variety, weight and quality is produced, while the strength and durability of such is quite equal to that of paper made from any kind of vegetable pulp. There are various kinds of peat, but it is only the more fibrous grades, which show great strength and resistance on account of their elasticity and immutability, which are used for the production of paper, and the paper itself shows these same properties. While the peat bogs of the United States seem to have attracted little attention, even scientific works making but casual reference to this subject, in European countries peat has been used for various purposes for many years—notably for stable bedding and for fuel. For fuel the peat is subject to high pressure and formed into small briquettes, which have proved a good substitute for coal, possessing almost as high a heating power and being produced at about one-half the cost of coal.

Mr. Karl A. Zschoerner, an Austrian gentleman, who has been interested in the peat business for many years as an owner of large estates covered with peat, recognized the specific properties of the peat fibre, and after numerous experiments was ultimately enabled to turn his investigations to good account for perfecting a process for the manufacture of paper pulp, paper and cardboard from the peat fibre, thus opening up a large new field of industry. This process has been patented in the United States, Canada, British Columbia, Japan and all the European countries. Already there are in operation several factories in Europe, which are producing large quantities of all kinds of paper from this material and which have proved highly profitable.

From a national economical standpoint, this invention will be of great value, as it will be the means of developing a new field of industry, and lands and territories formerly worthless are now becoming valuable. The opening of the peat fields and the development of this industry will furthermore retard, in some measure, the destruction of our forests and woodlands, which have, during recent years, become steadily decreased on account of the enormous drain for various purposes, not the least being that of making pulp from wood for the

manufacture of paper. Of peat there are inexhaustible deposits, and statisticians claim that there is sufficient to cover the consumption of paper for about three centuries, so that notwithstanding the naturally increased value of peat lands, now that a use has been found for them, it is impossible that this raw material will attain the value of the present paper stuffs.

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APPLIED SCIENCE: INVENTION AND INDUSTRY

Telephotography.....Dwight L. Elmendorf.....Scribner's Magazine

Whenever anything is so far away that we cannot see it distinctly, we make use of a field-glass or telescope, which produces a magnified image of the object so that we are able to perceive what the unaided eye could not. In a similar manner the telephoto attachment enlarges the image formed by the ordinary lens in the camera. To produce on a photographic plate an image that fairly resembles what our eyes see, requires a lens of much longer focus than is generally used, and a camera that would permit the use of such a lens would be unwieldy and too cumbersome for a peripatetic photographer, and simply impossible for a mountain-climber. The telephoto lens overcomes this difficulty by producing the effect of a lens of long focus in a very compact camera. It would be interesting to know who first applied this form of lens to a camera for the purpose of photographing distant objects. In 1890, while experimenting with the lenses from an old field-glass, I discovered that a dim yet distinct image of St. Patrick's Cathedral spires was formed in my camera, although the Cathedral was eighteen blocks away. After making several exposures with this combination of lenses I became convinced that with lenses of the best possible optical construction wonderful results might be attained. Having previously purchased a telescope with a three-and-a-half-inch lens of sixty inches focus (with the idea of attaching it to a long box-camera as a photographic lens for the purpose of making photographs of distant terrestrial objects, as astronomers photograph heavenly bodies), I found that the field-glass combination of lenses yielded an image nearly as large as that produced by the telescope lens, and that, too, with a camera only one-third the length of the other.

Becoming deeply interested in this line of investigation I called upon a celebrated lens maker in London and learned that he had manufactured what he called a "Compound Telephoto Lens," consisting of a portrait lens with a small negative or concave lens adjusted at a suitable distance back of it. This instrument was too large and cumbersome for my small camera, and shortly afterward a negative lens, with a rack and pinion mounting, was manufactured of such a size that it could be attached to any rectilinear lens of suitable focus, although in some cases special corrections are necessary. This is called the "Telephoto Attachment." The tube is $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches long and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter. When this lens is attached to the ordinary lens the time of exposure is necessarily increased, because only a few of the rays of light which diverge from the positive or ordinary lens pass through the negative lens to the plate. This is a serious drawback, for it not only debars one from using it upon moving subjects, but also increases the liability of the image to be blurred by vibrations of the camera. In order to obtain the best results the camera must be very rigid. Most of the cameras and tripods of to-day are too light and unstable for telephotography.

The method of using the telephoto attachment

is very simple, but requires very great care, particularly in the matter of focussing. Suppose that an exposure has been made in the ordinary way upon a certain object; the lens is then removed from the camera front and screwed into the tube of the telephoto attachment, forming a small telescope; the whole combination is then put back on the camera as if it were the ordinary lens. Upon the ground glass or focussing screen will be seen an enlarged image which may be made sharp or distinct by adjusting the focus by means of the rack and pinion movement on the telephoto tube, just as a field-glass is adjusted to suit the eyes of the observer. If greater amplification be desired it is obtained by moving the front of the camera, holding the lenses farther from the ground-glass and then readjusting the focus as before. It will be seen from this that the attachment forms a lens of variable focus, changeable at the pleasure of the operator within the limits of the camera. Some of the attachments on the market require a camera with a very long bellows, because the difference between the foci of the negative and positive lenses is not great enough to give ample power unless the combination is several feet from the plate. With my own attachment, eight inches from the plate the image is equal to that formed by an ordinary lens of twenty-four inches focus; while at twenty-four inches from the plate it is equivalent to that of a lens of sixty-four inches focus.

Cameo Carving.....New York Evening Post

All the tools used by the cameo-carver would make but a handful. The worker sits before a wheel turned by a pedal; the tools occupy a small corner of the table surface on which the worker's hands rest while he holds the shaped stone or shell beneath the needle-like drill. The little pointed instruments which are used to drill resemble those employed by a dentist, and indeed it was from the cameo-carver's kit that the dentists got many of their ideas when the tools now in use by them came to be manufactured thirty years ago. The drills vary in thickness according to the portion of the figure or design to be executed; some are as fine as the point of a cambric-needle. A small china receptacle also stands near, filled with oil and diamond dust, and into this the workman frequently dips his tool during the progress of his work. The cameo-cutter's occupation is very exacting. He can put in only a few hours' work at a time as a usual thing, because of the tension on his nerves. A quavering hand may be responsible for the single stroke which will spoil a week's work. He must have an eye almost like a microscope, and a very delicate touch; he must be an artist in soul and as skilled a craftsman as is a watchmaker; he must know how to model and draw, and he must have a knowledge of chemistry, so as to remove offending spots. The work is executed in relief on many kinds of hard or precious stones, but essentially the chalcedonic variety of quartz, and on shells. The cameo-cutter himself prefers onyx because of its dark and light layers, which throw out in bold

relief a white head, say, against a black background. He evolves his picture by removing all that portion of the white stratum remaining after the head has been completed. Sapphire blocks are used, carnelian, turquoise, amethyst and numerous other stones. It takes about one month to execute a portrait on onyx, while much less time is consumed if the work is done on shell. There is always great danger of the latter breaking; and its durability, too, is not great, so that shell, as a rule, is not as desirable as the harder materials. A portrait on onyx will cost \$200, while one in shell may be had for \$50. The inquiries for these are rare, and building up a patronage is slow, and is accomplished mainly by satisfied customers influencing others.

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LIBRARY TABLE: GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

BIOGRAPHY.

A Study of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. By Lilian Whiting. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.25.

Miss Whiting is well fitted to attempt such a study in biography as this modest-sized volume of less than two hundred pages. She handles the theme with a grace marvelously in touch with the genius of her subject, and despite the reverential love and admiration manifested, does not unre-servedly extol. "No truth can be dangerous," are Mrs. Browning's own words; so that, if the biographer admits that the great poet's technique is far from flawless, no injury thereby is done to the essential grandeur and spiritual loftiness of her work. Miss Whiting has a good deal to say regarding Mrs. Browning's tendency toward Spiritualism of the better sort, and very aptly observes that the secret of her life and power is the result of her recognition of the interblending of the seen and the unseen worlds. Necessarily brief, but very delightful, are the glimpses vouchsafed one in these pages of the wedded life of the Brownings; and sufficiently liberal extracts from the Letters, published not long ago, greatly augment one's interest in the text, which is further embellished with a charming portrait of the author of *Aurora Leigh*.—Home Journal.

The True William Penn. By Sydney George Fisher. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.00.

The fashion of presenting a so-called "real" biography of a famous man, with the assumption that all previous ones have been idealized, has reached the founder of the Keystone State. Mr. Fisher assures us that the popular notion of his subject as "a pious, contemplative man, a peace-loving Quaker, who founded Pennsylvania in the most successful manner, on beautiful, benevolent principles and kindness to the Indians," is very much aside from the reality. This is hardly a new idea with Mr. Fisher; the reader will remember that Macaulay gives Penn a bad character, which Hepworth, Dixon and others have disputed.—Book Buyer.

The Romance of Ludwig II. of Bavaria. By Frances Gerard. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3.50.

Almost the only glimmer of romantic attachment in his whole career was in his worship of a bust of Marie Antoinette, at which he gazed every morning on waking. He never married; indeed, he broke off an "arranged" engagement with an eligible princess. His romance, such as it was, was one of autocracy and architecture. At the age of twelve he bowstrung his younger brother Otto, the present King, and nearly caused his death, because the child would not acknowledge that he was Ludwig's vassal. And this quality remained the ruling passion until his death. One of his last acts was to order forty leading Bavarians to be thrown into a dungeon and starved to death—an order that was, of course, discreetly disobeyed. As an enthusiastic builder of beautiful palaces he will long be remembered, for like the first Ludwig he left numerous

memorials in solid masonry. How he helped Wagner the world knows well. The authoress is at her best, we think, in the concluding chapters, which refer to the King's insanity, deposition and suicide. These are worthy the name of romance, and though the thrilling incidents of thirteen years ago are still fresh in most minds, there is here a more circumstantial statement of the matter than we ever remember seeing.—London Literary World.

The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. Edited by Sydney Colvin, with illustrations by Guérin and E. C. Piexotto. Charles Scribner's Sons. 2 v. \$5.00

Those who enjoyed—and that is to say all who read—the series of Stevenson letters in Scribner's Magazine will be glad to know that the comely volumes now before us are not a mere reprint of those pleasant epistles, but contain in addition to them nearly as many new ones of equal interest and quality. It is rather late in the day now to trumpet in a review Robert Louis Stevenson's gift as a letter writer. His place with the half-score or so of moderns who have excelled in this alleged lost art is already as secure as Fitzgerald's, and it is no great venture in opinion to say that his letters—the really Stevensonian ones, we mean, the ones that make us wonder the more at the miraculous fact that the writer of such whimsical, fantastical, delightfully nonsensical missives was a Scotchman—are easily the best in their kind that have appeared in print since Lamb's.

Stevenson sincerely believed himself to be a dismal and constitutional failure as a correspondent. The contents of his letters he forcibly styled "rot"; and he thought his mind one "essentially and originally incapable of the art epistolary." It would be difficult, indeed, to specify, for the satisfaction of the unco-literary and serious-minded, just wherein lies the element of permanent and positive value in his letters. Their charm is a subtle essence, potent but elusive. As to form, they have none. As to matter, Stevenson's own epithet "rot" has a certain applicability to not a few, and even to some of the most characteristic of them.

Stevenson was a man of genius, and of a keen eye and a singularly independent mind, and the fact that he was so is flashed upon us often enough and brilliantly enough in his letters; but their purely intellectual quality is by no means their dominant and characteristic quality. We cannot dispose of the collection by affixing to it the serviceable old labels, "freighted with wisdom" and "charged with sober reflection." Of deliberate speculation or theorizing upon the graver problems of life, there is hardly a trace. That Stevenson, a thoughtful man, a man of imagination and keen sensibility, to whom for years death had been visibly beckoning, pondered much and painfully upon those problems, may be taken for granted. But whatever forebodings, whatever spiritual doubts and misgivings may have haunted him, he kept them to himself like a man, and did not transmit them through the mails to his friends.

As mere chronicles, Stevenson's letters are of no

great value. "I deny," he writes in one of them, "that letters should contain news (I mean mine, other people's should)"; and so, as a rule, he consistently refrained from pelting his correspondents with facts ("sordid facts," he calls them) about himself and the world he moved in. As Mr. Colvin remarks, the letters are not at all of the sort that can be woven into the texture of a biographical narrative.

Mr. Colvin's editing is all that can be desired—painsaking, helpful and unobtrusive; and his introductory is a delightful piece of work.

One decidedly regrettable fact that appears in Mr. Colvin's introduction must be noted in closing. Lack of the needful leisure has compelled him to abandon the idea of preparing the separate volume of biography which was to complete his literary memorial to his friend. The book is now, we learn, at the wish of Stevenson's family, to be undertaken by his cousin, Mr. Graham Balfour.—*The Dial*.

FICTION.

Main-Travelled Roads. By Hamlin Garland. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

It is not a pretty picture Mr. Garland paints of the Western farmer and his drudge of a wife in their fight with the inevitable mortgage; it is always pathetic, disquieting and often fierce, bitter and savage. Mr. Garland is so terribly in earnest that he cannot stop to be delicate or to aim at charm or style, but the stern passion and rugged power of his art makes itself felt through the pitiless, bleak, joyless lives that live again in his pages. The inhabitants of the East were at a loss to understand the passionate earnestness with which the Western farmer espoused the cause of free silver a few years ago, the almost tearful eagerness with which he looked to see its victory. Mr. Garland has unconsciously written a political tract, which ought to help the present generation, and will undoubtedly help the future historian to understand in part that uprising of the farmers of the West, which, in his introduction to this new edition, Mr. Howells terms "the translation of the peasant's war into modern and republican terms."—*Worcester Spy*.

Predicaments. By Louis Evans Shipman. Life Publishing Company. \$1.00.

A collection of short society stories told in Mr. Shipman's best vein. His *D'Arcy of the Guards*, which is now being dramatized, will be remembered as one of the literary successes of last year. Mr. Shipman uses for the environment of the stories in *Predicaments* the social existence of New York's "smart set," and the episodes are all within the bounds of probability and elegant conventionality. The illustrations are in the most characteristic style of Charles Dana Gibson and T. K. Hanna, Jr.—*Baltimore Herald*.

The Poor Plutocrats. Translated from the Hungarian of Maurus Jokai by R. Nisbet Bain. Doubleday & McClure Co. \$1.25.

The reader of Mr. Bain's excellent translation will cheerfully admit that the story is fascinating, and that it possesses "in an eminent degree the

charm of freshness and novelty," and we dare say that he will go further in its praises than the very moderate extent to which Mr. Bain commits himself. It is true that this story does not abound with that rare quality of humor which is so delightfully a part of Jokai's literary work, yet it is not deficient in that respect, for the Jokai flash is there, and the subtlety of the humor, as it creeps out in unexpected moments of character portrayal, lends vastly to the charm. All through the story runs a certain current of mystery, perhaps not strong enough to deceive the reader entirely, but quite enough to give a pleasant atmosphere of perplexity and doubt. It is a matter of peculiar interest that, in the main, Jokai's novels end unsatisfactorily; and it is not a small part of his art that he takes these liberties without exciting the resentment of his readers. In these days of prosaic fiction, of the recital of the dreary incidents of commonplace life, with their alleged basis of "truth" and their unimpeachable foundation of dullness, a story of Jokai's should be hailed as a welcome, a blessed relief.—*Chicago Evening Post*.

Henry Worthington, Idealist. By Margaret Sherwood. The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

Ought a college to receive an endowment from a millionaire whose "fortune is an economic disgrace"? That is the problem confronting the reader of this story. The endowment it mentions is considerable enough (\$500,000) to give pause to the scruples of any university, however rich. The donor "got his start" by so drawing his confiding mother's will as to cheat his sister out of her half of the estate, a thousand dollars or so. By careful nursing of a Jacob's portion he accumulated enough to secure control of a flour trust, and so manipulated a "corner" as to squeeze a fortune out of the starving poor of Europe and America. Prudently shunning the risk of further speculation, he invested his fortune (under assumed names) in three great "bargain" stores in different cities, whose profits came from the starvation wages of the employees and of the sweatshops which furnished the bargains. The donor's daughter, who has never particularly cared for her father (a widower) beyond the requirements of duty, learning the secret of his wealth—after the modern woman idea—secures in disguise a place in his shop to learn for herself whether life on the other side of the bargain counter is really what it is painted. Her experiences constitute a clever bit of realistic sketching. Behind the bargain counter the donor's daughter encounters the young professor of economics, who, stirred to hot indignation by academic indifference to the tainted source of the endowment, and challenged by his unsympathetic father (also a widower), starts out to prove that the "economic disgrace" is what it has been represented. The matrimonial result of that encounter is, of course, a foregone conclusion. As a picture of life in an American college town the story is interesting, personal knowledge of three university centres being drawn upon to produce a composite. Taken as a whole, the book recalls the old doubt in George Eliot's case of the novel disguised as a treatise, or the treatise disguised as a novel. Despite this

doubt it contains much clever by-play and many amusing minor characters.—Literature.

They That Walk in Darkness: Ghetto Tragedies. By I. Zangwill. The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

Mr. Zangwill, in a short but interesting prefatory note, says: "The Ghetto Tragedies collected in a little volume in 1893 have been so submerged in the present collection that I have relegated the original name to a sub-title. Satan Mekatrig was written in 1888; Bethulah this year. Any one who wishes to trace the progress or decay of my imagination during the last ten years has, therefore, materials at hand." Compliance with the author's suggestion is not likely to modify the admiration evoked by the earlier products of his genius. Satan Mekatrig is a very powerful and lurid tale of sacrilege and possession, a Ghetto variant of the Faust legend in fact, which suffers as an artistic achievement from a certain exuberance of detail. The faults of this striking story are eminently those of youth. Bethulah, the story written this year, describes how an American Jew, revisiting the homes and haunts of his ancestors in Central and Eastern Europe, witnesses the annual pilgrimage of a sect of Jewish Shakers, or Salvationists, to a mountain village in the Carpathians, attends the services conducted by the "Wonder Rabbi," who claims to be of the Messianic seed, and falls in love with his beautiful daughter, only to find that she is doomed to remain unwedded in the belief that from her immaculacy will spring the true Messiah. The theme needs delicate handling, but Mr. Zangwill has given no ground for complaint; the clashing of modernity and medievalism, of mysticism and actuality, is wonderfully well conveyed, and Bethulah—a Jewish Joanna Southcott—is a most romantic and touching figure. The six other new stories included in the collection, if less picturesque than Bethulah, are even more impressive in virtue of their poignancy and sincerity. We will only say, in conclusion, that while the tragic issue of each of these remarkable stories is inevitable, because inherent in the temperament or environment of the victims, they are frequently illumined by flashes of fancy, satire, irony and humor. No reader, who is not blinded by prejudice, will rise from the perusal of this engrossing volume without an enhanced sense of compassion for, and admiration of, the singular race of whose traits and temperament Mr. Zangwill is, perhaps, the most gifted and the most unsparing interpreter.—*Spectator*.

In Chimney Corners. Merry Tales of Irish Folk-Lore. By Seumas MacManus. Doubleday & McClure Co. \$1.50.

A collection of "merry tales of Irish folk-lore" put into an oddly illustrated book. There is not much "folk-lore" about them, evidently; they lack the flavor that stories belonging to the soil have, but Mr. MacManus has an irresponsible fancy which he indulges to its fullest limit, and the result is he manufactures folk-lore for his readers "while they wait." He is not particular on the score of quality, and the roughest ideas are incorporated in his very "merry tales." Everybody fights, and the fiercer the encounters and the more limbs hacked off the better satisfied is this vivacious narrator. Mr. Mac-

Manus is not entirely responsible for the sanguinary scenes he describes, since he draws on the old standard "fairy tales" for plot and people. Miss Pamela Colman Smith contributes a number of extraordinary pictures beautifully done.—*Chicago Evening Post*.

Fables in Slang. By George Ade. Illustrated by Clyde J. Newman. H. S. Stone & Co. \$1.00.

Mr. Ade, in this collection of the Fables, has hit upon a novel and ingenious form of satire. Each of the short sketches which make up the book appears in the guise of a fable with a sententious moral duly appended. The language in which they are written is not slang, properly speaking, but that strange admixture of metaphor and colloquialism which is the familiar speech of certain men to-day. The humor of these sketches lies partly in the clever use of this ultra-modern argot, but even more in the fact that the personages who have their being in these fables have their prototypes among real people who are actually known to the reader. Many of the fables, divested of the slang and the exaggeration necessary to successful caricature, might be rewritten in another vein as serious stories. The illustrations by Mr. Newman are cleverly designed imitations of the old-fashioned plates seen in the books of a departed age, and in their drawing and mock-serious style admirably supplement the text in its parody of an antique literary form.—*Chicago Record*.

The Circle of a Century. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. The Century Company. \$1.25.

Mrs. Burton Harrison's stories are always welcome, and they do not require any guarantee to American readers. The present volume contains two sequent love stories, the scenes of which are located in New York. The events of the first tale are laid in the Bowling Green neighborhood when the festivities were in progress that marked the inauguration of President Washington and the establishment of constitutional government. The hero is a soldier and the scion of an old and honored colonial family, while the heroine is the daughter of an immigrant Scotch-Irish mechanic. The opportunities for use of the materials afforded by that picturesque period are skilfully employed. The second part deals with the present age of plutocracy, its hero being the rich and cultivated descendant of the heroine of the earlier tale. The two stories abound in local color and dramatic situations.—*Brooklyn Standard-Union*.

Red Pottage. By Mary Cholmondeley. Harper & Bros. \$1.50.

Never aggressively witty nor epigrammatic, she yet often says a good thing in a way that makes one wonder why it has not been said before, or not in the same fresh or whimsical fashion. The picture of Warpington, remote, intensely local; the conversation, or lack of conversation, of its neighbors on the green; the arrival in their midst of the vicar's sister (known to Londoners as the author of a clever book); and other persons and incidents, are perhaps the best part of *Red Pottage*. The vicarage group—the Gresleys, their children, their

governess, their sponges hanging on the window-ledge, the well-intentioned but hopelessly narrow outlook of the family—are, till nearly the end, kept outside the domain of caricature. Some sketches of people, excellent in themselves, but not necessary to the story, detract a little from the sense of balance and proportion. The interest will for some readers, of course, centre on the problem of conduct presented. It is the special feature of the story, and it makes a difficult position for at least four persons. The source of the trouble is what used to be called an American duel. Some of the circumstances and incidents that grow from it are well imagined and conveyed; but the want of adequate motive for what is done imparts a sense of incredibility to the principal situation.—*Athenæum*.

SCIENTIFIC AND SOCIOLOGIC.

Our Foes at Home. By H. H. Lusk. Doubleday & McClure Co. \$1.00.

This is as good a volume as any, perhaps, from which to get an idea of the main objections urged against a continuance of the present methods of administering the government and conducting politics. The trouble with this book as with most of its kind is that those who will read it are already familiar with all that it contains, while those who might find something new in it will never get beyond seeing what it is about. Mr. Lusk was formerly a member of the Parliament of New Zealand, where the things he objects to have been much discussed and more or less legislated against. He has now spent several years in this country, and sees many threatening dangers from the way the people's great heritage of land has been squandered, from the increase of manufactures at the expense of agriculture, from monopolies, trusts and too powerful corporations. There are chapters also on taxation, with some suggestions as to what is needed to be done. Much of what Mr. Lusk says will make the average reader feel nervous and uncomfortable, but whether it will be found convincing or not is largely a matter of temperament.—*Philadelphia Record*.

The Future of the American Negro. By Booker T. Washington. Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.50.

Mr. Washington believes that the future of the American negro will be worked out in the South, and along the educational lines which have been attended with such marked success during his management of the Tuskegee Institute. The author has made the public tolerably familiar with his views on the future of his race in his lecture tours through the North; and this volume is practically a summing up and an elaboration at once of these views. He would have the educational qualification as regards the right of franchise strictly enforced against black and white alike, and he would begin a systematic education of the negro from the ground up, so to speak. Not that well-meaning persons have not applied themselves assiduously to the education of the negro. But Mr. Washington's experience has taught him that there has been too much education of the head and too little of the hand. The negro has been taught Greek and Latin, law and medicine, and then turned adrift

among his people, where the simple rudiments of tilling the field were as a closed book. The book throughout is an earnest, well-written and far-sighted plea for the industrial education of the negro. Eighty per cent. of the colored people of the South are found in the rural districts and they are dependent on agriculture in some form for their support. Yet, notwithstanding that thirty years have passed since the negro was freed, aside from what has been done at Hampton and Tuskegee, but little has been attempted by State or philanthropy in the way of educating the race in this one industry upon which its every existence depends.—*Philadelphia North American*.

Things as They Are. By Bolton Hall. Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.25.

Radical, even to the extent that the first essay, *A Counsel of Perfection*, was refused a place in the columns of not less than five of our prominent religious journals, this little book has its own reverence, its own piety, and is not at all an anarchistic, law-subversive output. Indeed, its author stands on nearly the same ground as Edward Carpenter in his *Angels' Wings* (Macmillan). He is as incisive and as practical as E. D. Bax in *Outspoken Essays*, without, if one may so speak, the latter's brutality of statement. Nine in number, the essays are all worthy of attentive perusal, for anything short of that would be useless, while the parables, or "fables," as their author designates them, contain, besides a great deal of intellectual and spiritual meat, a not illiberal supply of the spice of wit and humor. Sometimes drastic, cutting to the quick our social self-satisfactions, and mercilessly uncompromising, both essays and fables must perforce benefit as well as entertain the intelligent and broad-minded reader.—*Home Journal*.

The Listening Child. By Lucy W. Thacher. Introduction by Thomas Wentworth Higginson. The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

There are numerous selections of poetry for children, but Mrs. Thacher's anthology will easily take rank with the best of them. Her principle has been to collect the best short poems in the English language with reference to their attractiveness for young readers. In the skill with which she has applied this lies the value of her book. It aims to contain nothing but the very best poetry—the kind of poetry which ought to drop into the memory and imagination of a child, and to lie there for future germination and growth; and it is admirably adapted for reading aloud. The volume may be opened at any point and the eye will rest upon a poem which seems to be wonderfully adapted to the ear of the child as well as to its imagination. Children should make their acquaintance with poetry through the ear rather than through the eye; and this volume will be of great service to those who have learned this fact.—*Outlook*.

JUVENILES.

Peter Newell's Pictures and Rhymes. Harper & Bros. \$1.25.

The world has for a long time yearned for an acceptable successor to Edward Lear, whose *Book of*

Nonsense has been for many years a household treasure, and Mr. Newell appears to be about the worthiest of all the candidates. There is a whimsical touch in all that he does, whether it be in picture or in text, that appeals to the soul of man, and it is his good fortune to be wholly original. There is never any mistaking Mr. Newell's work for that of any other picture-maker past or present, and in his rhyming he seems to have hit upon a form and a manner which are as distinctively his own as were the rhymes of Lear characteristic of the older man. We know of no other illustrator who could enter so thoroughly into the spirit of his rhymes, and he is to be congratulated upon his complete accord with himself, which was never more conspicuously shown than in this volume.—*Harper's Magazine*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Little Beasts of Field and Wood. By William Everett Cram. Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.25.

William Everett Cram, in a pleasing volume, well pictured and written, holds the small beasts that still inhabit our woods have been altogether too much neglected by the student of nature, though really much nearer to us and much more easily comprehended than birds, when you have once succeeded in finding them. He thinks most of us would be surprised to learn how many wild animals of the bigness of a cat and upward pass their lives in the midst of cultured districts without ever having been seen by men, to die at last of old age, their existence even unsuspected by the owners of the land they dwelt upon. The author has confined his observations to animals living in New Hampshire, but the Western boy will find that the tricks and manners of the Eastern fox, weasel or squirrel are much the same the world over. There are some very valuable suggestions for the novice in regard to studying the habits of animals. The book is attractively bound and illustrated.—*Chicago Evening Post*.

Jess: Bits of Wayside Gospel. By Jenkin Lloyd Jones. The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

We conjecture that the author of this very charming volume has Welsh blood in his veins, and so carries into his work a love for nature and a sympathy with the imaginative aspects of every-day life which are common in the little principality. Anyhow, he has a mind rich in illustrations, and a heart full of tender sentiments. His picture of Jess, his horse and the companion of his summer vacations, only a true lover of animals could have drawn. Sermons—except in the widest interpretations of that well-worn word—these bits of wayside life can scarcely be called, although they seem to have been preached to a Chicago audience; but they are fine, genial, kindly essays, such as a cheerful optimist with a touch of genius would write in his happiest moods.—*Rochester Post Express*.

Texts Explained; or, Helps to Understand the New Testament. By F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

This is not a continuous commentary, but a series of annotations arranged in textual order upon "a large number of verses or passages of

which the force, the beauty, the correct reading, the exact rendering, or the deep special significance has often been mistaken, overlooked, or altogether obliterated." That the book is scholarly and always to the point follows from its authorship, and we can heartily recommend it as a companion to the New Testament, which it elucidates without overburdening the Sacred Text. Perhaps its greatest merit is that, while furnishing brief and illuminating comments suited to the general reader, it is bound to provoke further inquiry on the part of many, and it certainly does not err on the side of traditional interpretations. Dean Farrar's views on such subjects as asceticism and the larger hope are well known, and they naturally find place in this volume; but controverted points apart, it is a book admirably suited to promote the intelligent use of the New Testament.—*London Literary World*.

Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards: a Tragedy. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

The tragic anecdote which Mr. Swinburne has told in this play is told with a directness and conciseness unusual in his dramatic or lyric work. The story, simple, barbarous and cruel—a story of the year 573—acts itself out before us in large, clear outlines, with surprisingly little of modern self-consciousness. The book is a small one, the speeches are short, and the words for the most part short, too; every speech tells like an action in words; there is scarcely a single merely decorative passage from beginning to end. The quality which is most conspicuous in this play is a naked strength, which has always been present in Mr. Swinburne's plays, but hitherto draped elaborately. The outline of every play has been hard, sharp, firmly drawn; the characters always forthright and unwavering; there has always been a real precision in the main draft of the speeches; but this is the first time in which the outlines have been left to show themselves in all their sharpness. This resolute simplicity brings a new quality into Mr. Swinburne's work, and a quality full of dramatic possibilities. All the luxuriousness of his verse has gone, and the lines ring like sword clashing against sword. The atmosphere of the play is that of June at Verona, and the sun's heat seems to beat upon us all through its brief and fevered action. Mr. Swinburne's words never make pictures, but they are unparalleled in their power of conveying atmosphere. He sees with a certain generalized vision—it might almost be said that he sees musically; but no English poet has ever presented bodily sensation with such curious and subtle intensity. And just as he renders bodily sensation carried to the point of agony, so he is at his best when dealing, as here, with emotion tortured to the last limit of endurance. Mr. Swinburne has never been a philosophical thinker; but he has acquired the equivalent of a philosophy through his faithfulness to a single outlook upon human life and destiny. And in this brief and burning play, more than in much of his later writing, we find the reflection of that unique temperament to which real things are so abstract, and abstract things so colored and tangible; a temperament in which there is almost too much poetry for a poet—as pure gold needs to be mingled with alloy.—*Athenæum*.

BRIEF COMMENT: LITERARY SAYINGS AND DOINGS

—It is said that the sum of \$10,000 has been paid for the serial rights of Ian Maclaren's *Life of Christ*.

—Some unpublished manuscripts by Heine were in the possession of his sister, Frau Emden, who has just died at the great age of ninety-nine. Some of these manuscripts related to his residence in Paris, and it is said that they will soon be published, together with the collection of the poet's letters preserved by this devoted sister.

—Two news items of the magazine world are that Munsey's is to have an English edition, and that the January number of *The International Monthly* is the initial issue of a new periodical from the press of The Macmillan Company.

—Professor Goldwin Smith, whom John Morley in the *Century* article on Oliver Cromwell considers "one of the most brilliant of living political critics," has, with his wife, left Toronto to winter in Naples, and will not return to America before the end of May.

—Miss Anna Swarwick, who died in November, was widely known by her translation of *Æschylus*, and also by her versions of *Faust* and *Egmont*. She was, says the *London Athenæum*, an active friend of the higher education of women, and gave munificently to all institutions destined to promote it that seemed in need of aid. She was a pleasant talker and an excellent hostess.

—Walter A. Wyckoff, who wrote *The Workers*, will this year contribute to *Scribner's Magazine* a series of articles entitled *Trip in Greenland*. Mr. Wyckoff was a member of the Peary relief expedition, and his observations, as a sociologist, of the primitive conditions of the people, will be sandwiched between descriptions of his adventures.

—Miss Onoto Watanna, of Chicago, is believed to be the only Japanese woman writer of fiction in this country. She is twenty-one years of age, and for the past three years has lived in different cities of America. She belongs to a large and gifted family, one sister being an artist, another a writer, and a third occupies a position of trust in the British West Indies. Several of her stories have been published in some of the leading magazines recently.

—One of the most brilliant novels ever written by the late Grant Allen was published anonymously. This work, *Rosalba*, attributed to Olive Pratt Rayner, was published last July by G. P. Putnam's Sons. The same house was publishing almost simultaneously an acknowledged book of Mr. Allen's called *Miss Cayley's Adventures*. The publishers themselves were not aware that they were dealing with two of the distinguished authors' books—the two last, as it happened, that Mr. Allen wrote—until after the death of the author.

—In chronicling the recent arrival in New York of Miss Beatrice Harraden, the Bookman says: "Her health seems to be restored, and her errand here is one of recreation, chiefly to pay a visit to old friends in California. She expects to return to England in the spring and go to Norway and begin serious work upon her new novel, which has

been already begun, but which she will allow herself two or three years to finish. The serial rights of the story have been sold in advance. Miss Harraden has written a play, a comedy with a background of intellectuality."

—Up to the first of December the date of the first production of Mr. William Young's dramatization of General Wallace's famous novel, *Ben Hur*, the number of copies sold was 640,000. The publishers, Messrs. Harper & Brothers, counting on a strong revival of interest in the book as a result of the play, have brought out in popular form their elaborate two-volume edition, with marginal illustrations by William Martin Johnson.

—Two forthcoming books of English literary reminiscences are Robert Buchanan's long-expected autobiography and a similar volume by Professor A. J. Church.

—A London letter to the *Book Buyer* says that Mr. Watts-Dunton is a tiny man, with a heavy mustache, rather deaf, and curiously sensitive to criticism. The same letter announces two new books by John Oliver Hobbes, *Robert Orange*, a sequel to *The School for Saints*, and a three-act comedy, *The Wisdom of the Wise*.

—The late Mrs. Lean (Miss Florence Marryat), the sixth daughter and tenth child of the famous novelist, was herself the author of some seventy novels. She also appeared as a singer and an actress, and managed a school of journalism.

—Apropos of the new volume recording the doings of *The Brownies Abroad*, it is reported that of Palmer Cox's various Brownie books over 150,000 copies have thus far been put upon the market.

—The following interesting bit of personal description is taken from Mr. James Leatham's monograph, *William Morris, Master of Many Crafts*, published by the Twentieth Century Press, of London: "He has been compared to one of his own Berserkers; but I am not sure that any of us has a very clear idea of what a Berserker was like. The massive, shaggy head, the face strong and well-colored, and the sailor-like roll of the body suggested a skipper ashore while his cargo was being discharged; but then no skipper ever wore an Inverness cloak, or broad-brimmed felt hat, or carried a thick stick, or slung a brown canvas bag over his head containing, among much else, an armory of pipes, which he would lend to any member of the company who had left his pipe at home. He had somewhat the look of those patriarchal shepherds who come down from the Highlands, driving their flocks before them to the cities of the plain, and uttering marvels of articulation to their dogs. But shepherds do not wear blue serge, nor have they the air and gait of this man. In short, it was as difficult to match Morris outwardly as it was to find the exact peer of him intellectually and morally."

—The *New York Sun* tells a good story about one of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward's characters. It says that some visitors to East Gloucester last summer paid a special call upon the woman said to be the original of her famous story, *A Madonna of the Tubs*. Mrs. Phelps-Ward's summer home is in

East Gloucester. The visitors found a typical New Englander, with a self-evident capacity for taking care of herself. "So you are the Madonna of the Tubs?" said the visitors. "I am," said the New Englander. "And Mrs. Phelps-Ward wrote a beautiful story about you." "She did." "Did you ever meet Mrs. Ward?" "I have. After she'd wrote that story she come round here one day and hunted me up. She said as how she wanted to see me for herself." "How interesting!" murmured the visitors, "and what did you do?" "Do?" repeated the Madonna of the Tubs, "What did I do? I sassed her well for writin' such a story as that about me. Such a pack o' lies I never read. Why, there wasn't one-half of it true. An' she had the face to come and see me afterward! Oh, I sassed her well, I did."

—Apropos of Paul Leicester Ford's latest success, Janice Meredith, an exchange relates the following incident: Last summer Mr. Ford was in Paris, and one day went with a party of friends to look at some rare jewels which a jeweler had asked them to inspect. Among other gems was a pearl necklace of exquisite beauty, every pearl being like every other one in size and lustre. It was valued at 25,000 francs, and Mr. Ford, after admiring it for a few moments, said: "I know a girl who can buy these pearls and give them to me for a present." When they asked him who the maiden was, he being presumed to be fancy free, Mr. Ford replied, "It is Janice." And then they knew that he had already received at least \$5,000 for the MS. of the book, Janice Meredith, then unpublished.

—Here is a bit from the charming preface to the Red Book of Animal Stories, Mr. Andrew Lang's latest contribution to the delightful series of child books he has added to annually at the holidays: "If this book has any moral at all, it is to be kind to all sorts and conditions of animals—that will let you. Most girls are ready to do this, but boys used to be apt to be unkind to cats when I was a boy. There is no reason why an exception should be made as to cats, and a boy ought to think of this before he throws stones or sets dogs at a cat. Now, in London, we often see the little street boys making friends with every cat they meet, but this is not so common in the country. If anything in this book amuses a boy, let him be kind to poor puss and protect her for the sake of his obedient friend."

—The many admirers of John Strange Winter on this side of the Atlantic will be pleased to learn that she draws an income of not far from \$10,000 a year from her works, and lives in a villa which she recently built near Dieppe. She is known in private life as Mrs. Arthur Stannard. Her husband, who is a son of one of England's greatest engineers, acts as her amanuensis and business agent. Mrs. Stannard is about forty years old, and before her marriage, about fifteen years ago, lived with her father in York, where he is one of the minor canons in the Cathedral. As York is also a garrison town, she gathered the material for Bootle's Baby, which made her name, practically in her own home. The Stannards seem to be partial to literature. Mr. Stannard's sister is the widow of the famous George Augustus Sala.

—During the proceedings of the recent conference of the Library Association in England a char-

acteristic story of John Ruskin was told in connection with the subject of village libraries. A library for the laborers of a lake country village had been established, and just before the opening Mr. Ruskin was asked to inspect it. He cordially consented, and upon leaving expressed his admiration of the arrangements, and promised to send a present, which came in the form of a sumptuous set of Scott's novels. The wife of the founder thought the edition much too splendid for the purpose, and at the earliest opportunity told the donor so. "Madam," said Ruskin, "if the money the books cost had been spent in floral decorations or wines for a dinner, nothing would have been said against it, but because it has been laid out for the enjoyment of the simple villagers it is thought extravagant."

—Zangwill, which is the writer's real name, is a genuine and very ancient surname. It came to England from Chaldea. Chaldaic was always a favorite language with Jews. Among the Jewish population of foreign birth in the East-End of London, as in New York, Yiddish is the jargon spoken, and pure Chaldaic is the principal language studied, or, rather, read. Zangwill, in Chaldaic, means a nail of cloves, spice, or any common flower; it corresponds with "clou de girofle," found so often in ancient deeds—a nail of gilly-flower presented by way of service to an over-lord. Centuries ago it became a family name among the Jews. In 1258 some property was sold in Norwich, and after the statement in Hebrew that ten marks were paid in "gersuma," comes a line to the effect that the purchaser must present annually 'three zangwills, which they call "clous de girofle."

—Paul Déroulède, the agitator recently arrested in Paris, came of good stock, for his father was a clever lawyer and his mother was the sister of Emile Augier. In his early manhood he was a brave soldier. Fighting in the Third Zouaves, he was captured at Sedan, and after suffering great hardship as a prisoner he escaped in disguise, reported to Gambetta at Tours, and thereafter took part in twenty battles, winning decorations by his courage. After the war he published two volumes of war poems, which gave him some fame. Of late years he has been known as a political agitator and breeder of discontent.

—“My earliest recollections,” said Mr. Edwin Markham, author of *The Man With a Hoe*, in a recently reported interview, “go back to the days when I was a shepherd boy on the California hills, I was seven years old then. When my mother gave up her sheep range I turned cowboy and learned the many tricks of the trade—could throw a riata or ride a bronco with the best of them. Later I became a farmer and spent many months walking behind the plow, turning up the rich loam of the foothills and preparing it for the harvest. Money that I earned in this way I invested in books—copies of Bryant, Tennyson, Thomas Moore and Webster's Dictionary. I derived much inspiration from the works of Victor Hugo and from Carlyle and Ruskin. In poetry I was much attracted by the passion of Shelley and by the imaginative insights of Browning. Swinburne was another favorite of mine.”

BOOK LIST: WHAT TO READ—WHERE TO FIND IT

Artistic, Dramatic and Musical.

Art Life of William Morris Hunt: Helen M. Knowlton: Il. from his works: Bost., Little, Brown & Co. \$3 00
British Contemporary Artists: Cosmo Monkhouse: N. Y., Charles Scribner's Sons, il. 5 00
Development and Character of Gothic Architecture: Charles H. Moore: N. Y., Macmillan Co., il. 4 50
Dutch Painters of the Nineteenth Century: Max Rooses: N. Y., E. P. Dutton & Co., il. 15 00
Great Pictures as Seen by Famous Writers: Ed. by Ester Singleton: N. Y., Dodd, Mead & Co. 2 00
Guide to the Opera: Ester Singleton: N. Y., Dodd, Mead & Co., il. 1 50
History of the Pianoforte and Pianoforte Players: Oscar Bie: N. Y., E. P. Dutton & Co., il. 6 00
Moments with Art: Chic., A. C. McClurg & Co. 1 00
Proportion and Harmony of Line and Color: George L. Raymond: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons. 2 50
Scarlet Stigma, The: James Edgar Smith: Wash., D. C., J. J. Chapman. 75
Stars of the Opera: Mabel Wagnalls: N. Y., Funk & Wagnalls Co., il. 1 50

Biographic and Reminiscent.

Autobiographical Sketch of Mrs. John Drew: N. Y., Charles Scribner's Sons, il. 1 50
Browning: Poet and Man: A Survey: Elisabeth L. Cary: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons, il. 3 75
E. P. Roe: Reminiscences of His Life: Mary A. Roe: N. Y., Dodd, Mead & Co. 1 50
Francis Lieber: Life and Political Philosophy: L. R. Harley: N. Y., The Columbia University Press. 1 75
Kate Field: A Record: Lilian Whiting: Bost., Little, Brown & Co., il. 2 00
Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson: Edited by Sidney Colvin: 2 v., N. Y., Charles Scribner's Sons, il. 5 00
Life and Letters of Sir John Everett Millais: John Guille Millais: 2 v., N. Y., F. A. Stokes Co., il. 10 00
Life of James Dwight Dana: Daniel C. Gilman: N. Y., Harper & Brothers, il. 2 50
Life of Prince Otto Von Bismarck: Frank Preston Stearns: Phil., J. B. Lippincott Co. 3 50
Little Journeys to the Homes of Eminent Painters: Elbert Hubbard: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1 75
Nathaniel Hawthorne: Annie Fields: (Beacon Biographies:) Bost., Small, Maynard & Co. 75
Reminiscences of a Very Old Man, 1808-1897: John Sartain: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co. 2 50
Sir Arthur Sullivan: Arthur Lawrence: Chic., H. S. Stone & Co., il. 3 50
True William Penn, The: Sydney George Fisher: Phil., J. B. Lippincott Co., il. 2 00

Essays and Miscellanies.

American Lands and Letters: Letter Stocking to Poe: D. G. Mitchell: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons. 2 50
Cassell's National Library: Ed. by Prof. Henry Morley: Anthony and Cleopatra: Shakespeare.—Christmas Carol and The Chimes: Dickens.—Grace Abounding: Bunyan.—Paradise Lost: Milton, 2 v.—The Task: Cowper.—Voyages and Travels: Marco Polo: N. Y., Cassell & Co., paper, each. 10
Commercial Violet Culture: B. T. Galloway: N. Y., A. T. De La Mare Ptg. and Pub. Co., il. 1 50
Every Living Creature: Ralph Waldo Trine: N. Y., T. Y. Crowell & Co. 35
God-Speed: Well-wishing in Verse and Prose for all Occasions: N. Y., Roxbury Pub. Co. 1 00
Great Books as Life Teachers: Newell Dwight Hillis: Chic., F. H. Revell Company. 1 50
Helps for Ambitious Boys: William Drysdale: N. Y., T. Y. Crowell & Co., il. 1 50

Recitations with Actions for Little Children: Lucy Allen: N. Y., Roxbury Pub. Co. 50
Suggestions for Household Libraries: Selected Lists of Books: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons. 25
What Makes a Friend?: Definitions and Opinions: Compiled by Volney Streamer: N. Y., Brentano's. 1 25

Fiction of the Month.

Archibald Malmaison: Julian Hawthorne: N. Y., Funk & Wagnalls Co. 1 25
Behind the Veil: Bost., Little, Brown & Co. 75
Ben Comee: A Tale of Roger's Rangers, 1758-59: M. J. Canavan: N. Y., The Macmillan Co., il. 1 50
Boy Life on the Prairie: Hamlin Garland: N. Y., The Macmillan Co., il. 1 50
Dominion of Dreams, The: Fiona Macleod: N. Y., F. A. Stokes Co. 1 50
Dorsey, the Young Inventor: Edward S. Ellis, N. Y., Ford, Howard & Hulbert, il. 1 25
Drake and His Yeomen: James Barnes: N. Y., The Macmillan Co., il. 2 00
Favor of the Princess, The: Mark Lee Luther: N. Y., The Macmillan Co. 1 50
Last Rebel, The: Joseph A. Altsheler: Phil., J. B. Lippincott Co., il. 1 25
Little Heroes of Matanzas, The: Mary B. Carret: Bost., James H. West Co., il. 50
Luther Strong: Thomas J. Vivian: N. Y., R. F. Feno & Co. 1 25
Man, A: His Mark: W. C. Morrow: Phil., J. B. Lippincott Co. 1 25
My Lady and Allan Darke: Charles Donnel Gibson: N. Y., The Macmillan Co. 1 50
Perils of Josephine, The: Lord E. Hamilton: Chic., H. S. Stone & Co. 1 50
Pretty Tory, A: Jeanie G. Lincoln: Bost., Houghton, Mifflin & Co., il. 1 50
Queen of Atlantis, A: Frank Aubrey: Phil., J. B. Lippincott Co., il. 1 50
Red Pottage: Mary Cholmondeley: N. Y., Harper & Brothers. 1 50
Sir Superior: Bettine Phillips: N. Y., J. A. Kavanaugh. 1 00
Smith Brunt: W. K. Post: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1 50
Surface of Things, The: Charles Waldstein: Boston, Small, Maynard & Co. 1 25
Tales of Space and Time: H. G. Wells: N. Y., Doubleday & McClure Co. 1 50
Tangled Web, A: Walter Raymond: N. Y., Doubleday & McClure Co. 1 25
Tora's Happy Day: Florence Peltier Perry: N. Y., Alliance Pub. Co., il. 50
Trinity Bells: A Tale of Old New York: Amelia E. Barr: N. Y., J. F. Taylor Co., il. 1 50
Trooper Tales: W. L. Comfort: N. Y., Street & Smith, il. 1 00

Historic, National and Political.

Brief History of New York City, A: C. B. Todd: N. Y., American Book Co., il. 75
Chart of the Boer War: Col. H. M. E. Bunker: London, W. Clowes & Sons, paper, maps. 25
Chronological History of Egypt: O. P. Schmidt: Cincinnati, G. C. Shaw. 3 00
England in the Nineteenth Century: C. W. Oman: N. Y., Longmans, Green & Co. 1 25
English Radicals: A Historical Sketch: C. B. Roylance Kent: N. Y., Longmans, Green & Co. 2 50
Expedition to the Philippines, The: F. D. Millet: N. Y., Harper & Brothers. 2 50

Future of the American Negro: Booker T. Washington: Bost., Small, Maynard & Co.	1 50	System of Ethics, A: Friedrich Paulsen: Trans. and ed. by Frank Thilly: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons.	3 00
Historic Side-Lights: Howard Payson Arnold: Harper & Brothers.	2 50	Theology of Civilization, The: Charles F. Dole: N. Y., T. Y. Crowell & Co.	1 00
History of the Civil War, 1861-65: James Schouler: N. Y., Dodd, Mead & Co.	2 25		
How England Saved Europe: W. H. Fitchett: v. 1, N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons, il.	2 00	Sociologic and Industrial.	
Important Events: A Book of Dates: Compiled by George W. Powers: N. Y., T. Y. Crowell & Co.	50	Building Construction for Beginners: J. W. Riley: N. Y., The Macmillan Co., il.	60
Magna Charta and Other Great Charters of England: Boyd C. Barrington: Phil., W. J. Campbell.	3 50	Discoveries and Inventions of the 19th Century: R. Routledge: N. Y., G. Routledge & Sons.	2 50
Our Foes at Home: Hugh H. Lusk: N. Y., Doubleday & McClure Co.	1 00	Dividend to Labor, A: Nicholas Paine Gilman: Bost., Houghton, Mifflin & Co.	1 50
Stories of Paris in History and Letters: B. E. and C. M. Martin: N. Y., C. Scribner's Sons, 2 v., il.	4 00	Good Citizenship: A Book of Twenty-three Essays by Various Authors: N. Y., Francis P. Harper.	1 50
Stories from Froissart: Henry Newbolt: N. Y., The Macmillan Co., il.	1 50	Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable: Ernest Crosby: Bost., Small, Maynard & Co.	2 00
Territorial Acquisitions of the United States: Edward Bicknell: Bost., Small, Maynard & Co.	50	Political Economy of Natural Law: Henry Wood: Bost., Lee & Shepard, paper.	50
Twenty Famous Naval Battles: Edward Kirk Rawson: N. Y., T. Y. Crowell & Co., 2 v., il.	4 00	Races of Europe, The: A Sociological Study: William Z. R'pley: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co.	6 00
United Kingdom, The: A Political History: Goldwin Smith: N. Y., The Macmillan Co., 2 v.	4 00	Statistics of Railways in U. S., 1897-98: Interstate Commerce Commission: Wash., Gov. Ptg. Office.	
Poetry of the Month.			
Apistophilon: A Nemesis of Faith: Frank D. Bullard: Chic., R. R. Donnelley & Sons Co.	1 50	Strength of Materials: J. A. Ewing: N. Y., The Macmillan Co.	3 00
At the Wind's Will: Louise Chandler Moulton: Bost., Little, Brown & Co.	1 25	Things As They Are: Bolton Hall: Introduction by George D. Herron: Bost., Small, Maynard & Co.	1 25
Bandanna Ballads: Howard Weeden: Introd. by J. C. Harris: N. Y., Doubleday & McClure Co.	1 00	Wonders of Modern Mechanism: Chas. H. Cochrane: New ed., Phil., J. B. Lippincott & Co., il.	1 50
Book Lovers' Verse: Compiled by H. S. Ruddy: Indianapolis, The Bowen-Merrill Co.	1 25		
Complete Poetical Works and Letters of John Keats: Bost., Houghton, Mifflin & Co.	2 00	Travel, Sport and Adventure.	
Hawaii Fair and Other Verses: San Francisco, Elder & Shepard, paper.	25	Among the Wild Ngoni: W. A. Elmslie: Fleming H. Revell Company, cloth.	1 25
House of a Hundred Lights: Frederic Ridgely Torrence: Bost., Small, Maynard & Co., il.	1 00	Cuba: Porto-Rico: A. D. Hall: Street & Smith.	1 00
Listening Child, The: A Selection of English Verse: Lucy W. Thacher: N. Y., The Macmillan Co.	1 25	Hints and Notes for Travelers in the Alps: J. Ball: New ed.: Longmans, Green & Co.	1 00
Northland Lyrics: Bost., Small, Maynard & Co.	1 50	Lee's Guide to Paris and Everyday French Conversation: Chic., Laird & Lee, morocco.	1 00
Omega et Alpha and Other Poems: Greville D'Arville: San Francisco, Elder & Shepard.	1 25	New Pacific, The: Hubert Howe Bancroft: N. Y., Bancroft Company, map.	2 50
Out of the Nest: A Flight of Verses: Mary McNeil Fenollosa: Bost., Little, Brown & Co.	1 25	Nooks and Corners of Old New York: Charles Hemstreet: Charles Scribner's Sons, il.	2 00
Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards: A Tragedy: A. C. Swinburne: N. Y., Dodd, Mead & Co., bds.	1 50	Pioneering in the San Juan: G. M. Darley, D.D.: Fleming H. Revell Company.	1 50
Under Western Skies: Poems: Frank Carleton Teck: New Whatcom, Wash., Blade Pub. Co., paper.	50	Present Day Egypt: Frederic Courtland Penfield: The Century Company, cloth, il.	2 50
Voices: Katherine Coolidge: Bost., Little, Brown & Co.	1 25	Quaint Corners of Ancient Empires: Michael Meyers Shoemaker: G. P. Putnam & Co., il.	2 50
Wild Eden: George Edward Woodberry: N. Y., The Macmillan Co.	1 25	To Alaska for Gold: Edward Stratemeyer: Lee & Shepard, il.	1 00
Religious and Philosophic.			
Art of Living Alone: Amory H. Bradford, D.D.: N. Y., Dodd, Mead & Co.	50	Travels in West Africa, Congo Francais, Corisco, and Cameroons: M. H. Kingsley: Macmillan Co.	2 00
Can I Believe in God the Father?: W. N. Clarke, D.D.: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons.	1 00		
God's Education of Man: William DeWitt Hyde, D.D.: Bost., Houghton, Mifflin & Co.	1 25	Extra Illustrated Books.	
History of Ancient Philosophy: Trans. by H. E. Cushman: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons.	2 50	Child's Primer of Natural History, A: Oliver Herford: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons.	1 25
How Much is Left of the Old Doctrines?: Washington Gladden, D.D.: Bost., Houghton, Mifflin & Co.	1 25	Colorado in Color and Song: Denver, F. S. Thayer, il.	2 50
Little Child Shall Lead Them, A: Alice L. Williams: Bost., James H. West & Co., paper.	15	Famous Homes of Great Britain and Their Stories: Ed. by A. H. Malan: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons.	15 00
Miracles of Missions: 3d series: Arthur T. Pierson: N. Y., Funk & Wagnalls, il.	1 00	Jingle Book: Carolyn Wells: Pictured by Oliver Herford: N. Y., The Macmillan Co.	1 00
Questions and Phases of Modern Missions: Rev. F. F. Ellinwood: N. Y., Dodd, Mead & Co.	1 50	Life and Character: W. T. Smedley: Text by A. V. S. Anthony: N. Y., Harper & Brothers.	5 00
Religio Pictoris: Helen Bigelow Merriman: Bost., Houghton, Mifflin & Co.	1 50	My Study Fire: H. W. Mabie: Il. by M. A. and G. Cowles: N. Y., Dodd, Mead & Co.	2 50

MAGAZINE REFERENCE FOR DECEMBER, 1899

Artistic, Dramatic and Musical.

Arras: Charles M. Ffoulke.....House Beautiful.
 Art of Fritz Von Uhde, The: C. de Kay.....Critic.
 Artistic Side of Chicago, The: E. W. Peattie....Atlantic.
 Early Polish Drama: Helen A. Modjeska.....Critic.
 Louis Paul Dessar and His Works: Cooper..Brush & P.
 Maurice Bouter de Monvel: Marie Van Vorst...St. Nich.
 Metal-Work and Amateurs: C. H. Barr..House Beautiful.
 Mosaic: Charles R. Lamb.....Chautauquan.
 Pittsburg Exhibition, The: F. B. Shearer....Brush & P.
 Review of Impressionism, A: Pauline King....House B.
 Value of the Study of Art: Perrot.....Popular Sci. Mo.
 Wagner in America: Gustav Kobbé.....Am. R. of R.

Biographic and Reminiscent.

Alphonse Daudet: Jean François Raffaëlli....Lippincott.
 Benedict Spinoza.....Great Thoughts.
 Brontë Sisters, The: Amelia Wofford.....Self Culture.
 Colonel John Laurens: James Barnes.....McClure's.
 Day with the Author of "Richard Carvel," A....National.
 Eli Whitney.....Cassier's.
 Guy V. Henry: A Knightly American.....Am. R. of R.
 John Howard Payne: Milton E. Ailes....Frank Leslie's
 Lady Louisa Stuart: Mrs. Lang.....Longman.
 Madame Blavatsky: High Priestess of Isis: Evans. Cosmo.
 Madame Blavatsky: Pierce.....Universal Brotherhood.
 Memories of Stage Life: Mrs. G. H. Gilbert....Metrop.
 Oom Paul Krueger: Allen Sangree.....Ainslee.
 Premier of Canada, The: Ella Walton.....Metropolitan.
 Robert Barr: J. A. C.....Canadian.
 Rudyard Kipling: Charles Eliot Norton.....Windsor.
 Sir Alfred Milner.....New Illustrated.
 Sir George Pomeroy-Colley.....New Illustrated.

Educational Topics.

Agricultural Education Abroad: De Riemer. Pop. Sci. Mo.
 Anticipate the School.....Open Court.
 Child Brought Up at Home, The: Briggs..Cosmopolitan.
 Constructive Work in the Elementary Schools..Kinder. M.
 Is There a Democracy of Studies?: A. F. West..Atlantic.
 Need of Technical Education: Sir Andrew Noble..Cassier.
 Method of Pupil Self-Government, A: Shaw..Am. R. of R.
 Possibilities of the Ball: Paton.....Trained Motherhood.
 Republic of Boys and Girls.....Quiver.
 Shall Greek be Taught in High Schools?: Webster..Forum.

Essays and Miscellanies.

Art of Seeing Things: John Burroughs.....Century.
 Browning's Pictures of Chivalry: Reed.....Poet-Lore.
 Child-Wives of India: Woolmer.....Everybody.
 Christmas Books of the Past: Marble.....Critic.
 Contemporary German Literature: J. F. Coar..Bookman.
 Delays and Uncertainties of the Law: Bonney....Open C.
 Development of the American Newspaper..Pop. Sci. M.
 East Indian Women: Mrs. F. A. Steel.....No. Am. R.
 First Books of Rudyard Kipling: L. S. Livingston. Bookm.
 Fundamentals of Fiction: Richard Burton.....Forum.
 How an Editor Tests a Story: Francis Bellamy..Bookm.
 How Standard Time is Obtained: Willson...Pop. Sci. Mo.
 John Wesley: Augustine Birrell.....Scrib.
 Lawyer in Literature, The: Melville D. Post..Green Bag.
 Literary Movement in Ireland: Yeats.....No. Am. R.
 Malay Folk-Lore: R. Clyde Ford.....Pop. Sci. Mo.
 Modern Fiction: Edwin Ridley.....Anglo-American.
 Old Puzzle Cards.....Strand.
 Philistine View, A: Thomas R. Lounsbury.....Atlantic.
 Platonic Friendship: Norman Hapgood.....Atlantic.
 Poe's Place in American Literature: Mabie.....Atlantic.
 Shall Bread be Made in the Home?...Am. Kitchen Mag.
 Some Historic Diamonds.....Chamber.
 Washington's Death: S. S. Cohen.....Lippincott.
 Whitman's Ideal Democracy: Helena Born....Poet-Lore.
 Women in Hindu Society: Swami Abhedananda...Arena.

Historic, National and Political.

Anglo-Saxon Ethics: John A. Wells.....Arena.
 Boer-English War, The: Alden Bell....Anglo-American.
 British View of the Transvaal Question: Hopkins..Arena.
 Briton and Boer in South Africa: Alleyne Ireland...Atlan.
 Commonwealth of Australia, The: H. H. Lusk...Forum.
 Conflict in South Africa, The: G. M. Adam.....Self C.
 Currency Reform: A. J. Warner.....Arena.
 Direct Legislation: J. R. Commons.....Arena.
 Fifty-Sixth Congress, The....North American Review.
 French Republic, The.....Arena.
 History of the Transvaal Crisis.....New Ill.
 Holy See and the Jews, The: Raymond Barker..Cath. W.
 Impeachment of Andrew Johnson: Boutwell...McClure.
 New Zealand Newest England: H. D. Lloyd...Atlantic.
 Parliamentary Reform in Congress: H. H. Smith..Chaut.
 Some Consecrated Fallacies: Amos K. Fiske..No. Am. R.
 Speaker of Congress, The: Ewing Cockrell.....Arena.
 Status of Puerto Rico, The: Hon. H. G. Curtis....Forum.
 United States and Canada: Hon. L. E. Munson...Arena.
 War in South Africa, The....North American Review.
 Zionism: Richard Gottheil.....Century.

Religious and Philosophic.

Buddhist Missionaries of Japan in San Francisco..Open C.
 Church of the Future: E. C. Hall.....Metaphysical.
 Confession in Catholic Church: Clarke.....No. Am. R.
 Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ: Rev. W. Elliott..Cath. W.
 Life of the Master: Rev. John Watson.....McClure.
 Nativity, The: Similarities in Religious Art..Open Court.
 Unfoldment: F. B. Wilson.....Metaphysical.

Scientific and Industrial.

Development of Electric Stations: A. D. Adams..Cassier.
 Eastern Oyster Cult. in Oregon.....Pop. Sci. Mo.
 Electric Progress: Edwin J. Houston.....Cassier.
 Electricity from Thales to Faraday: Lesueur. Pop. Sci. Mo.
 Fenland Collieries.....Chamber.
 Great City Laundry, A: Eugene Wood.....Everybody.
 Great Engineering Projects: W. C. Hamm....Cosmop.
 Limitations of Electric Power Transmission: Bell..Cassier.
 Photographing Electricity: J. L. F. Vogel:....Pearson.
 Wireless Telegraphy: John Trowbridge.....Munsey.

Sociologic Questions.

College Man in Politics: Cecil Logsdail.....Arena.
 Economics and Socialism: J. L. Laughlin.....Chaut.
 Exact Methods in Sociology: F. H. Giddings. Pop. Sci. Mo.
 Highways of the People: Hugh H. Lusk.....No. Am. R.
 Reform by Humane Touch: J. A. Riis.....Atlantic.
 Responsibility in Municipal Government: Hyslop..Forum.
 Socialism and Agriculture: Ely and Urdahl.....Chaut.
 Trust Problem, The: E. W. Bemis.....Forum.

Travel, Sport and Adventure.

Aconcagua and the Volcanic Andes: Conway....Harper.
 American in Venezuela, An: B. Wilkins.....National.
 American Seamen in the Antarctic.....Scribner.
 Antarctic Exploration: F. A. Cook, M. D.....Scribner.
 Bicycle Tour in Madeira, A: W. J. Reid.....Outing.
 Canterbury Cathedral: Marshall S. Snow.....New Eng.
 Cape Nome's Gold Fields: J. F. Wardner....Anglo-Am.
 East London: Walter Besant.....Century.
 Fishing Under Sunny Skies: E. L. Sabin.....Outing.
 Grand Cañon of the Colorado: Harriet Monroe..Atlantic.
 Grand Canyon of the Colorado, The: Wm. Seton. Cath. W.
 Harriman Alaska Expedition, The: Gannett. N. Geograph.
 In Shenandoah Valley: Frank H. Sweet.....Donahoe.
 Life on the Great Lakes: A. J. Stringer.....Ainslee.
 Old Boston in England: S. O. Holden.....New Eng.
 Vinland and Its Ruins: Cornelia Horsford. Pop. Sci. Mo.
 Wellman Polar Expedition, The: Wellmann....N. Geog.
 Winter Sports and Pastimes: Falconer.....Windsor.
 Yukon Gold Fields: A. A. Lindsley.....Pacific.

OPEN QUESTIONS: TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS

Correspondents are invited to make use of this page on all questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received. A large number of questions and answers are unavoidably held over till next month.

547. In your talks with correspondents can you please answer the following questions: Does the shamrock have a flower, if so of what color? Can you tell me where I can procure two hymns: The Beacon Light; as near as I can remember these are some of the words:

Through the Valley of the Shadow I must go,
Where the cold waves of Jordan roll;
But the promise of my Shepherd will, I know,
Be the rod and the staff to my soul.

—the other is Sowing the Seeds Or What Shall the Harvest Be.—Nellie Cazier, Toana, Nevada.

[(1) It is our impression that we have heard that there are several varieties of the shamrock, each having a small blossom, some white, some pink and some yellow. (2) We are able to identify only the latter of the two hymns you inquire for, the familiar What Shall the Harvest Be? of Mrs. Emily S. Oakley, music by P. P. Bliss, which may be found in Gospel Hymns No. 6, published by the Bigelow & Main Co., 76 East Ninth street, New York.]

548. Here is a curious coincidence I have stumbled upon:

"Ther was also a Nonne, a Prioesse,
That of hire smylyng was ful symple and coy;"
"Après entra Hues o le fier vis,
Simples et cois—"

The latter passage, from the twelfth-century romance of *Huon de Bordeaux*, might suggest that Chaucer was acquainted with that poem, but I know of nothing elsewhere to support such a belief. The expression "simple and coy" looks more to me like one of the stereotyped phrases of the old romance writers, and I suspect that one better read than myself in such literature could cite numerous instances of its occurrence.—A. T. Richardson, Nebraska City, Neb.

549. Will you kindly inform me where *The Trembling of Borealis* is published? A couple of criticisms of it have appeared without reference to publisher, and I look in vain for it in *Current Literature*.—Mrs. B. F. Chase, Asheville, N. C.

[We would suggest that you write to some of the book dealers mentioned in our department, *The Collector* (see advertising pages). To the best of our recollection it was a novel of last year, or the year before, but the name of publisher and author have escaped our memory.]

550. *Quaker Settlements*: If there is a history of the early Quaker settlements on Long Island, please give me the name and where it can be bought.—Mrs. J. Hicks, Birmingham, Ala.

[See answer to the foregoing.]

551. *Gleaming Lights of London*: Will you kindly publish in your magazine or let me know where I can get the poem, Gleaming Lights of London, by David Gray? I was told that it appeared in the *New York World* several

years ago. I purchased the Memoirs and Poems of David Gray in hope of finding it, but was disappointed.—Jarvis M. Harris, Jeffersonville, Indiana.

552. Please inform me through Open Questions who the author is of a burlesque on *Il Trovatore*, which went the rounds of the papers ten or fifteen years ago. The first verse is as follows:

There was an old woman who somewhere did dwell,
Who was burnt for a witch, as the opera did tell;
A daughter she had, too, a gypsy so bold,
Who went to a house where an infant she stole.
Chorus in the Italian language, relative to the way she hooked it.—Ralph A. Lyon, Baltimore, Md.

553. *Bourdillon's Light*: Can you give me, through the Open Questions columns, the name of the author of the inclosed poem and history of it, if any? Also, is it correctly quoted?—Mrs. Jeannette L. Rice, Newark, N. J.

[Correctly quoted, the poem is as follows:

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies,
With the dying sun.
The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies,
When love is done.

The author, Francis W. Bourdillon, was an Oxford scholar and poet. Several volumes from his pen have been published in London, and recently in this country, Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, have brought out, at \$1, *The Night Has a Thousand Eyes*, and *Other Poems*. It is upon this immortal lyric, as it has been called, that Bourdillon's fame chiefly rests, but he has written as well other lyrics of rare grace and melody.]

554. Recently I saw a reference in your magazine to the three little dogs, *Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart*. Please tell me where this quotation originated.—C., Collinsburg, La.

[The quotation referred to is from Shakespeare, *King Lear*, Act III., Scene 6, and reads as follows:

* * * The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me.]

555. *Little Venice*: Can you help me to find a story entitled *Little Venice*? It is about a girl and her garden, and it was published in a magazine some years ago. In which magazine it was or by whom it was written, I am anxious to know.—Mrs. C. B. Jordan, Lansdowne, Pa.

ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

514. *The Flag of England Again*:

[An obliging correspondent, Dr. Stanley M. Ward, of Hampton, N. H., settles the question recently discussed here as to the authorship of this poem by enclosing Kipling's *Flag of England*, a reply to Labouchere's *Where Is the Flag of England?* the poem which appeared originally in *London Truth*. There are, therefore, two separate and distinct poems, and we take pleasure in reproducing both of them on page 80, this number of *Current Literature*.]

521. *Old Ironsides Again*: Your answer to my question concerning the identity of the lines,

"Old Ironsides at anchor lay
In the harbor of Mahon,"

does not seem to be correct. The only poem of Dr. Holmes's that I can find with this title begins:

"Aye, tear the battered ensign down,"

and has not the two lines above quoted: When the question was referred to me by one of my scholars, I too thought of this familiar poem, and was disappointed not to find it as I had supposed. If my memory serves me rightly, the Ironsides was a British vessel, and the poem is a love story, concerning one of her crew. I shall be greatly obliged to you if you can help me solve this riddle, or if it may be that I am still mistaken, I beg your pardon for the trouble I have already caused you.—Alfred S. Haines, Westtown, Pa.

[We had discovered our error before this communication and others from Edward B. Chesiresmith, New York City, and Theo. P. Perkins, Lynn, Mass., were received. No reference books being at hand when answering this query, we had trusted to memory, which, for the moment, confused the two poems about the old frigate, first made familiar to us through the pages of a school reader of our childhood, wherein they both appeared. The two are, however, as our correspondent says, quite different poems, the one by Holmes being a stirring appeal to patriotism, when the destruction of Old Ironsides seemed imminent; the other, we are glad to be able to inform all three correspondents, is by George P. Morris, author of the well-known *Woodman Spare That Tree*, and is a nautical ballad, entitled *The Main-Truck*, or *A Leap for Life*, wherein are set forth the details of a boy's miraculous rescue from a position of great peril on Old Ironsides' main-truck, the cylindrical wooden disc which surmounts a vessel's principal mast. The poem was first published in 1852 by Cady & Burgess, 60 John street, New York, in a volume entitled *Songs and Ballads of G. P. Morris*, from page 27 of which we reprint it entire in our verse department, *Treasure Trove*, this number.]

524 and 527. A. G. C., 524, asks where the poem *Love Passed By* can be found. Some years ago I clipped it from the *San Francisco Argonaut*, and enclose a copy. In the second question of 527, although the line is misquoted, I have no doubt but that L. M. P. has reference to the 178th verse of Byron's *Childe Harold*:

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be or have been before
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal."

This verse is near the end of the Fourth Canto.—Margery Frances Borden, Los Angeles, Cal.

[The copy of the poem, *When Love Passed By* (for which, thanks!) is held, subject to the wishes of A. G. C., Millburn, N. J., who asked for it. The Byron quotation has been identified by these courteous correspondents, as well as by the lady above quoted: G. H. Thornton, San Francisco, Cal.; Mary C. McKendrick, Pomona, Cal.; Plummer F. Jones, Sheppards, Va., and by "C.," Collinsburg, La.]

526. Correspondent 526 in your issue for November questions the authorship of the verses, *A Laugh*, published in your issue for June last, and says that he remembers seeing the same poem in either *Puck* or *Judge* some years ago. I am pleased to see the question stirred up as plagiarisms have been frequent in this connection. *Current Literature* (June, 1899) credited the poem to F. L. Vernon, in the *Overland Monthly*, and your correspondent, Mr. Hereford, remembers first seeing the same in *Puck* or *Judge*, he says, under a different contributor's name. He is correct in this particular, as you will find the same verses under the caption: *The Lay of a Laugh*, in *Judge*, No. 766 (June 20, 1896). This shows the *Overland Monthly*'s contributor, F. L. Vernon, to be a plagiarist. The name affixed to the poem when it appeared in *Judge* was George Newell Lovejoy, but this does not place the authorship, as even Editor Gregory, of *Judge*, an unusually careful man, was imposed upon. When I first saw the verses, in 1895, a year before *Judge* published them as an original contribution, they were credited to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, no author being given. I am satisfied the verses are "from over sea," and we must look there for the true author. The Editors of *Judge* and *Overland Monthly* have both been imposed on, perhaps other editors as well. Files of the *Pall Mall Gazette* for the year 1895 will give us the author. Who has access to them and will look it up?—Roy Farrell Greene, Arkansas City, Ark.

[Effe Blackington, Lowell, Mass., also traces the career of *The Lay of a Laugh* as far back as its publication in *Judge* with the author's name given as Mr. Greene points out, George Newell Lovejoy. Mr. Greene refers us to a still earlier appearance. Who can tell us the real original appearance and the "real" author's name?]

EDITORIAL NOTE: Since the foregoing was written the following communication has been received from Mr. Vernon himself, which apparently settles the question in dispute. We are indebted to the author, and take pleasure in calling attention to Mr. Vernon's request that all interested communicate with the addresses given, if verification of his statement be thought necessary:

VANCOUVER, B. C., Dec. 10, 1899.

Editor *Current Literature*:

Dear Sir: My attention has been called to the enclosed "clipping," hence this reply for the benefit of W. R. Hereford, of New York, et. al. I am the author of "A Laugh." The poem was contributed by me, and first saw light about eighteen years ago. It was contributed by myself to the *Daily Sun*, published in Cheyenne, Wyo., E. A. Slack being the editor and proprietor of that journal, and I am happy to say, is still editing the live paper. It was published under the signature of Charles White. It appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, under another signature, and during the year 1896 was published in *Judge* as original. Twelve years ago I had it republished (by request) in the *Heppenett Gazette*. The editor of the *Gazette* at that time is now Receiver of Money, at the Land Office in The Dalles, Oregon. As there has been so much talk about the author of the poem, it will please me to have any one interested correspond with the addresses I have given.

Mr. Slack, editor *Cheyenne Daily Sun-Leader*, Cheyenne, Wyo.

Mr. Otis Patterson, Receiver of Money, Land Office, The Dalles, Oregon.

By publishing this you will answer the correspondent, 526, correctly.

Yours very truly,

LUE VERNON.

309 Cordova St., Vancouver, B. C.
Room 11.

Memorandum



MRS. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON

(See American Poets of To-Day, p. 112.)